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CREOLE SLAVE SONGS.

I.

THE QUADROONS.

THE patois in which these songs are found is common, with broad local variations, wherever the black man and the French language are met in the mainland or island regions that border the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea. It approaches probably nearer to good French in Louisiana than anywhere in the Antilles. Yet it is not merely bad or broken French; it is the natural result from the effort of a savage people to take up the language of an old and highly refined civilization, and is much more than a jargon. The humble condition and great numbers of the slave-caste promoted this evolution of an African-Creole dialect. The facile character of the French master-caste, made more so by the languorous climate of the Gulf, easily tolerated and often condescended to use the new tongue. It chimed well with the fierce notions of caste to have one language for the master and another for the slave, and at the same time it was convenient that the servile speech should belong to and draw its existence chiefly from the master's. Its growth entirely by ear where there were so many more African ears than French tongues, and when those tongues had so many Gallic archaisms which they were glad to give away and get rid of, resulted in a broad grotesqueness all its own.

We had better not go aside to study it here. Books have been written on the subject. They may be thin, but they stand for years of labor. A Creole lady writes me almost as I write this, "It takes a whole life to speak such a language in form." Mr. Thomas of Trinidad has given a complete grammar of it as spoken there. M. Marbot has versified some fifty of La Fontaine's fables in the tongue. Père

Gaux has made a catechism in, and M. Turinault a complete grammatical work on, the Martinique variety. Dr. Armand Mercier, a Louisiana Creole, and Professor James A. Harrison, an Anglo-Louisianian, have written valuable papers on the dialect as spoken in the Mississippi delta. Mr. John Bigelow has done the same for the tongue as heard in Hayti. It is an amusing study. Certain tribes of Africa had no knowledge of the *v* and *z* sounds. The sprightly Franc-Congos, for all their chatter, could hardly master even this African-Creole dialect so as to make their wants intelligible. The Louisiana negro's *r*'s were ever being lost or mislaid. He changed *dormir* to *dromi*. His master's children called the little fiddler-crab *Tourlourou*; he simplified the articulations to *Troolooloo*. Wherever the *r* added to a syllable's quantity, he either shifted it or dropped it overboard. *Pv't' ça ? Non !* not if he could avoid it. It was the same with many other sounds. For example, final *le*; a thing so needless — he couldn't be burdened with it; *li pas capab' !* He found himself profitably understood when he called his master *aimab' et nob'*, and thought it not well to be *trop sensib'* about a trifling *l* or two. The French *u* was vinegar to his teeth. He substituted *i* or *ei* before a consonant and *oo* before a vowel, or dropped it altogether; for *une*, he said *eine*; for *puis*, *p'is*; *absolument* he made *assoliment*; *tu* was nearly always *to*; a *mulâtresse* was a *milatraise*. In the West Indies he changed *s* into *ch* or *tch*, making *songer* *chongé*, and *suite* *tchooite*; while in Louisiana he reversed the process and turned *ch* into *ç* — *ç'ercé* for *cherchez* or *chercher*.

He misconstrued the liaisons of correct French, and omitted limiting adjectives where he conveniently could, or retained only their final sound carried over and prefixed to the noun: *n'homme* — *zanimaux* — *zherbes* — *zaf-*

faïres. He made odd substitutions of one word for another. For the verb to go he oftener than otherwise used a word that better signified his slavish pretense of alacrity, the verb to run: *mo courri*,—*mo* always, never *je*,—*mo courri*, *to courri*, *li courri*; always seizing whatever form of a verb was handiest and holding to it without change; *no courri*, *vo courri*, *yé courri*. Sometimes the plural was *no zôtt*—we others—*courri*, *vo zôtt courri*, *yé zôtt courri*; *no zôtt courri dans bois*—we are going to the woods. His auxiliary verb in imperfect and pluperfect tenses was not to have, but to be in the past participial form *été*, but shortened to one syllable. I have gone, thou hadst gone: *mo 'té courri*, *to 'té courri*.

There is an affluence of bitter meaning

hidden under these apparently nonsensical lines.* It mocks the helpless lot of three types of human life in old Louisiana whose fate was truly deplorable. *Milatraisse* was, in Creole song, the generic term for all that class, famous wherever New Orleans was famous in those days when all foot-passengers by night picked their way through the mud by the rays of a hand-lantern—the freed or free-born quadroon or mulatto woman. *Cocodrie* (Spanish, *cocodrilla*, the crocodile or alligator) was the nickname for the unmixed black man; while *trouloulou* was applied to the free male quadroon, who could find admittance to the quadroon balls only in the capacity, in those days distinctly menial, of musician—fiddler. Now sing it!



THE FIDDLER.

"Yellow girl goes to the ball;
Nigger lights her to the hall.
Fiddler man!
Now, what is that to you?
Say, what is that to you,
Fiddler man?"

It was much to him; but it might as well have been little. What could he do? As they say, "*Ravette zamein tini raison divant poule*" ("Cockroach can never justify himself to the hungry chicken"). He could only let his black half-brother celebrate on Congo Plains the mingled humor and outrage of it in satirical songs of double meaning. They readily passed unchallenged among the numerous nonsense rhymes—that often rhymed lamely or not at all—which beguiled the hours afire or the moonlight gatherings in the "quarters," as well as served to fit the wild chants of some of their dances. Here is one whose characteristics tempt us to suppose it a calinda, and whose humor consists only in a childish play on words. (*Quand Mo 'Te*, page 824.)

There is another nonsense song that may or may not have been a dance. Its movement has the true wriggle. The dances were many; there were some popular in the West Indies that seem to have remained comparatively unknown in Louisiana: the *belair*, *bili*, or *béla*; the *cosaque*; the *biguine*. The *guinea* was probably the famed *juba* of Georgia and the Carolinas. (*Neg' pas Capa' Marché*, page 824.)



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CALALOU.

II.

THE LOVE-SONG.

AMONG the songs which seem to have been sung for their own sake, and not for the dance, are certain sentimental ones of slow movement, tinged with that faint and gentle melancholy that every one of Southern experience has noticed in the glance of the African slave's eye; a sentiment ready to be turned, at any instant that may demand the change, into a droll, self-abasing humor. They have thus a special charm that has kept for them a place even in the regard of the Creole of to-day. How many ten thousands of black or tawny nurse "mammies," with heads wrapped in stiffly starched Madras kerchief turbans, and holding 'tit mail'e or 'tit maitresse to their

bosoms, have made the infants' lullabies these gently sad strains of disappointed love or regretted youth, will never be known. Now and then the song would find its way through some master's growing child of musical ear, into the drawing-room; and it is from a Creole drawing-room in the Rue Esplanade that we draw the following, so familiar to all Creole ears and rendered with many variations of text and measure. (Ah Suzette, page 824.)

One may very safely suppose this song to have sprung from the poetic invention of some free black far away in the Gulf. A Louisiana slave would hardly have thought it possible to earn money for himself in the sugar-cane fields. The mention of mountains points back to St. Domingo.

It is strange to note in all this African-Creole lyric product how rarely its producers seem



A NURSE MAMMIE.

to have recognized the myriad charms of nature. The landscape, the seasons, the sun, moon, stars, the clouds, the storm, the peace that follows, the forest's solemn depths, the vast prairie, birds, insects, the breeze, the flowers — they are passed in silence. Was it because of the soul-destroying weight of bondage? Did the slave feel so painfully that the beauties of the natural earth were not for him? Was it because the overseer's eye was on him that his was not lifted upon them? It may have been — in part. But another truth goes with these. His songs were not often contemplative. They voiced not outward nature, but the inner emotions and passions of a nearly naked serpent-worshiper, and these looked not to the surrounding scene for sympathy; the surrounding scene belonged to his master. But love was his, and toil, and anger, and superstition, and malady. Sleep was his balm, food his reinforcement, the dance his pleasure, rum his longed-for nepenthe, and

death the road back to Africa. These were his themes, and furnished the few scant figures of his verse.

The moment we meet the offspring of his contemplative thought, as we do in his apothegms and riddles, we find a change, and any or every object in sight, great or trivial, comely or homely, is wrought into the web of his traditional wit and wisdom. "Vo mié, savon, passé godron," he says, to teach a lesson of gentle forbearance ("Soap is worth more than tar"). And then, to point the opposite truth, — "Pas marré so chien avé saucisse" ("Don't chain your dog with links of sausage"). "Qui zamein tendé souris fé so nid dan zoré c'at?" ("Who ever heard of mouse making nest in cat's ear?") And so, too, when love was his theme, apart from the madness of the dance — when his note fell to soft cooings the verse became pastoral. So it was in the song last quoted. And so, too, in this very African bit, whose air I have not:

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"Si to té tit zozo,
Et mo-mème, mo té fizi,
Mo sré tchoué toé—boum
Ah! tchèrè bizou
D'acazou,
Mo laimein ou
Comme cochon laimein la bou!"

Shall we translate literally?

"If you were a little bird
And myself, I were a gun,
I would shoot you—boum!
Ah! dear jewel
Of mahogany,
I love you
As the hog loves mud."

One of the best of these Creole love-songs—one that the famed Gottschalk, himself a New Orleans Creole of pure blood, made use of—is the tender lament of one who sees the girl of his heart's choice the victim of chagrin in beholding a female rival wearing those vestments of extra quality that could only be the favors which both women had coveted from the hand of some one in the proud master-caste whence alone such favors could come. "Calalou," says the song, "has an embroidered petticoat, and Lolotte, or Zizi," as it is often sung, "has a—heartache." Calalou, here, I take to be a derisive nickname. Originally it is the term for a West Indian dish, a noted ragout. It must be intended to apply here to the quadroon women who swarmed into New Orleans in 1809 as refugees from Cuba, Guadeloupe, and other islands where the war against Napoleon exposed them to Spanish and British aggression. It was with this great influx of persons neither savage nor enlightened, neither white nor black, neither slave nor truly free, that the famous quadroon caste arose and flourished. If Calalou, in the verse, was one of these quadroon fair ones, the song is its own explanation. (See *Pov' piti Momzel Zizi*, page 825.)

"Poor little Miss Zizi!" is what it means—"She has pain, pain in her little heart." "À li" is simply the Creole possessive form; "corps à moin" would signify simply myself. Calalou is wearing a Madras turban; she has on an embroidered petticoat; [they tell their story and] Zizi has achings in her heart. And the second stanza moralizes: "When you wear the chain of love"—maybe we can make it rhyme:

"When love's chains upon thee lie
Bid all happiness good-bye."

Poor little Zizi! say we also. Triumphant Calalou! We see that even her sort of freedom had its tawdry victories at the expense of the slave. A poor freedom it was, indeed: To have f. m. c. or f. w. c. tacked in small letters upon one's name perforce and by law, that all might know that the bearer was not a

real freeman or freewoman, but only a free man (or woman) of color,—a title that could not be indicated by capital initials; to be the unlawful mates of luxurious bachelors, and take their pay in muslins, embroideries, prunella, and good living, taking with them the loathing of honest women and the salacious derision of the blackamoor; to be the sister, mother, father, or brother of Calalou; to fall heir to property by sufferance, not by law; to be taxed for public education and not allowed to give that education to one's own children; to be shut out of all occupations that the master class could reconcile with the vague title of gentleman; to live in the knowledge that the law pronounced "death or imprisonment at hard labor for life" against whoever should be guilty of "writing, printing, publishing, or distributing anything having a tendency to create discontent among the free colored population": that it threatened death against whosoever should utter such things in private conversation; and that it decreed expulsion from the State to Calalou and all her kin of any age or condition if only they had come in across its bounds since 1807. In the enjoyment of such ghastly freedom as this the flesh-pots of Egypt sometimes made the mouth water and provoked the tongue to sing its regrets for a past that seemed better than the present. (See *Bon D'je*, page 826.)

Word for word we should have to render it,— "In times when I was young I never pondered—indulged in reverie, took on care," an archaic French word, *songler*, still in use among the Acadians also in Louisiana; "mo zamein zonglé, bon D'je"—"good Lord!" "*Aktair*" is "à cette heure"—"at this hour," that is, "now—these days." "These days I am getting old—I am pondering, good Lord!" etc. Some time in the future, it may be, some Creole will give us translations of these things, worthy to be called so. Meantime suffer this:

"In the days of my youth not a dream had I, good Lord!
These times I am growing old, full of dreams am I,
good Lord!
I have dreams of those good times gone by! (*ter*)

When I was a slave, one boss had I, good Lord!
These times when I'm needing rest all hands serve I,
good Lord!
I have dreams," etc.

III.

THE LAV AND THE DIRGE.

THERE were other strains of misery, the cry or the vagabond laugh and song of the friendless orphan for whom no asylum door would open, but who found harbor and food in the fields and wildwood and the forbidden

places of the wicked town. When that Creole whom we hope for does come with his good translations, correcting the hundred and one errors that may be in these pages, we must ask him if he knows the air to this:

"Pitis sans popa, pitis sans moman,
Qui ça 'ou' zaut' fé pou' gagnein l'a'zanc,¹
No courri l'aut' bord pou' cercé patt' ç'at'²
No tournein bayou pou' péç'é patassa;³
Et v'là comm' ça no té fé nou' l'a'zan.

"Pitis sans popa, pitis sans moman,
Qui ça 'ou' zaut' fé, etc.
No courri dans bois fouillé latanié⁴;
No vend' so racin' pou' fou'bi' planç'é;
Et v'là comm' ça, etc.

"Pitis sans popa, etc.
Pou' fé di thé n'a fouillé sassaf'as,
Pou' fé di l'enc' no po'té grain' sougras;⁵
Et v'là, etc.

"Pitis sans popa, etc.
No courri dans bois ramassé cancos;
Avé' nou' la caze no trappé zozos;⁷
Et v'là, etc.

"Pitis sans popa, etc.
No courri à soir c'ez Mom'selle Maroto,
Dans la ric St. Ann ou no té zoué loto;
Et v'là," etc.

"Little ones without father, little ones without mother,
What do you to keep soul and body together?
The river we cross for wild berries to search;
We follow the bayou a-fishing for perch;
And that's how we keep soul and body together.

"Little ones without, etc.
Palmetto we dig from the swamp's bristling stores
And sell its stout roots for scrubbing the floors;
And that's how, etc.

"Little ones, etc.
The sassafras root we dig up; it makes tea;
For ink the ripe pokeberry clusters bring we;
And that's how, etc.

"Little ones, etc.
We go to the woods *cancos* berries to fetch,
And in our trap cages the nonpareils⁸ catch;
And that's how, etc.

"Little ones, etc.
At evening we visit Mom'selle Maroto,
In St. Ann's street, to gamble awhile at keno;
And that's how we keep soul and body together."

Here was companionship with nature — the companionship of the vagabond. We need not

¹ L'argent — money.

² "We go to the other side" [of the river] "to get cats' paws," a delicious little blue swamp berry.

³ The perch. The little sunfish or "pumpkin seed," miscalled through the southwest.

⁴ Dwarf palmetto, whose root is used by the Creoles as a scrubbing-brush.

⁵ Pokeberries.

⁶ *Cancos*, Indian name for a wild purple berry.

⁷ Oiseaux, birds.

⁸ The nonpareil, pape, or painted bunting, is the favorite victim of the youthful bird-trappers.

⁹ Chevals — chevaux.

doubt that these little orphan vagrants could have sung for us the song, from which in an earlier article we have already quoted a line or two, of Cayetano's circus, probably the most welcome intruder that ever shared with the man Friday and his song-dancing fellows and sweet-hearts the green, tough sod of Congo Square.

"C'est Miché Cayétane,
Qui sorti la Havane
Avec so chouals⁹ et so macacs.¹⁰
Li gagnein ein nhomme qui dancé dans sac;
Li gagnein qui dancé si yé la main;
Li gagnein zaut', à choual, qui boir' di vin;
Li gagnein oussi ein zein, zoli mom'selle,
Qui monté choual sans bride et sans selle!
Pou' di' tou' ça mo pas capab';
Mé mo souvien ein qui 'valé sab'!
Yé n'en oussi tou' sort' bétail.
Yé pas montré pou la négrail';
Gniapas là dotchians dos-brilé,¹¹
Pou' fé tapaze et pou' hirlé;
Cé gros madame et gros miché,
Qui mènein là tous pitits yé,
'Oir Miché Cayétane,
Qui rivié la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs."

Should the Louisiana Creole negro undertake to render his song to us in English, it would not be exactly the African-English of any other State in the Union. Much less would it resemble the gross dialects of the English-torturing negroes of Jamaica, or Barbadoes, or the Sea Islands of Carolina. If we may venture —

"Dass Cap'm Cayetano,
W'at comin' fum Havano,
Wid 'is monkey' an' 'is nag'!
An' one man w'at dance in bag,
An' mans dance on dey han' — cut shine!
An' gallop hoss sem time drink wine!
An' b'uful young missy dah beside,
Ridin' 'dout air sadd' aw brid'e;¹²
To tell h-all dat — he cann' be tole.
Man teck a sword an' swall' 'im whole!
Beas'es?¹³ ev'y sawt' o' figgah!
Dat show ain't fo' no common niggah!
Dey don't got deh no po' white cuss' —
Sunbu'nt back! — to holla an' fuss.
Dass ladies fine, and gennymuns gran',
Fetchin' dey chilluns dah — all han'!
Fo' see Cayetano,
W'at come fum Havano
Wid 'is monkey' an' 'is nag'!"

¹⁰ Macaques.

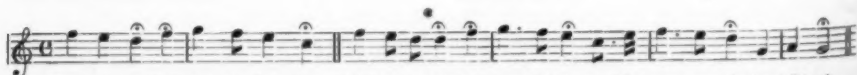
¹¹ "Gniapas là dotchians dos-brilé."

¹² "Il n'y a pas là des dotchians avec les dos brûlés." The *dotchian dos-brilé* is the white trash with sunburnt back, the result of working in the fields. It is an expression of supreme contempt for the *pitits blancs* — low whites — to contrast them with the *gros woadmes* et *gros wickies*.

¹³ Riding without e'er a saddle or bridle.

¹⁴ Beasts — wild animals.

¹⁵ To turn final *a* into *o* for the purpose of rhyme is the special delight of the singing negro. I used to hear as part of a moonlight game, —



Come, young man, what chews tobacco, I had a wife in South Cal-li - no; Her name was ole Aunt Di-noh.



A CANDJO.

A remarkable peculiarity of these African Creole songs of every sort is that almost without exception they appear to have originated in the masculine mind, and to be the expression of the masculine heart. Untrained as birds, their males made the songs. We come now, however, to the only exception I have any knowledge of, a song expressive of feminine sentiment, the capitulation of some belle Layotte to the tender enticement of a Creole-born chief or *candjo*. The pleading tone of the singer's defense against those who laugh at her pretty chagrin is—it seems to me—touching. (See *Créole Candjo*, page 826.)

But we began this chapter in order to speak of songs that bear more distinctly than anything yet quoted the features of the true lay or historical narrative song, commemorating pointedly and in detail some important episode in the history of the community.

It is interesting to contrast the solemnity with which these events are treated when their heroes were black, and the broad buffoonery of the song when the affair it celebrates was one that mainly concerned the masters. Hear, for example, through all the savage simplicity of the following rhymeless lines, the melancholy note that rises and falls but never intermits. The song is said to be very old, dating from the last century. It is still sung, but the Creole gentleman who procured it for me from a former slave was not able to transcribe or remember the air.

LUBIN.

Tremblant-terr¹ vini 'brulé moulin;
Tonnerr' chiel² tombé bourlé³ moulin;
Tou' moun⁴ dans moulin là péri.
Temoins vini qui vend⁵ Libin.
Yé dit Libin metté di fé.
Yé hissé saffaud⁶ pou' so la tête.⁷

¹ Tremblement de terre — earthquake.⁶ Echafaud.² Ciel.³ Brûlé.⁴ Tout le monde.⁵ Vendaient — sold, betrayed.⁷ So la tête: Creole possessive form for his head.



"MISTRESS FLEW INTO A PASSION."

Saïda! m'allé mourri, Saïda!
 Mo zamis di comm' ça: "Libin,
 Faut to donn' Zilié to bitin'.¹"
 Cofaire² mo sré donnein Zilié?
 Pou' moin Zilié zamein lavé;³
 Zilié zamein 'passé⁴ pou moin.

Saïda! m'allé mourri, Saïda!

An earthquake came and shook the mill;
 The heavens' thunders fell and burned it;
 Every soul in the mill perished.
 Witnesses came who betrayed Lubin.
 They said he set the mill on fire.
 They raised a scaffold to take off his head.

Saïda! I am going to die!
 My friends speak in this way: "Lubin,
 You ought to give Julia your plunder."
 Why should I give it to Julia?
 For me Julia never washed clothes;
 Julia never ironed for me.

Saïda! I am going to die!

Or notice again the stately tone of lamentation over the fate of a famous negro insurrectionist, as sung by old Madeleine of St. Bernard parish to the same Creole friend already mentioned, who kindly wrote down the lines on the spot for this collection. They are fragmentary, extorted by littles from the shattered memory of the ancient crone. Their allusion to the Cabildo places their origin in the days when that old colonial council administered Spanish rule over the province.

OUARRÂ ST. MALO.

Aïe! zein zens, vini fé ouarrâ
 Pou' pôv' St. Malo dans l'embas!
 Yé ç'assé li avec yé chien,
 Yé tiré li ein coup d'fizi,

Yé halé li la cyprier,
 So bras yé 'tassé⁵ par derrier,
 Yé 'tassé so la main divant;
 Yé 'marré⁶ li apé queue choual,
 Yé trainein li zouqu'à la ville.
 Divant michés là dans Cabill'e
 Yé quisé⁷ li li fé complot
 Pou' coupé cou à tout ye blancs.
 Yé 'mandé li qui so compères;
 Pôv' St. Malo pas di' a-rien!
 Zize⁸ là li lir' so la sentence,
 Et pis⁹ li fé dressé potence.
 Yé halé choual—ç'arette parti—
 Pôv' St. Malo resté pendi!
 Eine hèr soleil deza levée
 Quand yé pend li si la levée.
 Yé laissé so corps balancé
 Pou' carancro gagein manzé.

THE DIRGE OF ST. MALO.

Alas! young men, come, make lament
 For poor St. Malo in distress!
 They chased, they hunted him with dogs,
 They fired at him with a gun,

They hauled him from the cypress swamp.
 His arms they tied behind his back,
 They tied his hands in front of him;

¹ Butin: literally plunder, but used, as the word plunder is by the negro, for personal property. ² Pourquoi faire.
³ Washed (clothes). ⁴ Ironed. ⁵ Attachée. ⁶ Amarré, an archaism, common to negroes and
 Acadians: moored, for fastened. ⁷ Accusée. ⁸ Juge. ⁹ Puis.

They tied him to a horse's tail,
 They dragged him up into the town.
 Before those grand Cabildo men
 They charged that he had made a plot
 To cut the throats of all the whites.
 They asked him who his comrades were;
 Poor St. Malo said not a word!
 The judge his sentence read to him,
 And then they raised the gallows-tree.
 They drew the horse — the cart moved off—
 And left St. Malo hanging there.
 The sun was up an hour high
 When on the Levee he was hung;
 They left his body swinging there,
 For carrion crows to feed upon.

It would be curious, did the limits of these pages allow, to turn from such an outcry of wild mourning as this, and contrast with it the clownish flippancy with which the great events are sung, upon whose issue from time to time the fate of the whole land — society, government, the fireside, the lives of thousands — hung in agonies of suspense. At the same time it could not escape notice how completely in each case, while how differently in the two, the African has smitten his image into every line: in the one sort, the white, uprolled eyes and low wail of the savage captive, who dares not lift the cry of mourning high enough for the jealous ear of the master; in the other, the antic form, the grimacing face, the brazen laugh, and self-abasing confessions of the buffoon, almost within the whisk of the public jailer's lash. I have before me two songs of dates almost fifty years apart. The one celebrates the invasion of Louisiana by the British under Admiral Cochrane and General Pakenham in 1814; the other, the capture and occupation of New Orleans by Commodore Farragut and General Butler in 1862.

It was on the morning of the twenty-third of December, 1814, that the British columns, landing from a fleet of barges and hurrying along the narrow bank of a small canal in a swamp forest, gained a position in the open plain on the banks of the Mississippi only six miles below New Orleans, and with no defenses to oppose them between their vantage-ground and the city. The surprise was so complete that, though they issued from the woods an hour before noon, it was nearly three hours before the news reached the town. But at nightfall General Jackson fell upon them and fought in the dark the engagement which the song commemorates, the indecisive battle of Chalmette.

The singer ends thus:

"Fizi z'Anglé yé fé bim! bim!
 Carabin Kaintock yé fé zim! zim!
 Mo di' moin, sauvé to la peau!
 Mo zéié corps au bord do l'eau;
 Quand mo rivé li té fé clair.

Madam' li prend' ein coup d'colère;
 Li fé donn' moin ein quat' piquié,
 Passequé mo pas sivi mouchié;
 Mais moin, mo vo mié quat' piquié
 Passé ein coup d'fizi z'Anglé!"

"The English muskets went bim! bim!
 Kentucky rifles went zim! zim!
 I said to myself, save your skin!
 I scampered along the water's edge;
 When I got back it was day-break,
 Mistress flew into a passion;
 She had me whipped at the 'four stakes,'
 Because I didn't stay with master;
 But the 'four stakes' for me is better than
 A musket shot from an Englishman."

The story of Farragut's victory and Butler's advent in April, 1862, is sung with the still lighter heart of one in whose day the "quatre piquets" was no longer a feature of the calaboose. Its refrain is:

"An-hé!
 Qui ça qui rivé?
 C'est Ferraguitt et p'i Botlair,
 Qui rivé."

The story is long and silly, much in the humor of

"Hark! hark!
 The dogs do bark."

We will lay it on the table.

IV.

THE VOODOOS.

THE dance and song entered into the negro worship. That worship was as dark and horrid as bestialized savagery could make the adoration of serpents. So revolting was it, and so morally hideous, that even in the West Indian French possessions a hundred years ago, with the slave-trade in full blast and the West Indian planter and slave what they were, the orgies of the Voodooos were forbidden. Yet both there and in Louisiana they were practiced.

The Aradas, St. Méry tells us, introduced them. They brought them from their homes beyond the Slave Coast, one of the most dreadfully benighted regions of all Africa. He makes the word Vaudaux. In Louisiana it is written Voudou and Voodoo, and is often changed on the negro's lips to Hoodoo. It is the name of an imaginary being of vast supernatural powers residing in the form of a harmless snake. This spiritual influence or potentate is the recognized antagonist and opposite of Obi, the great African manitou or deity, or him whom the Congoes vaguely generalize as Zombi. In Louisiana, as I have been told by that learned Creole scholar the late Alexander Dimitry, Voodoo bore as a title of



THE VOODOO DANCE.

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greater solemnity the additional name of Maignan, and that even in the Calinda dance, which he had witnessed innumerable times, was sometimes heard, at the height of its frenzy, the invocation —

"Aie! Aie!
Voodoo Magnan!"

The worship of Voodoo is paid to a snake kept in a box. The worshipers are not merely a sect, but in some rude, savage way also an order. A man and woman chosen from their own number to be the oracles of the serpent deity are called the king and queen. The queen is the more important of the two, and even in the present dilapidated state of the worship in Louisiana, where the king's office has almost or quite disappeared, the queen is still a person of great note.

She reigns as long as she continues to live. She comes to power not by inheritance, but by election or its barbarous equivalent. Chosen for such qualities as would give her a natural supremacy, personal attractions among the rest, and ruling over superstitious fears and desires of every fierce and ignoble sort, she wields no trivial influence. I once saw, in her extreme old age, the famed Marie Laveau. Her dwelling was in the quadroom quarter of New Orleans, but a step or two from Congo Square, a small adobe cabin just off the sidewalk, scarcely higher than its close board fence, whose batten gate yielded to the touch and revealed the crazy doors and windows spread wide to the warm air, and one or two tawny faces within, whose expression was divided between a pretense of contemptuous inattention and a frowning resentment of the intrusion. In the center of a small room whose ancient cypress floor was worn with scrubbing and sprinkled with crumbs of soft brick — a Creole affectation of superior cleanliness — sat, quaking with feebleness in an ill-looking old rocking-chair, her body bowed, and her wild, gray witch's tresses hanging about her shriveled, yellow neck, the queen

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A VOODOO.

of the Voodoos. Three generations of her children were within the faint beckon of her helpless, waggling wrist and fingers. They said she was over a hundred years old, and there was nothing to cast doubt upon the statement. She had shrunk away from her skin; it was like a turtle's. Yet withal one could hardly help but see that the face, now so withered, had once been handsome and commanding. There was still a faint shadow of departed beauty on the forehead, the spark

of an old fire in the sunken, glistening eyes, and a vestige of imperiousness in the fine, slightly aquiline nose, and even about her silent, woe-begone mouth. Her grandson stood by, an uninteresting quadron between forty and fifty years old, looking strong, empty-minded, and trivial enough; but his mother, her daughter, was also present, a woman of some seventy years, and a most striking and majestic figure. In features, stature, and bearing she was regal. One had but to look on her, impute her brilliancies—too untamable and severe to be called charms or graces—to her mother, and remember what New Orleans was long years ago, to understand how the name of Marie Laveau should have driven itself inextricably into the traditions of the town and the times. Had this visit been postponed a few months it would have been too late. Marie Laveau is dead; Malvina Latour is queen. As she appeared presiding over a Voodoo ceremony on the night of the 23d of June, 1884, she is described as a bright mulatress of about forty-eight, of "extremely handsome figure," dignified bearing, and a face indicative of a comparatively high order of intelligence. She wore a neat blue, white-dotted calico gown, and a "brilliant *tignon* (turban) gracefully tied."

It is pleasant to say that this worship, in Louisiana, at least, and in comparison with what it once was, has grown to be a rather trivial affair. The practice of its midnight forest rites seemed to sink into inanition along with Marie Laveau. It long ago diminished in frequency to once a year, the chosen night always being the Eve of St. John. For several years past even these annual celebrations have been suspended; but in the summer of 1884 they were—let it be hoped, only for the once—resumed.

When the queen decides that such a celebration shall take place, she appoints a night for the gathering, and some remote, secluded spot in the forest for the rendezvous. Thither all the worshipers are summoned. St. Méry, careless of the power of the scene, draws in practical, unimaginative lines the picture of such a gathering in St. Domingo, in the times when the "*véritable Vaudaux*" had lost but little of the primitive African character. The worshipers are met, decked with kerchiefs more or less numerous, red being everywhere the predominating color. The king, abundantly adorned with them, wears one of pure red about his forehead as a diadem. A blue ornamental cord completes his insignia. The queen, in simple dress and wearing a red cord and a heavily decorated belt, is beside him near a rude altar. The silence of midnight is overhead, the gigantic forms and shadows and still, dank airs of the tropical

forest close in around, and on the altar, in a small box ornamented with little tinkling bells, lies, unseen, the living serpent. The worshipers have begun their devotions to it by presenting themselves before it in a body, and uttering professions of their fidelity and belief in its power. They cease, and now the royal pair, in tones of parental authority and protection, are extolling the great privilege of being a devotee, and inviting the faithful to consult the oracle. The crowd makes room, and a single petitioner draws near. He is the senior member of the order. His prayer is made. The king becomes deeply agitated by the presence within him of the spirit invoked. Suddenly he takes the box from the altar and sets it on the ground. The queen steps upon it and with convulsive movements utters the answers of the deity beneath her feet. Another and another suppliant, approaching in the order of seniority, present, singly, their petitions, and humbly or exultingly, according to the nature of the responses, which hangs on the fierce caprice of the priestess, accept these utterances and make way for the next, with his prayer of fear or covetousness, love, jealousy, petty spite or deadly malice. At length the last petitioner is answered. Now a circle is formed, the caged snake is restored to the altar, and the humble and multifarious oblations of the worshipers are received, to be devoted not only to the trivial expenses of this worship, but also to the relief of members of the order whose distresses call for such aid. Again the royal ones are speaking, issuing orders for execution in the future, orders that have not always in view, mildly says St. Méry, good order and public tranquillity. Presently the ceremonies become more forbidding. They are taking a horrid oath, smearing their lips with the blood of some slaughtered animal, and swearing to suffer death rather than disclose any secret of the order, and to inflict death on any who may commit such treason. Now a new applicant for membership steps into their circle, there are a few trivial formalities, and the Voodoo dance begins. The postulant dances frantically in the middle of the ring, only pausing from time to time to receive heavy alcoholic draughts in great haste and return more wildly to his leavings and writhings until he falls in convulsions. He is lifted, restored, and presently conducted to the altar, takes his oath, and by a ceremonial stroke from one of the sovereigns is admitted a full participant in the privileges and obligations of the devilish freemasonry. But the dance goes on about the snake. The contortions of the upper part of the body, especially of the neck and shoulders, are such as threaten to dislocate them. The queen shakes the box

and tin
chant



MARIE LAVEAU.

and tinkles its bells, the rum-bottle gurgles, the chant alternates between king and chorus —

"Eh! eh! Bomba, hunc! hunc!"
Canga basio tay,
Canga moon day lay,
Canga do keelah,
Canga li —"

There are swoonings and ravings, nervous tremblings beyond control, incessant writhings and turnings, tearing of garments, even biting of the flesh — every imaginable invention of the devil.

St. Méry tells us of another dance invented in the West Indies by a negro, analogous to

"Hen! hen!" in St. Méry's spelling of it for French pronunciation. As he further describes the sound in a foot-note, it must have been a horrid grunt.

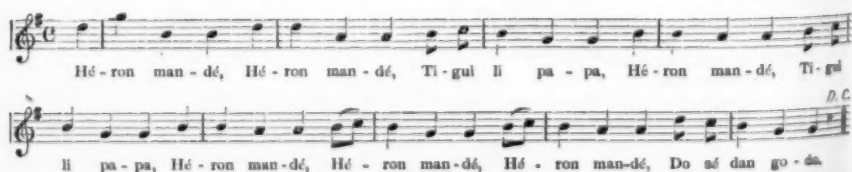
the Voodoo dance, but more rapid, and in which dancers had been known to fall dead. This was the "Dance of Don Pedro." The best efforts of police had, in his day, only partially suppressed it. Did it ever reach Louisiana? Let us, at a venture, say no.

To what extent the Voodoo worship still obtains here would be difficult to say with certainty. The affair of June, 1884, as described by Messrs. Augustin and Whitney, eye-witnesses, was an orgy already grown horrid enough when they turned their backs upon it. It took place at a wild and lonely spot where the dismal cypress swamp behind New Orleans meets the waters of Lake Pontchartrain in a wilderness of cypress stumps and rushes. It would be hard to find in nature a more painfully desolate region. Here in a fisherman's cabin sat the Voodoo worshipers cross-legged on the floor about an Indian basket of herbs and some beans, some bits of bone, some oddly wrought bunches of feathers, and some saucers of small cakes. The queen presided, sitting on the only chair in the room. There was no king, no snake — at least none visible to the onlookers. Two drummers beat with their thumbs on gourds covered with sheepskin, and a white-wooled old man scraped that hideous combination of banjo and violin, whose head is covered with rattlesnake skin, and of which the Chinese are the makers and masters. There was singing — "*M'allé couri dans désèr*" ("I am going into the wilderness"), a chant and refrain not worth the room they would take — and there was frenzy and a circling march, wild shouts, delirious gesticulations and posturings, drinking, and amongst other frightful nonsense the old trick of making fire blaze from the mouth by spraying alcohol from it upon the flame of a candle.

But whatever may be the quantity of the Voodoo worship left in Louisiana, its superstitions are many and are everywhere. Its charms are resorted to by the malicious, the jealous, the revengeful, or the avaricious, or held in terror, not by the timorous only, but by the strong, the courageous, the desperate. To find under his mattress an acorn hollowed out, stuffed with the hair of some dead person, pierced with four holes on four sides, and two

small chicken feathers drawn through them so as to cross inside the acorn; or to discover on his door-sill at daybreak a little box containing a dough or waxen heart stuck full of pins; or to hear that his avowed foe or rival has been pouring cheap champagne in the four corners of Congo Square at midnight, when there was no moon, will strike more abject fear into the heart of many a stalwart negro or melancholy quadron than to face a leveled revolver. And it is not only the colored man that holds to these practices and fears. Many a white Creole gives them full credence. What wonder, when African Creoles were the nurses of so nearly all of them? Many shrewd men and women, generally colored persons, drive a trade in these charms and in oracular directions for their use or evasion; many a Creole — white as well as other tints — female, too, as well as male — will pay a Voodoo "*monteur*" to "make a work," *i. e.*, to weave a spell, for the prospering of some scheme or wish too ignoble to be prayed for at any shrine inside the church. These milder incantations are performed within the witch's or wizard's own house, and are made up, for the most part, of a little pound cake, some lighted candle ends, a little syrup of sugar-cane, pins, knitting-needles, and a trifle of anisette. But fear naught; an Obi charm will enable you to smile defiance against all such mischief; or if you will but consent to be a magician, it is they, the Voodoos, one and all, who will hold you in absolute terror. Or, easier, a frizzly chicken! If you have on your premises a frizzly chicken, you can lie down and laugh — it is a checkmate!

A planter once found a Voodoo charm, or *ouanga* (wongah); this time it was a bit of cotton cloth folded about three cow-peas and some breast feathers of a barn-yard fowl, and covered with a tight wrapping of thread. When he proposed to take it to New Orleans his slaves were full of consternation. "Marse Ed, ef ye go on d'boat wid dat-ah, de boat'll sink wi' yer. Fore d'Lord, it will!" For some reason it did not. Here is a genuine Voodoo song, given me by Lafcadio Hearn, though what the words mean none could be more ignorant of than the present writer. They are rendered phonetically in French.



And
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etc.

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PLANTER AND VODOO CHARM.

And another phrase: "Ah tingouai yé, Ah tingouai yé, Ah ouai ya, Ah ouai ya, Ah tingouai yé, Do sé dan go-do, Ah tingouai yé," etc.

V.

SONGS OF WOODS AND WATERS.

A LAST page to the songs of the chase and of the boat. The circumstances that produced them have disappeared. There was a time, not so long ago, when traveling in Louisiana was done almost wholly by means of the paddle, the oar, or the "sweep." Every plantation had its river or bayou front, and every planter his boat and skilled crew of black

oarsmen. The throb of their song measured the sweep of the oars, and as their bare or turbaned heads and shining bodies, naked to the waist, bowed forward and straightened back in ceaseless alternation, their strong voices chanted the praise of the silent, broad-hatted master who sat in the stern. Now and then a line was interjected in manly boast to their own brawn, and often the praise of the master softened off into tender laudations of the charms of some black or tawny Zilié, Zabette, or Zalli. From the treasures of the old chest already mentioned comes to my hand, from the last century most likely, on a ragged yellow sheet of paper, written with a green ink, one of these old songs. It would



THE BLACK HUNTER.

take up much room; I have made a close translation of its stanzas :

ROWERS' SONG.

Sing, lads ; our master bids us sing.
For master cry out loud and strong.
The water with the long oar strike.
Sing, lads, and let us haste along.

'Tis for our master we will sing.
We'll sing for our young mistresses.
And sweethearts we must not forget—
Zoé, Mérente, Zabelle, Louise.

Sing, fellows, for our own true loves.
My lottery prize! Zoé, my belle!
She's like a wild young doe, she knows
The way to jump and dance so well!

Black diamonds are her bright, black eyes,
Her teeth and lilies are alike.
Sing, fellows, for my true love, and
The water with the long oar strike.

See! see! the town! Hurrah! hurrah!
Master returns in pleasant mood.
He's going to treat his boys all 'round.
Hurrah! hurrah for master good!

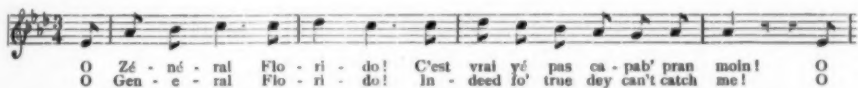
From the same treasury comes a hunting song. Each stanza begins and ends with the loud refrain : "*Bomboula ! bomboula !*" Some one who has studied African tongues may be able to say whether this word is one with *Bamboula*, the name of the dance and of the drum that dominates it. *Oula* seems to be an

infinitive termination of many Congo verbs, and *boula*, De Lanzières says, means to beat. However, the dark hunters of a hundred years ago knew, and between their outcries of the loud, rumbling word sang, in this song, their mutual exhortation to rise, take guns, fill powder-horns, load up, call dogs, make haste and be off to the woods to find game for master's table and their own grosser *cuisine*; for the one, deer, squirrels, rabbits, birds; for the other, *chat oués* (raccoons), that make "*si bon gombo*" (such good gumbo!). "Don't fail to kill them, boys,—and the tiger-cats that eat men; and if we meet a bear, we'll vanquish him! Bomboula! bomboula!" The lines have a fine African ring in them, but — one mustn't print everything.

Another song, of wood and water both, though only the water is mentioned, I have direct from former Creole negro slaves. It is a runaway's song of defiance addressed to the high sheriff Fleuriau (Charles Jean Baptiste Fleuriau, Alguazil mayor), a Creole of the Cabildo a hundred and fifteen years ago. At least one can think so, for the name is not to be found elsewhere.

of operations, and seeking his adventures not so far from the hen-coop and pig-pen as rigid principles would have dictated. Now that he is free, he is willing to reveal these little pleasantries—as one of the by-gones—to the eager historian. Much nocturnal prowling was done on the waters of the deep, forest-darkened bayous, in *pirogues* (dug-outs). For secret signals to accomplices on shore they resorted to singing. What is so innocent as music! The words were in some African tongue. We have one of these songs from the negroes themselves, with their own translation and their own assurance that the translation is correct. The words have a very Congo-ish sound. The Congo tongue knows no *r*; but the fact is familiar that in America the negro interchanges the sounds of *r* and *l* as readily as does the Chinaman. We will use both an English and a French spelling. (De Zab, page 827.)

The whole chant consists of but six words besides a single conjunction. It means, its singers avowed, "Out from under the trees our boat moves into the open water—bring us large game and small game!" *Dé zab* sounds like *des arbs*, and they called it French,



2. Ven a ein counan si la mer } *Bis.*
C'est vra!, etc.
2. Dey got* one schooner out at sea } *Bis.*
Indeed fo' true, etc.

Sometimes the black man found it more convenient not to run away himself, but to make other articles of property seem to escape from custody. He ventured to forage on his own account, retaining his cabin as a base

but the rest they claimed as good "*Affykin*." We cannot say. We are sappers and miners in this quest, not philologists. When they come on behind, if they ever think it worth their while to do so, the interpretation of this strange song may be not more difficult than that of the famous inscription discovered by Mr. Pickwick. But, as well as the present writer can know, all that have been given here are genuine antiques.

* "Dey got" is a vulgarism of Louisiana Creoles, white and colored, for "There is." It is a transfer into English of the French idiom *Il y a*.



CREOLE SLAVE SONGS.

QUAND MO 'TE.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.

1st and 2d time. 3d time.

{ Quand mo 'te dans grand chi-min Mo con-tré nion vié pa-pa.
 Mo 'man-dé quel heure li yé, Li dit moïn mi-di pas-sé.
 Mo 'man-dé mou-choi' ta-bac, Li don moïn mou-[Omit.....] choi Ma-dra.

Prise to-bac jam-bette à cou-teau, Taf-sia doux pas-sé si-rop. sé si-rop.

NEG' PAS CAPA' MARCHE.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.

Allegro

1. Neg pas ca-pa' mar-ché sans ma-is dans poche, c'est pou vo-lé poule.
 2. Millate pas ca-pa' mar-ché sans la corde dans poche, c'est pou volé choual.
 3. Blanc pas ca-pa' mar-ché sans la'zen dans poche, c'est pou vo-lé filles.

After last verse.

AH! SUZETTE.

ARR. BY MADAME L. LEJEUNE.

Ah! Su-zette, Su-zette to vé pas chère. Ah! Su-zette, chère a-mis.

Fine.

to pas lai-mein moia.

1. M'al-lé haut mon-tagne za-mie, M'al-lé cou-pé
 2. Mo cour-ri dans bois, za-mie, Pou' tou-é m-

D. C.



casse za - mie, M'al - lé fé l'a' - zent, chère a - mie, Pou' po' - té donne toi,
zo, za - mie, Pou'... fé l'a' - zent, chère a - mie, Pou' mo baille Su - zette.

POV' PITI MOMZEL ZIZI.

ARR. BY MME. L. LEJRUNE.

S. mp *p*



Pov' pi - ti Momzel Zi - zi, Pov' pi - ti Mom - zel Zi - zi, Li gag - in bo - bo, bo - bo

cres. *dim.* *mf*



Dans so pi - ti kèr à li. Pov' pi - ti Mom - zel Zi - zi, Pov' pi - ti Mom - zel Zi - zi,

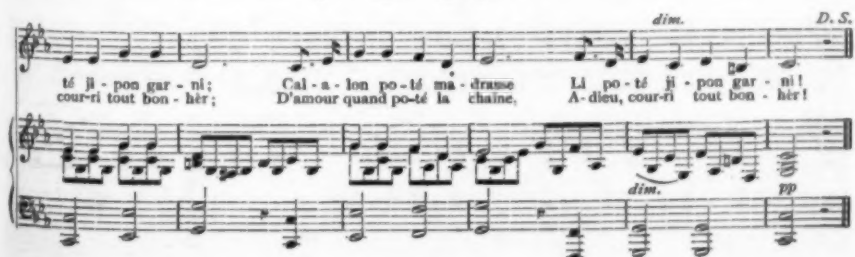
After the Closing Stanza omit to *.

dim. *pp*



Li gag - in bo - bo, bo - bo Dans so pi - ti kèr à li. 1. Cal - a - lon po - té ma - drasse, Li po - Adieu,
2. D'amour quand poté la chaîne.

dim. *D. S.* *dim.* *pp*



té ji - pon gar - ni; Cal - a - lon po - té ma - drasse Li po - té ji - pon gar - ni!
cour - ri tout bon - hèr; D'amour quand po - té la chaîne, A - dieu, cour - ri tout bon - hèr!

** Ending of Refrain after the Closing Stanza.* *dim.*

- bo li gag-nin bo-bo, bo-bo,... bo-bo,... Li gagnin bo-bo,... dans kèr à li.

dim.

BON D'JE.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

1. Dans tan mo té zène Mo zamein zonglé, bon Djé! A ç'tair m'a-pé vi-ni vié, M'a-pé zonglé, bon
2. Dans tan mo té nesclave Mo servis mo malte, bon Djé! A ç'tair mo be-soin re-pos, Mo sers ton mounse, bon

Djé! M'apé zong-glé bon tan qui pas-sé, M'apé zonglé bon tan qui pas-sé, M'a-pé zong-glé bon tan qui pas-sé.
Djé! M'apé zong-glé, etc.

CRIOLE CANDJO.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

Andante.

1. In zou' in zène Cri-ole Can-djo, Belle pas-sé blanc dan-dan là
2. Mo cour-ri dans youn bois vol-sin; Mais Cri-ole là prend même ci

Una Corda.

yo, Li té tout tans a-pé dire, "Vi-ni, za-mi, pou' nous rire."
min Et tous tans li m'a-pé dire, "Vi-ni, etc."

Non, mi-ché, m'pas ou-lé ri-re, moin. Non, mi-ché, m'pas ou-lé ri-re.

rit.
Non, mi-ché, m'pas ou-lé ri-re, moin, Non, mi-ché, m'pas ou-lé ri-re.
rit.

3. Mais li té tant cicané moi,
Pou' li té quitté moin youn fois
Mo té 'blizé pou li dire,
Oui, miché, mo oulé rire.
Oui miché, etc.

4. Zaut tous qu'ap'es rire moin là bas,
Si zaut té conné Candjo là,
Qui belle façon li pou' rire,
Djé pini moin! zaut s'rè dire,
"Oui, miché," etc.

One day one young Creole candio,
Mo' finch dan sho nuf white beau,
Kip all de time meckin' free—
"Swithawt, meck merrie wid me."
"Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie, me.
Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie."

I go teck walk in wood close by;
But Creole tek' sem road, and try
All time, all time, to meck free—
"Swithawt, meck merrie wid me."
"Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie, me.
Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie."

But him slide roun' an' roun' dis chile,
Tell, jis' fo' sheck 'im off lill while,
Me, I was bleedze fo' say, "Shoo!
If I'll meck merrie wid you?
O, yass, I ziss leave meck merrie, me;
Yass, seh, I ziss leave meck merrie."

You-alls w'at laugh at me so well,
I wish you'd knowed dat Creole swell,
Wid all 'is swit, smilin' trick'.
'Pon my soul! you'd done say, quick,
"O, yass, I ziss leave meck merrie, me;
Yass, seh, I ziss leave meck merrie."

DÉ ZAB.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.

mf
Day zab, day zab, day koo-noo wi wi, Day zab, day zab, day koo-noo wi wi, Koo-noo
Dé zab, dé zab, dé kou-nou ouale, ouale, Dé zab, dé zab, dé kou-nou ouale, ouale, Kou-nou

wi wi wi wi, Koo-noo wi wi wi wi, Koo-noo wi wi wi mom-zah..... Mom-
ouale, ouale, ouale, ouale, Kou-nou ouale, ouale, ouale, ouale. Kou-nou ouale, ouale, ouale, mom-zah..... Mom-

COMPENSATION.

mf *dim.* *mf* *p*

zah, mom - zah, mom - zah, mom - zah, Ro - zah, ro - zah, ro - zah a-a mom - zah,
za, mom - za, mom - za, mom - za, Ro - za, ro - za, ro - za et mom - za.

George W. Cable.

COMPENSATION.

IN that new world toward which our feet are set,
 Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
 Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
 Has heaven a spell divine enough for this?
 For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell,
 When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,
 When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
 And little birds break out in rippling song?

O sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,
 The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
 The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
 The sunflecked shadow of the stately trees,
 The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,
 The warm, delicious, happy summer rain,
 When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
 And little birds break out in rippling song!

O beauty manifold, from morn till night,
 Dawn's flush, noon's blaze and sunset's tender light!
 O fair, familiar features, changes sweet
 Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet
 And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space,
 From snow to roses,—and how dear her face,
 When the grass brightens, when the days grow long,
 And little birds break out in rippling song!

O happy earth! O home so well beloved!
 What recompense have we, from thee removed?
 One hope we have that overtops the whole,—
 The hope of finding every vanished soul,
 We love and long for daily, and for this
 Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss,
 Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
 And little birds break out in rippling song.

Celia Thaxter.

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

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XXIII.

IN REBUTTAL.

THE afternoon sitting opened cheerfully with Bodewin's cross-examination. The men with few exceptions, had lunched, and, with vests opened on account of the increasing heat, were prepared to enjoy the baiting of this probably conceited young man, who took such airs of gloomy reticence, and whose information seemed to be so largely in excess of his desire to impart it.

The lawyer for the plaintiff, listening with apparent negligence to Bodewin's account of his capture, saw that it was a tale calling for but little talent in the cross-examination to make ridiculous to a Western jury. It had excited marked surprise in the court-room among those present who knew Bodewin by reputation as a cool fellow and a man of long experience in the West, well acquainted with the risk of solitary journeys in that part of the country, at a time when scarcely a week passed without a stage being stopped and a file of passengers called on to "hold up their hands." The weakness of Bodewin's story was brought out and embellished with local allusions and such wit as the speaker had at his command. He enlarged upon Bodewin's magnanimity, as Mr. Craig had called it, towards his captors. Such magnanimity was certainly unusual, and to a stranger, unacquainted with the character of the witness, seemed to demand some further explanation, besides that transcendent Christian forbearance which the learned counsel on the other side had attributed to his witness.

Was the witness quite sure that he had not some other and more natural, not to say human reason for condoning such a serious and exasperating offense as the restraint of his person and actions, at a time when both were imperatively required elsewhere? Had captivity by chance been sweetened to him? We are commanded to love our enemies, but no law, civil or religious, that the counsel could remember, required a man to keep his enemies' secrets, especially when they were secrets of a nature likely to be damaging to his own character. There were usually two sides to bargains of that kind. "Now as

to that message," the plaintiff's counsel asked suddenly, in the hardest of his nasal tones, "might one ask, since it was of so personal a nature, if it was a message from a lady?" There was said to be a lady in every case; the lawyer hoped this case was not to be an ungallant exception to the rule. Bodewin was again supported by the court in his refusal to answer, but the lawyer's wit was of the kind which makes the average jurymen grateful to its author. The weightier but less amusing portions of Bodewin's testimony were lost sight of in the story of his capture, which could ill bear the scrutiny Harkins's counsel had succeeded in concentrating upon it, while calling upon the jury to wonder at the witness's reasons for twice refusing to answer the questions put to him. The juror who had been snubbed by the court was in no doubt whatever as to the duplicity of Bodewin's character, and the general feeling was against him, when Mr. Craig said, at the close of his examination:

"Your Honor, this rests the case for the defense."

A mingled stir of relief and expectation had begun to pervade the court-room, when the plaintiff's counsel rose and said that he would like to introduce a few witnesses in rebuttal. People who were leaving the room returned to their seats again, and no one was surprised when the name of James Keesner was called. They would now have the story of the surveys and sale of the Eagle Bird over again from Harkins's side.

James Keesner testified that on the 5th of September, somewhere about noon, John Bodewin came to his cabin in the north woods near the lake, and asked him to let him stay there quietly until the Eagle Bird trial was over. That he had known Bodewin, off and on, for some years, through Colonel Harkins; that Colonel Harkins had said Bodewin would never testify against him on account of something that passed between them at Deadwood three years ago, something about a woman, that Bodewin didn't want talked about. That Bodewin didn't explain to them why he did not wish to go on the trial, but just said he didn't want to and wouldn't, and wanted to stay there till the trial was over. That Bodewin had been to the cabin before, not often, but once or

twice that summer as he was passing through the woods. The cabin had been built three years before, when they were working the claim near it; they had quit work on the claim for a year, and had only been back there since spring. That they lived very quiet in the woods, Bodewin keeping close to the cabin on account of not wanting to be seen by any one passing. That he and the witness's daughter Louisa, called Babe, were always together, he helping her about her work or just sitting around looking at her. That Babe was seventeen and worth looking at. She wasn't used to men like Bodewin, that called themselves gentlemen. That a year or so before Bodewin had sent her his picture in joke like, by Harkins, hearing Harkins say what a beauty she was growing. That he set himself to make her like him. That it was easy done. That he, the witness, had been troubled about the way things looked, but thought it best not to say anything, Bodewin being there for so short a time and Babe as innocent as the day she was born. That he was watching out for them the evening before they went off. Bodewin was sitting on the bench in front of the cabin, talking low with Babe, their heads close together; that he himself kept walking up and down, up and down, pulling on his old pipe, and watching out behind the trees; that when he could not see them any longer for night coming on, he came up short to them and ordered them into the house. Bodewin had looked mad and gone straight to bed. Babe was for going off too, but he had kept her by and given her a talking to.

Perhaps she had been hard on her, but what was a man to do with such foolishness going on, and Babe his only girl and her mother dead? He described the situation of the rooms in the cabin, and went on with his story. How in the morning, early, Tony had gone out for water and found the black horse was missing and they two the only ones left in the cabin. Bodewin was gone, and Babe was gone. Her bed had not been slept in. The boards of the floor had been taken up to make room for Bodewin to crawl up from below. If his girl had gone wrong, it was the fault of Bodewin's ways, different to what she was used to, and his being continually round trying to make her like him, and she having no mother or woman to talk to her. Any one who ever saw his girl could see she was a good girl. She hadn't had any chance, anyhow, to be anything else.

Here Keesner paused and wiped his face and beard. His lean hands were trembling, and his voice was hoarse with the excitement of speech in the presence of so large and at-

tentive an audience. Under his unfeigned trouble, there was the satisfaction of being himself a figure of unwonted importance on an occasion likely to be memorable in that region.

"Did I ever see my girl again?" he repeated. "Never, either living or dead; but plenty saw her. There isn't a man from the camp in this room, I may say, but has seen her, and can speak to what I say, that she was well-grown and handsome, with as good a look to her as any girl need to have. Nobody that ever saw her could take her for any poor truck. She was born a long ways from any of your camps, or cities either. She knew the look of the trees better than she did men's looks. She was easy lied to."

Being recalled to his narrative, Keesner went on to say that Tony, his son, wouldn't eat nor sleep, but was hunting Bodewin, while he himself staid by, in case Babe should come home. That in the afternoon the black horse came straying back through the woods, the saddle on, but the stirrups crossed over the saddle and the bridle hanging from the pommel. That the next afternoon, being the day but one after Babe left, Harkins rode out to the cabin and told him his girl was dead—dead, but first deserted by the man that led her away.

"This day week," said Keesner, "my girl was buried by strangers. She was stoned to death by the emptying of a car while she was crossing the waste-dump up at the Eagle Bird, where she'd come a-huntin' for John Bodewin. Gentlemen," said the witness, turning his red, convulsed countenance upon the jury, "that man Bodewin walked behind my girl's dead body when they carried her up the hill to the mine; he heard all the fuss and the racket, and he never said a word. He saw her layin' there for the whole town to stare at with the very shoes on her feet she'd followed him in away from her home, and he never said a word; never owned to it he'd ever set eyes on her before; never once said she was a good girl, with folks of her own belonging to her. He let them say what they would of her. She was nothin' to him no more."

"Why didn't Colonel Harkins say he knew her?" Keesner repeated in answer to the counsel's question. "Because when he see my daughter layin' there, and nobody to claim her, he knew it meant trouble, the kind of trouble that's better not talked of. He knowed Babe never got in that shape without help. 'Who's the man?' he says to me. 'John Bodewin's the man,' I says. 'You want to git even with him?' he says. 'That's what I'm layin' for,' says I. 'Hold on, then. Wait,' says he, 'your time'll come. Words bite sharper than bullets

when a man's thin-skinned.' And I've hel' on and I've waited, and now I've said my say, and you can ask Anthony, my son there, if every word ain't God's truth."

Mr. Craig sat stupefied, making no effort to impede the witness or arrest his words by timely objections. The case had gone out of his hands and beyond him. It was no longer a question of Mr. Newbold's property, but of John Bodewin's honor. The lady who sat next to Josephine was weeping hysterically. Men were muttering together. Mr. Craig, fearing that Keesner's story might only gain strength on investigation, and seeing that the witness had the whole court with him, waived his right of cross-questioning, and the next witness was called.

In the conference before the trial between Harkins and the Keesners, in the cabin in the wood, Tony had stipulated that "Dad" should "do the lyin'." He "was used to it." As for himself, the less talking they made him do the better. Harkins had accepted Tony's estimate of his own powers, and he was not called upon to corroborate the more fanciful portions of his father's narrative. But the parts which Harkins had supplied, assuring his confederates that they were necessary to complete Bodewin's disgrace, were not the strongest parts of James Keesner's story. There remained enough which Tony could savagely confirm without fear of entanglement.

There was only one more witness for the rebuttal. The friendship between Bodewin and Hillbury was not generally known to the excited group of people who awaited the next development in this singular trial; but to one or two of those whose suspense was keenest, the painfulness of the scene reached its climax when the name of Edward Wales Hillbury was called by the counsel for the plaintiff.

Mr. Craig was sharply roused by it. His old dislike for Bodewin, lately intensified by their mutual relations, had never been inconsistent with respect. He looked at Bodewin keenly, and said to himself, "Here has been some cruel lying. Hillbury will be sorry for what he is going to do, if he could have helped doing it. I'll make him sorry for it!" the perverse little lawyer vowed to himself. Now that there seemed to be abundant cause for distrusting Bodewin, he suddenly felt himself bound to do battle for him. Besides, Bodewin was his witness.

Hillbury's direct examination brought out the fact of his accidental visit to the cabin in the woods and his interview with Babe, including the incident of Bodewin's photograph. Babe had informed her father of this visit in detail, knowing him to be engaged in a plot of some kind against the original of the pic-

ture and hoping that it might frighten, or possibly deter him, through fear of discovery. Keesner had treasured up his daughter's communication as likely to be interesting to Harkins. Harkins had found it extremely interesting, and the result of Babe's warning had been Hillbury's summons to testify against his friend.

The counsel then asked Hillbury if Mr. Bodewin had ever said anything to him which would lead him to suppose that Colonel Harkins had any hold upon him. Hillbury replied with evident reluctance that Mr. Bodewin had once said that he was under an obligation to Colonel Harkins. Repeated questions forced from him the admission that Mr. Bodewin had spoken of the obligation as a delicate and strenuous one, but added that Mr. Bodewin often used extravagant expressions in speaking of quite simple matters, and declared that he had attached no particular importance to the words.

"At the time," the counsel suggested.

"At the time," Hillbury allowed the suggestion.

"At any subsequent time did you regard them more seriously?"

"When Mr. Bodewin was suddenly missing, I naturally recalled everything, even the slightest noteworthy thing connected with him that had happened near the time of his disappearance, this conversation among others."

Hillbury then identified the unknown girl who was killed at the Eagle Bird mine as the one he had seen and talked with in the cabin. When asked if Mr. Bodewin had ever spoken to him of this girl or of the cabin, the witness replied that he had not.

"You were then greatly surprised to find his photograph there, were you not?" the counsel asked.

"I was."

"Did you ever question him about it?"

"I did not."

"Why not?"

"For one reason, there was no opportunity to do so, between the time of my visit to the cabin and Mr. Bodewin's disappearance."

"You have had opportunities since his return to speak to him about it, have you not?"

"I have."

"Still you made no allusion to this incident which was such a matter of surprise to you?"

"No, not directly."

"Have you ever in any way invited his confidence on this subject?"

"In a general way I have invited his confidence on this and other subjects."

"Did he respond?"

"He did not. But it may be that my manner was at fault. One is not always happy

on such occasions; and it has never been my habit to press inquiries of a personal nature upon my friends."

"And you wish I would be equally considerate with you," the counsel concluded with a flourish of courtesy. "That will do, Mr. Hillbury."

Mr. Craig began his cross-examination by asking Hillbury how long he had known Mr. Bodewin.

"Fifteen years," was the reply.

Had their relations during that time been friendly?

"Yes."

"Invariably?"

"Yes."

What were their relations at the present time? Hillbury's momentary hesitation was covered by an objection promptly raised by the opposite counsel. The question was allowed, and Hillbury replied that he was not in a position to say how Mr. Bodewin might regard him at that moment; but the answer had the effect of an evasion, and Mr. Craig felt that he had gained his first point. How was it, he next asked, that a friend of Mr. Bodewin's, one who had been his friend for fifteen years, had made no search for him when he was missing under circumstances calculated to excite the gravest apprehensions for his safety?

Mr. Hillbury replied that the organized search set on foot by the town stood a better chance of success, in cases of that kind, than would a single individual, even with the stimulus of his friendship for the object of the search.

"The organized search," Mr. Craig retorted, "consisted of three or four men who rode about the country, and drank a little more whisky than usual for a few days; the search then resolved itself into gossip about Bodewin's character and intentions, and bets as to his probable fate. Was that enough to satisfy a friendship of fifteen years?"

"I did not say that it was," Mr. Hillbury replied.

"Well, was it?"

"In my own case, it was not."

"What further effort, if any, did you make to find your friend?"

"I went in search of him myself."

"Oh, indeed! And how much time, pray, did you give to this individual search?" asked Mr. Craig, who knew that Hillbury had been seen in camp or its neighborhood nearly every day during Bodewin's absence.

"A little more than half a day."

"I suppose you found him?" Mr. Craig said, with an ironical glance at the jury.

Mr. Hillbury made no response to this supposition.

"Were you satisfied with the result of your half-a-day's search?"

"In one sense, yes."

"In what sense was that?"

"In the sense that I found him."

A sensation in the court, in the midst of which Mr. Craig's irony was extinguished.

"Where did you find him?" he asked mechanically, while desperately trying to arrange his future questions, in case Hillbury's answer should turn out to be as bad as he feared.

"In the cabin in the North woods."

"Which cabin?"

"The one I have already described, where I saw the photograph of Mr. Bodewin."

"What was Mr. Bodewin doing when you found him, as you say?" Mr. Craig was now trusting to the chance of getting the witness involved by rapidly multiplying unimportant questions. Hillbury's pale countenance facing him began to show signs of distress. Mr. Craig pressed the question.

"What was he doing?"

"I don't know *what* he was doing," said Hillbury, with a kind of violence.

"How near were you to him?"

"Twice as far from him, perhaps, as I am from you."

"Yet you don't know what he was doing! Did you ask him?"

"I did not speak to him."

"You did not speak to him! What did you do, pray?"

"I looked at him, and then went back to my horse, mounted, and rode away."

"A singular and touching interview, truly, between friends of fifteen years, one of whom had been missing for some time under an implication of danger. Was Mr. Bodewin alone when you saw him, and were you too much overcome, as I conclude, by your feelings, to speak to him?"

"He was not."

"Who was with him?"

"A young woman."

"Any one else?"

"To all appearances they were alone."

"Were they talking together?"

"No."

"Well, 'to all appearances' what were they doing?" Mr. Craig went on stupidly; but a strange look in Hillbury's face, almost like a warning unspoken, arrested him. "Did Mr. Bodewin see you, or know of your neighborhood?" he hurried on, trying to bury the previous question in a new one.

"I do not think he did," said Hillbury, dropping his eyes. He knew that Craig had understood him at last, and that the ordeal was over.

But Craig could not accept his defeat without one more effort.

"You were there, then, not to find your friend, but to spy upon his actions?"

"I was there to find him, to help him if he needed such help as I alone could give him, to procure additional help if required. Finding him safe and apparently happy, I did not offer my services. The offer of my society it seemed better, under the circumstances, to postpone."

"Have you ever described this incident before?"

"I have never spoken of it until to-day."

"You seem to have saved it carefully for the time when it would be most likely to injure your friend of fifteen years."

"That is your inference, for which I am not responsible."

Hillbury was released, inwardly cursing Craig for a "rash, intruding fool," and writhing under his own revolting part in the day's work. And Craig could think of nothing that would have made things worse, except to have had his wife present to witness his blunders.

XXIV.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE TRIAL.

It was the talk of the town that evening that Harkins had won his suit, Bodewin, the chief witness for the defense, having forsworn himself, and his testimony having been practically set aside by the jury; that there had been shameful disclosures as to his character; that Tony Keesner, brother of the girl he had wronged, was hunting for Bodewin, swearing he would shoot him at sight. Bets were being offered in every drinking-saloon of the city as to the result of the meeting. The town seemed to have emptied itself into the streets, at this hour of coolness and gayety. Children's voices were shrill in the gardened suburbs; the light rush of wheels was loud and low, in quick alternation, on the broad avenues looking outward from the city. A wind from the mountains, setting across the sun-warmed plain, revived with its wild, sweet breath the day's languors.

How many heart-breaks go to make up that song of a city at night! On her bed, that loomed white in the darkened room, Josephine lay and listened to this voice of many voices, dream-like, far away from that burning core of anguish which was the center of her being. Shame could not approach Bodewin as he lived in her thoughts. He had loved the girl who was dead, there had been a necessity for secrecy, everything had been misjudged and misrepresented, and Bodewin had been

too proud or too wretched to explain. That he had been base it was out of the power of the woman who loved him to believe. That he loved the girl whose beauty still ached in Josephine's remembrance, she could well believe. That her death had complicated his position in some cruel way, she could understand—or rather she tried to understand nothing; she believed and suffered. But the dumb cry of her anguish was not for herself—it was for Bodewin. Where was he that night? What had been left to him? Everything was gone, and there lived not a soul who could comfort him. She had dreamed that they two were strangely, perhaps perilously sympathetic, but while she had been balancing her maidenly subtleties of conduct, the current of his life had sunk out of sight, like those rivers that run along in sunshine and then suddenly disappear in the quicksands.

About nine o'clock that evening, in one of the thoroughfares of the town, two pistol-shots were heard, fired in quick succession. Word was borne from street to street, with a clamor of voices and a hurry of feet, that Harkins in the hour of his triumph was dead. It reached the great, gas-lit house, with its tiers of balconied windows, open to the night, where Josephine lay; it floated up from smoking-room to parlor, and pervaded the corridors in bursts of excited talk. It reached Josephine's door in a sound of imperative knocking. She started up. Her father spoke to her from the passage. She rose and opened the door. The room was faintly lighted from the street.

"Sitting in the dark, Jose?" her father said, reaching for her hand. "I hoped you were in bed and asleep, but I came up, thinking you might have been awakened by the stir in the house. A dreadful thing has happened. The town is ringing with it! Did you hear the shots?"

Josephine did not answer.

Her father had drawn her down upon his lap, in the great chair he had sunk into. He sighed, and rubbed his handkerchief over his damp forehead.

"That last shot sent Harkins to his account!"

"Who——" Josephine began, and the great dread in her eyes finished the question.

"He and that young Keesner were in some place drinking together, or Keesner was drinking and Harkins was keeping watch of him. Keesner saw Bodewin pass on the street. He rushed out and fired one shot at him, and missed. Harkins followed him and grabbed him from behind, before he could shoot again. Keesner whirled, and in the struggle Harkins got the second barrel. They fell together,

Harkins underneath. He never spoke. Keesner's friends got him away before the police came up. But Harkins got what was meant for Bodewin. Why, Josephine!"

Josephine was sobbing on her father's neck. "Thank God!" she whispered, not knowing that she had spoken.

Bodewin had brought his horse down from the mountains, intending to leave him on a ranch for the winter. He had himself expected to go East after the trial; but now he had no plans, only to get out of the town as quickly as possible, and alone. Across the plains many roads and trails led towards the distant mountain passes, to the south and west.

Baldy had found a trail and was following it, with his head low, his ears playing backwards and forwards, knowing that his master had given him the direction of their course, and intelligently responsive to the trust.

Where he was going, what he was going to do, Bodewin did not yet know. It was enough for the present that he was in motion. But the motion was not so rapid or so exciting as to take the place of thought. The darkness was peopled with faces, poignant with wounded surprise or reproach or contempt, their looks all concentrated upon himself as in a nightmare. Babe Keesner's face he saw more constantly and vividly than any other. Although he could not definitely accuse himself, his conscience was not clear when he thought of her. Of all who had suffered through him, she had suffered most, and she had lost everything. Now that it was too late he could see the madness of his course with regard to her—the blind pertinacity with which he had kept that wild and foolish promise her death had extorted from him. From the night when he followed the wagon that bore her body to the camp, he had felt that he was marked for trouble; but he had not foreseen that it could involve any one but himself. He might have asked for another hearing at the trial, for Babe's sake if not for his own, but he could not have gone on the witness-stand again without being summoned and questioned by Craig—Craig, who could not know what questions to ask, and whose capacity for blundering might be measured by his cross-examination of Hillbury. He would not have been allowed to tell an uninterrupted story without a running fire of objections from the opposite counsel. He had no proofs to offer that easy and cynical crowd to which his appeal must have been made, except his own word, and that had been broken down before them. These were some of the excuses which Bodewin made for a silence which covered so much wrong and pain; but the true explanation of

it lay deeper than all his reasons, in the nature of the man himself. No one who knew him well would have been surprised that he was silent—after hearing his reputation sworn away before an assemblage of men ready, to a man, to believe him guilty—even had he felt that there was a single person present to whom his disgrace mattered more than to Hillbury—Hillbury, whose testimony had completed the case against him.

Bodewin's anguish, when he thought of Josephine, left no room for conjecture as to what she might have felt in witnessing his shame. The trial scene had branded him for life. The infamy of it was known to but a few people, but it would spread. Already he could hear the story of it repeated in every city where he had ever been known. There was nothing to be done but to live it down in the years that were left to him of his life. He felt already old, and yet as if he should never die. In the mean time he would do Babe the justice and give himself the consolation of telling the true story to Josephine. That she would believe him, without proofs, he did not doubt. Such generous belief was one of the necessities of her nature. He would get away into some corner of the world where he was not known, and think it all over and write her a letter. Already there was a strange, poor comfort in the thought.

XXV.

JOSEPHINE AND HILLBURY.

JOSEPHINE had been home nearly a month when Bodewin's letter came. It was a thick letter with the postmark only of some railroad on the envelope. She opened it, with the joyless certainty that she was to read the story of Babe Keesner written by her unhappy lover. There were a number of sheets closely written without date or signature, and within them was a note addressed to herself. She read:

"MY DEAR MISS NEWBOLD: When I asked you on the night of Babe Keesner's death if you could still have faith in me, even if circumstances condemned me, I spoke in weakness, foreseeing what some of the consequences of that night were likely to be, and feeling that the one thing I could not bear was that you should doubt me. It is a consolation to me, even now, to remember how readily and cordially you replied to my presumptuous claim upon your faith. You were in distress yourself that night. I frightened and bewildered you, yet I remember you did not shrink from me or evade my selfish question. You must have thought of it in the court-room, and it must have seemed to you a shameless and paltry advantage for me to have taken of your generosity. I dare not picture to myself all that you must have thought of me that day.

"And yet I know—God knows how I know it—that you will not doubt the truth of what I ask you

here to read — the inclosed story of my unhappy acquaintance with the Keesner family, from the hour of my capture by the father and son, to my last words with the daughter before her death. No one who believed Keesner's story would have believed mine, had I insisted upon telling it in the court-room to save Babe's good name and my own; there were other reasons why I could not tell it there and then.

"I put it in your hands now, to repeat to whom it may concern, or, if you think better, to keep as a trust from one woman to another, conveyed to you by me. For it is not so much *my* story as the story of Babe Keesner. My own story I have already told you — all but the end of it. It ends in my hopeless love for you.

"Yours, JOHN TRISTRAM BODEWIN."

The story Josephine put carefully away for the time when it should be needed; but the letter that was from Bodewin to herself alone she kept always with her, and read over and over the words in which he had called himself her lover. For a little while the joy of knowing as well as trusting that he was guiltless, and the more selfish joy of knowing herself beloved, helped her to bear the thought of his self-exile; but soon she began to ask herself, each day with a sharper anxiety, how long that exile was to last. He had cut himself off from any hope of an answer to his letter. She knew not where he had hidden himself. She searched the papers for personal items from the remotest states and territories, and often her heart stood still at the glimpse of a name, and she feared to read the record of some lonely death, in the tragedy of which she had no part. She could not bring herself to show Bodewin's letter to her father; his justification in that quarter she felt must come through some one else besides herself. Her life was full of duties and little cares that once had made her sufficiently happy, but now it seemed to her like the swollen November currents of the river that flowed past her window — heavily circling and swooning back upon itself, yet borne helplessly onward.

It was about this time that Hillbury, on his way to New York, passed through Kansas City and stopped over one train for the sake of seeing Josephine. He sent her a note from his hotel on the morning of his arrival, asking her permission to call in the afternoon.

Josephine welcomed this opportunity as the one she had long waited for. Hillbury, of all others, was the one whom it most concerned to hear Babe Keesner's story — the one it most behooved to cancel, as far as might be, the wrong that had been done. She would not trust herself with Bodewin's defense. Hillbury should have the story as it had been given to her, in the very words of Bodewin's letter.

In the weeks since the trial, Hillbury had been settling with himself in regard to Josephine. He had come to a decision none the

less impassioned that it was tardy and deliberate. He loved her; she was everything his wife should be, except that in some ways she needed development. He felt that he was singularly fitted for the happy task of aiding that development. It was not in Hillbury's nature to be humble, even in his love. Why should he be, indeed? He was thoroughly equipped and disciplined for exact work and refined enjoyment, for appreciation or for judgment: why not for love? Each separate problem of his life as it presented itself had been solved by him in the most satisfactory manner. The problem next in order was this beautiful young woman, whose divine capacity for love he believed in and longed to prove. He had watched the progress of Bodewin's influence over her, at first with curiosity, but later with deepening unrest. That influence was at an end now; it never occurred to Hillbury that it could have survived the revelations of the trial. The juxtaposition of his own happiness, supposing happiness to be in store for him, with his friend's downfall was painful. But life was full of such pain, and the Nemesis that had overtaken Bodewin could not be appeased by any private renunciations of his own.

Did Hillbury but know it, his sorrow for his friend, and the trouble of mind it had cost him, together with his own share in Bodewin's condemnation, had done much to soften his pride of individuality, and to widen the gate of his well-guarded heart for love to creep in. He was surprised to find how nervous he was becoming, while he waited for Josephine after sending up his card.

He watched her with keen pleasure as she came down the long room to meet him. Her beauty impressed him not more than her earnestness and entire unconsciousness of herself. She did not smile, but her face showed a gladness that was almost exaltation. Hillbury was not humble, but he was honest and clear-sighted. He could not take that unexpected deep joy in her face all to himself. He would have to come many times to see her before he would have earned such a beautiful look of greeting as that. It troubled him to think of the unknown agencies that might be swaying her life away from him, even during these moments she was apparently giving to him. She held a bulky letter, which she kept in her hands, bending and crushing it, while she replied to his inquiries about her father and the incidents of their journey. For some time they talked of indifferent things, carefully on Hillbury's part, avoiding any allusion to their common experiences in the camp, or to any person connected with them. It was Hillbury's intention to commence again on a new basis

with Josephine, ignoring as far as possible the unfortunate beginning of their acquaintance—ignoring it until they had become intimate enough to return to it from a common point of view. Then they would talk of it together, with assured sympathy, as of everything else in both of their lives that had been remembered with pleasure or with pain. This thought stealing into his mind was almost confusing in its sweetness. There was a little silence. Then Josephine bent towards him suddenly, her hands clasped over the letter in her lap. "We are thinking of the same thing, I know. Why should we not speak of it?" she said, looking almost imploringly at Hillbury.

"Of what are you thinking?" he asked.

"Of the day when I saw you last. It seems to me I have thought of nothing else ever since." She did not see that her words were a blow to Hillbury. "I know," she went on, "how you must have suffered in doing what they made you do. It was worse for you almost than for your friend. For you believed he had sinned, and he knew that he had not."

She gave Hillbury a moment in which to speak, but he was silent.

"How strange it is," she continued, with an absent look of pain, "that the truth can be more cruelly false even than falsehood itself. The proofs were terrible, but it was the proofs that lied."

"How do you know that?" Hillbury asked, sternly. He felt as if he were now on his own defense.

"I have the true story here, in his own words. All those fatal omissions he was obliged to make—they are all explained here." She half opened the letter and held it towards Hillbury. "You are to read it," she urged, as he made no movement to take it. "You are the one of all others who *must* read it."

Hillbury had recognized the handwriting. "If it is imperative that I should read it, why was it not addressed to me?"

"You forget there was a woman sacrificed with him," said Josephine coldly. "He has written in her defense, not in his own. But her cause and his are inextricable. In telling the truth about her, he shows how he himself has been misjudged."

"If there is anything he could have explained and did not, he has done a great wrong to others besides himself. A man owes the truth about himself to his friends at all times, and at certain times he owes it to all men. The trial was one of those occasions. Bodewin had no right to make omissions in his testimony. It is not the truth that is sometimes false, it is half the truth."

"But one may become involved through sympathy—through tenderness for others. He

was bound by a promise to one who was dying, absolutely helpless and at his mercy."

It was unfortunate that these hastily chosen words of Josephine's called up a picture that was almost revolting to a man of Hillbury's stern probity and hatred of morbid sentiment. "I cannot imagine," he replied with deep-toned impatience, "any circumstances that should excuse a man for making an unconditional promise to conceal the truth, or a part of it."

"It is very possible that you cannot," said Josephine; "but that was not the question at the trial. The charges they made against him there are answered in this letter. Your own statements are answered. You owe it to yourself to read it." She offered him the letter again. She was hurt and disappointed by Hillbury's manner. She had expected that he would welcome Bodewin's explanations with unhesitating joy, but now it seemed as if he required some indorsement of the message itself. He took the letter, and was about to put it away in his pocket-book, when Josephine interposed: "Oh, I cannot give it up to you; I must ask you to read it now. There are not many pages."

"I will return it to you promptly," said Hillbury. "I would rather read it, if you please, when I am alone; you think me possibly more indifferent in this matter than I am."

It was impossible for Josephine to explain to Hillbury her feeling of passionate proprietorship in Bodewin's letter. It had come like a revelation, vouchsafed to her alone, out of the sad mystery of his fate. It was, to her simple imagination, the sole and sufficient proof of his innocence. She could not part with it, even for a day. Her pride deserted her in this dilemma; she looked helplessly at Hillbury, with tears in her eyes.

"Read it to me yourself," said Hillbury suddenly. "The words will come home to me more if I hear them uttered." He was not slow to comprehend her feeling. He suspected that he had made a dreary mistake—not the first one of that strange, unhappy summer. He wanted some sure proof of it. There could be none surer than to hear Josephine tell Bodewin's story in his own words.

She hesitated but a moment over the alternative. Then going to the window and seating herself between the heavy partings of the curtains, she began to read. At first her voice trembled and the pages of thin paper rustled slightly in her fingers. But soon she had lost herself in the story. Hillbury listened, but not with joy, for Bodewin's justification was his own sentence, and the final blow to the hope which had brought him there. There was no mistaking the source of this passion for jus-

He saw the sweet delusion he had been cherishing fade, and in its place he faced only the cold, enduring peace of reparation for a wrong unconsciously committed, but no less cruel in its consequences. He saw where he had failed in his faith towards his friend. Failures or mistakes of any kind were bitter things for Hillbury to acknowledge; but while he silently owned his shortcomings his habit of justice made him just, even to himself. He did not accuse himself extravagantly. He had judged his friend only as he himself would have submitted to be judged by others.

When in the course of the narrative Josephine came to the incident of the photograph, Hillbury interrupted her. He did not understand Bodewin's allusion to his relations with Harkins through the death of his sister. Josephine laid down the letter and repeated to him the story of Ellen Eustace's death.

"Was that the 'obligation' — the 'delicate personal obligation' that Bodewin suffered from?" Hillbury exclaimed. "Poor fellow!" he added gently. Bodewin's family pride and his sensitiveness through his sister would be sure to touch Hillbury far more nearly than any entanglement of sentiment, of gratitude, with a young woman of a class beneath him.

"How strange that he never told you that story!" Josephine murmured in the pause.

"May I add how strange that he told it to you!"

Josephine hung her head. "Before the trial," she explained falteringly, "he had told me many things about himself which our short acquaintance did not entitle me to know. But it came about through my presuming to ask him why he would not be my father's witness." Josephine felt how Hillbury would regard this statement. When the story had progressed as far as the scene on the porch, when Babe had submitted to have her eye treated, the reader laid the letter down and looked at Hillbury. "Is it not true," she said, "that proofs can lie? The only thing that can be trusted is character. A man thirty years old should have one. His friends, I think, should know what it is, and — forgive me — I think they should let no evidence, hardly the evidence of their senses, shake the faith that has once been given."

If Josephine was merciless, it was because Hillbury seemed to her so little moved.

"Spare me," he said in a low voice. "Yours was the better part; but it is possible that only a man can fully measure a man's temptations. And the effect of a thing *seen* is tremendous."

When Josephine had folded the letter, Hillbury rose and walked slowly towards the window where she sat. He still held his hat and gloves, and as he bent over her hand in farewell, he looked merely a perfectly dressed and irreproachable afternoon visitor taking his leave. Yet never in his life before had he been so deeply moved.

"What I have learned from you, Miss Newbold, makes it necessary that I should see John Bodewin as soon as possible. Can you tell me where he is?"

"I have no idea," said Josephine.

"Does his letter give no clew?"

She shook her head. Her overwrought nerves were giving way, and she could not trust herself to speak.

"Wherever he is," said Hillbury slowly, in his fine, sad accent, "I will find him if he be living. When I see him I shall wish to say to him the thing that will be most comforting. He must be very sore —" He waited a moment. Josephine could not speak. "Your perceptions throughout have been so much truer than mine," he continued, — "can you not give me the right words to say? There must be no more blundering. What shall I say that will be most sure to bring him back to us?"

"Oh," said Josephine, "if you find him tell him I wish to see him; I have something to say to him myself."

"I will find him," Hillbury repeated, "and he will come."

"I will find him, and he will come!" Many times, in the days that followed Hillbury's visit, Josephine repeated these words to herself, and saw again his sad yet satisfied smile of prophecy. She lived upon the words until the promise was fulfilled.

XXVI.

THE DESERT STATION.

ONE day of the following summer an overland train, westward-bound, left two of its passengers at a station on the desert plains, consisting of one frame house, a "dug-out," a section house, and a water-tank. It was not a meal station; no through train would stop there until the following day. A conveyance called a "jerky" would arrive in two hours' time from some obscure habitation of men in the desert, and continue thence to its next stopping-place, thirty miles away. But even this poor chance of rescue was not known to the sympathetic car-load of passengers who were now abandoning two of their number to their fate.

The self-devoted ones were a woman in her first youth and a man, not so young by sev-

eral years. Both were interesting in appearance, and, as if to complete the contrast between herself and her surroundings, the girl was quietly but intelligently dressed in the height of the summer's fashion for young lady tourists, in the world where the fashions are a record of the seasons as they pass. While her companion was directing the porter who carried their hand-luggage, the young woman walked to the end of the short platform and stood there looking before her eagerly. In her happy eyes there was something like recognition of the scene, or a remembrance of some other scene which it vividly recalled. Strongly characterized as it was, there was indeed nothing singular in the view. Hundreds of miles of such country can be seen by the traveler west of the Missouri River. The sage-brush was turning gray with the long summer's deepening dust; the blue of the cloudless sky was darker than the sun-blanching plain; rising afar off where sky and desert meet, a range of peaks showed their snow-covered tops, like white sails on the horizon.

The young girl and her traveling companion stood side by side as the train moved off, watching the little colony, of which they had lately been a part, receding from their gaze down the lessening lines of the track. Two or three heads looked back at them from open windows. A young man sitting on the steps of the rear car waved his hat to them, with the compassion of one who goes with the majority for the pathetic minority left behind.

The two who were in the minority did not respond; they turned and smiled at each other.

"They are *sorry* for us!" said Josephine.

The man on the rear car was a mere speck in the distance. Bodewin stooped and kissed

her for the look with which she said those words.

The noise of the train died away, and they were left standing alone on the heated boards of the platform, enfolded in the stillness of the desert. Gradually their stunned ears became accustomed to the fainter range of sounds around them. The ticket agent, who had partially satisfied his curiosity with regard to them, and returned to the solitude of his official duties, could be heard rustling a newspaper and grating a chair across the floor within. The hurried click, click of the telegraph machine asserted itself imperatively, like the voice of the world they had left warning them to come back. The wind from off the desert, blowing in their faces, seemed to call to them from that unknown region whither they were venturing together. Josephine lifted her outstretched arms and welcomed it with a thrill of joy that was keen with the memory of pain. It was the wind of the high valley where she and Bodewin had ridden together; it was the plain's wind that had rattled the dusty lattices outside of the room where she lay, alone with her anguish, the evening after the trial.

Wind of the great Far West, soft, electric, and strong, blowing up through gates of the great mountain ranges, over miles of dry savanna, where its playmates are the roving bands of wild horses, and the dust of the trails which it weaves into spiral clouds and carries like banners before it! Wind of prophecy and of hope, of tireless energy and desire that life shall not satisfy! Who that has heard its call in the desert, or its whisper in the mountain valleys, can resist the longing to follow, to prove the hope, to test the prophecy!

THE END.

Mary Hallock Foote.

PAST.

THERE, as she sewed, came floating through her head
 Odd bits of poems, learned in other days
 And long forgotten in the noisier ways
 Through which the fortunes of her life now led;
 And looking up, she saw upon the shelf
 In dusty rank her favorite poets stand,
 All uncaressed by her fond eye or hand;
 And her heart smote her, thinking how herself
 Had loved them once and found in them all good
 As well as beauty, filling every need;
 But now they could not fill the emptiness
 Of heart she felt ev'n in her gayest mood.
 She wanted once no work her heart to feed,
 And to be idle once was no distress.

Winifred Howells.

ITALY, FROM A TRICYCLE.

WE left the monastery the next morning.

It took courage on our part. But we knew it was best to go quickly. Every day we fell more under the dreamy influence of the place and became less willing for action. We must hasten from Monte Oliveto, for the very reason which led Blessed Bernardo to it — to flee temptation. The *Abate* was in our room by half-past seven. Dom Giuseppe was in the church saying mass, but had sent his farewells. He himself had not yet said mass, so he could not drink his coffee with us, but he sat by while we had ours. We would not reach San Quirico till noon, he feared, and we must have something in our pockets to eat in the meantime, and he went to his room and came back with two cakes. He brought besides two letters he had written introducing us to monks at San Pietro in Perugia. Then he came downstairs and out to the stable, though he was fasting and the morning was wet and cloudy and cold. We did not get on the tricycle at once. We remembered the road too well. The *Abate* walked by our side, now and then patting J—— on the back and calling him affectionately, "Giuseppe, Giuseppe," and kept with us until, at some little distance from the gateway, we mounted the machine. After he had said good-bye he stood quietly watching us. Then there came a turn in the road which hid him from us, and when we saw him again he was walking on the foot-path below the cypresses, with two little boys who had come out with him. He was on his way to take Dom Giuseppe's place at the altar. And then we went on sadly, for we knew that we should not come to another resting-place where there was such perfect relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way.

As the road was difficult going up, so was it dangerous coming down, and again we had to walk. To add to our discomfort, before long it began to rain, and it was so cold we had to blow on our fingers to keep them warm. During the night it had snowed on the far mountain ranges. Beyond Buonconvento when we had returned to the post-road we went fast enough, but only for a while. There were more mountains to cross, up which J—— could not go very fast because of the burden, or knapsack, that was on his back. Out of very shame I took my share in pushing and pulling the tricycle. Once or twice we had long coasts; but in places the road in descending wound as often as a small St. Gothard railway, and

coasting would have been too great a risk. It rained at intervals, but at times the sun almost broke through the clouds which followed it in long gray sweeps from the white masses which rested on the snow-capped mountains bounding the horizon. To our right, Monte Amiata, bare and rugged and with white top, was always in sight, and once, above it, the clouds rolled away, leaving a broad stretch of greenish-blue sky. There were many crosses by the wayside, and they were different from any we had yet seen. On each, above spear and sponge, was a black cock, rudely carved to look as if it were crowing. Just before we came to San Quirico, and towards noon, we saw at the foot of one of these crosses an old weary-looking peasant, with head bowed, as if he listened for the Angelus.

We were prepossessed against San Quirico before we reached it. Olives with vines hanging from them, in defiance of Virgil, brown fields, and red and yellow trees could not reconcile us to the long climb up the mountain. It was worth our trouble, however, if only to see the cathedral. We left the tricycle at the *trattoria*, and at our leisure looked at the portal and its pillars, with quaintly carved capitals of animals and birds, and those others, joined together with a Celtic-like twist and resting on leopards, and the two sea-monsters above. And while we looked at the grotesque gargoyles on the walls and the two figures for columns and the lions on the side doorway, two *carabinieri* from a neighboring window examined us as if we were equal curiosities. This fine building is an incongruity in San Quirico, which, for our first impressions proved right, is at best but a poor place. We were cheated in it as we had never been before. When we went back to the *trattoria* four men were eating their dinner inside the fire-place in the kitchen. But we were ushered into what I suppose was the best room. It was dining-room and bed-chamber combined. On one side was a long table, on the other the bed. The dressing-table served as buffet, and the *padrona* brought from its drawers the cheese and apples for our dessert. In the garden below, for we were in the second story, weeds like corn grew so tall that they shaded the window. What happened in that room, and the difference that arose between the *padrona* and ourselves, are facts too unpleasant to recall!

After San Quirico there was the same barrenness. We turned aside to visit Pienza,

because we were so curious to see the cathedral and palaces Pius II. built there in the fond hope of turning his native village into an important town. We saw the great brown buildings, marked with the fine crescents of the Piccolomini and the papal tiara and keys, as out of place in Pienza as the cathedral in San Quirico. We looked closer at the old stone well and its beautiful wrought-iron work; J—— made a sketch of a fine courtyard, and then we were on our way again. Near Montepulciano we came to a thickly wooded country, and all the bells rang out as if in welcome when, after working up the long road, so winding that at times the city was completely hidden, we rode into its now dark and cold streets.

It was in this high hill town that one of the pilgrims fell by the way. For two days J—— was too ill to ride, and we feared our pilgrimage had come to an end. We staid at the albergo Marzocco. It was on the fifth floor of an old palace, and the entrance was through the kitchen. The *padrone* had a *pizzicheria*, or pork-shop, across the street. When anything was wanted at the albergo, it was brought from the shop. Every time I went to my window I saw messengers on their way between the two establishments. But no man can serve two masters. The *pizzicheria* drove a more thriving trade, and the albergo suffered in consequence. It was left in charge of a youth of unparalleled stupidity, who seldom understood what we asked for, and when he did declared it was something not to be had. But a friend was sent to us in our need.

It happened in this way. The first morning we went out for a walk, and while we were sitting in a *café* the door opened and a young Italian, dressed à l'Anglaise, even to his silver-headed cane, came in. He took a seat at the table next to us. When his coffee was brought he asked the *cameriere* if he had seen the English lady and gentleman who had arrived the evening before on a *velocipede*. No, the *cameriere* had not; he knew nothing of these *forestieri*. There was a pause while the young Italian sipped his coffee. But presently he turned to us and said in good English, but with a marked accent:

"I beg pardon, sare, but was it not you who came to Montepulciano on a tricycle?"

"Yes," J—— said, rather curtly.

"Ah, I thought so!" the Italian continued, well satisfied with the answer. "I have seen it — a Humber. It is a beautiful machine. I myself do ride a bicycle, the *Special Clobber*. You know it? I do belong to the 'Cyclists' Touring Clobber,' and to the *Speedwell Clobber*. All the champions belong to that *Clobber*. I did propose some one for director at the last

meeting; you will see my name on that account in the papers. Here is my card, but in the country around Montepulciano all call me Sandro or Sandrino. I have ridden from Florence to Montepulciano in one day. I have what you call the wheel-fever," and he smiled apologetically and stopped, but only to take breath.

We were fellow-cyclers, and that was enough. He was at once our friend, though our greeting in return was not enthusiastic, and though our record would have disgusted the *Speedwell Clobber*. He was sorry J—— was not well. He could sympathize. He was feeling *very bad* himself, because the day before he had gone on his bicycle as far as Montalcino with a gun to *keep the little birds*. It was too far even for a champion. But he had taken the water — Janos — he had great faith in the waters. The cognac had by this time made J—— better, and we started to leave the *café*. Sandrino, to give him his Montepulciano name, insisted on paying for everything. We must let him have that favor, he said, and also another. He was not a native of the town. He was a Roman, as he supposed we could see by his nose. But still he would like to do us the honors of the place. He would take us to see so fine a church. We could not but be pleased with it. It was only a step. Foolishly we went. The step was a long one. It took us half-way down the mountain-side to the Madonna di San Biagio. But J—— was by this time really too wretched to look at anything, and we turned back at once. As we walked slowly up again Sandrino explained that he had lived in England several years, and it turned out that he had the English as well as the wheel fever. All his clothes were from London, he said, even his flannels, and he pulled down his sleeve that we might see. He smoked English tobacco. A friend sent it to him, and he showed us the small paper box tied with a string in which he kept it. And most of his news was English, too. His friends wrote him. He had just had a letter — see — and he opened it. — There had been fearful riots in England. He cared much for the politics of the country. But the refrain to all he said was praise of cycling. He offered to ride with us when we left Montepulciano. He could go any day but the next, which was his twenty-first birthday, and when he was to have a great dinner and many friends and much wine. He would call, if we would allow him, and with profession of great friendship he left us at the door of the albergo.

He was true to his word. He came twice the following day. The first time he had stopped, he said, to tell us he did hear from friends



THE GATE OF SAN QUIRICO.

in Castiglione del Lago who, if we would ride to-morrow, would be glad to see us at lunch. "There will be nothing much," he concluded. "They will make no preparations. We just take whatever they have. It will be some little thing." Though in the first glory of his twenty-one years, he went with me to a druggist's to act as interpreter. But I think he was repaid by his pleasure in carrying back a bottle of his favorite waters. The *cameriere*, when he saw it, with his usual cleverness followed into the room with three glasses. If we had asked for three, he would have brought one. Sandrino's second visit was in the evening, after he had eaten his great dinner and drunk much wine, which had again made him feel *very bad*. Had we ever tasted the famous Montepulciano, "king of all wine"? he asked. No? Well, then, we must before leaving the town. It was not to be had in the shops. He had been presented with many bottles. He repeated his invitation to lunch in Castiglione, and it seemed that other friends in a villa near Cortona would also be charmed to see us, and to give us wine if we were tired. He was very lavish with the hospitality of his friends.

The next morning J—— was much better, and we decided to ride. Sandrino arrived at half-past seven and breakfasted with us. In the uniform of the *Speedwell Cloob*, its monogram in silver on his cap, he was even more English than he had been the day before. Our last experience at the albergo was characteristic. The *cameriere*, overcome by Sandrino's appearance, became incapable of action. We

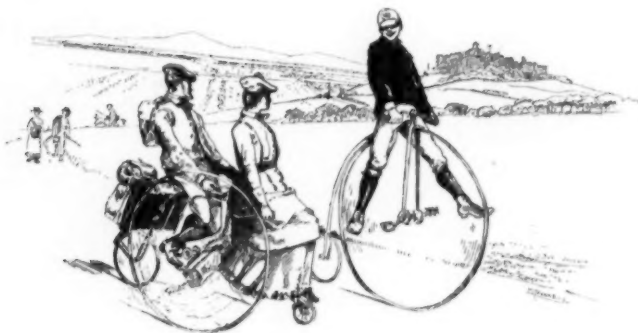
called for our coffee and rolls in vain. Finally we all, our guest included, made a descent upon the kitchen and forced him to bestir himself.

It was Sunday morning, and the news of our going had been noised abroad. The aristocracy as well as the people turned out to see us off. Many of Sandrino's friends lingered in the barber-shop across the street. Others waited just without the city gate with his mother and sister. When Sandrino saw the crowd here, he sprang upon his *Special Cloob*, worked with one foot and waved the other in the air, rode to the little park beyond and back, and then jumped off, hat in hand, at his mother's side with the complacent smile of a champion. Indeed, the whole ride that day savored of the circus. He went down hills with his legs stretched straight out on either side. On level places he made circles and fancy figures in the road. Whenever we passed peasants, and there were many going to church, he shrieked a warning, shrill as a steam-engine whistle. No wonder he said he had no use for a bell! He spoke to all the women, calling them his "beautiful cousins." And in villages the noise he made was so great that frightened people, staring at him, could not look behind, so that several times we all but rode over men and women who walked backward right into our wheels. And all the while J——, like the ring-master, kept calling and shrieking and no one paid the least attention to him.

Our way was through the beau-



MONTEPULCIANO MARKET.



LEAVING MONTEPULCIANO.

tiful Val di Chiana, no longer pestilential and full of stench as in Dante's day, but fresh and fair, and in places sweet with clematis. There were no fences or hedges, and it stretched from mountains to mountains, one wide lovely park. About half-way to Castiglione we came to the boundary line between Tuscany and Umbria, a canal with tall poplars on its banks, throwing long reflections into the water below, where a boat lay by the reeds. We stopped there some little time. Sandrino was polite, but I could see he did not approve. What would the *Speedwell Clobber* have thought? Farther on, when we waited again, near a low farm-house under the oaks, he wheeled quickly on. But presently he came back. "Oh," he said, "I thought you must have had an accident!"

There could be no lovelier lake town than Castiglione del Lago. The high hill on which it stands projects far into Lake Trasimene. The olives, which grow from its walls down the hillside into the very water, are larger and finer with more strangely twisted trunks than any I have ever seen. As we came near the town we rode between them, looking beneath their silvery-gray branches out to the pale-blue, quiet lake beyond. A woman came from under their shade with a bundle of long reeds on her head. A priest passed us on a donkey. We left our machines in a stable at the foot of the hill, and walked through the streets. Here Sandrino's invitation came to nought. His friends were away. Whatever *little thing* we had must be found elsewhere. So we went to a *trattoria*, where another of his friends, a serious, polite young man, who, we learned afterwards, owns the town and all the country thereabouts, sat and talked with us while we ate our lunch. Poor Sandrino! He had to pay for his English clothes and foreign friends! The *padrona*, backed by the *padrone* from the kitchen below, asked

him no less than five francs for our macaroni and wine. A dispute, loud because of the distance between the disputants, followed; but in the end Sandrino paid four francs, though half that sum would have been enough. It was some consolation for us to know that we, *forestieri*, had never been cheated so outrageously.

It was pleasant wandering through the town, with the grave young man as guide, to the Palazzo Municipale, where the red and white flag of the Duke of Cornia waving outside was the same as that painted in the old frescoes within, and where councilmen, holding council, bowed to us as we passed; and then to the old deserted castle which, with its gray battlemented walls and towers, was not unlike an English ruin. But it was pleasanter



IN THE VAL DI CHIANA.



CASTIGLIONE DEL LAGO.

when, Sandrino having kissed his friend, we were on the road again, riding between yellow mulberries by the side of the lake. Sheep were grazing in the swamps. Donkeys and oxen were at rest in the meadows. But the peasants, massed, were at work again. Women on ladders were stripping the mulberries of their leaves; men on their knees were digging in the fields.

At the villa, Sandrino's friends were at home. At the gate the gay bicyclist gave his war-cry. A young lady ran out between the roses and chrysanthemums in the garden and by the red wall where yellow pumpkins were sunning, to welcome him. Then her mother and sister came and also gave him greeting. They received us with courtesy. We were led into the drawing-room, a bare, barn-like place with cold brick floor, where there were three or four chairs, a table, an old piano, faded cretonne curtains hung on rough sticks at the windows, and small drawings, which might have been torn from a child's drawing-book, pinned on the wall. A man in blue coat and trousers, such as the peasants wear, followed us in and sat down by the young ladies. He was one of her men, the signora explained. Then we had the wine Sandrino promised, and we became very friendly. One of the daughters knew a little English, but when we spoke to her she hid her face in her hands and laughed and blushed. She never, never would dare to say a word before us, she declared. She was very arch and girlish. One minute she played a waltz on the piano; the next she teased Sandrino, and there was much pleasantries between them. The mother spoke French after a fashion, but when she had anything to say she relapsed into Italian. She lived in Rome, she said. We must come and see her there. But would we not now stay at her villa all night, instead of in Cor-

tona? Then she squeezed my hand. "*Vous êtes bien sympathique!*" she said, and I think she meant to compliment me. Her husband, it seems, was a banker in Rome, and would be pleased, so she told us through Sandrino's interpretation, to do anything and everything for us.

Mother and daughters, men and maids, all walking amiably together, came to the garden-gate with us. The signora here squeezed my hand a second time. The skittish young lady said "good-bye" and then hid behind a bush, and her sister gave us each some roses. It was here, too, we were to part with Sandrino. He must be in Montepulciano by six. More friends were coming. Would we write him postal cards to tell him of the distance and time we made? And that



BY LAKE THRASIMENE.

map of Tuscany we said we would give him, would we not remember it? He was going to take some great rides, and it would help him. Then we turned one way, and he, riding his best for the young ladies, the other, to be seen by us no more.

It was roses all the way to Cortona. They grew in villa gardens and along the road up the mountain; there were even a few among the olives, on the terraces whose stone supports make the city look from below as if it were surrounded by many walls instead of one only. It was disheartening when, having come to the albergo, we found the lower floor, by which we entered, the home of pigs and

was useless to try and dodge him. No matter how long we were in churches or by what door we came out, he was always waiting in exactly the right place. In our indignation we would not ask him the way, but we did of some other boys, who forthwith led us such a wild-geese chase that I think before it was over there was not a street or corner of the town unvisited by us. We next employed an old man as guide. Of course he knew all about Luca Signorelli. He could show us all his frescoes and pictures in Cortona. Some of them were bad enough, as he supposed the signore knew; they were painted in the artist's youth. But we wanted to see his house? Ah!

we had but to follow him, and he led us in triumph to that of Pietro da Cortona. As this would not do, he consulted with an old woman who recommended a visit to a certain *padre*. The *padre* was in his kitchen. He had never heard of Signorelli's house, and honestly admitted his ignorance. But could he show us some fine frescoes or sell us antiquities? This failing, our guide hunted for some friends who, he declared, knew everything. But they were not in their shop, nor in the *caffè*, nor on the piazza, and in despair he took us to see another priest. The latter wore a jockey-cap and goggles, and was a learned man. He had heard of a life of



TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

donkeys and oxen. The major was right, I thought; Cortona was a rough place. The contrast when, on the third floor of this establishment, we were shown into a large, clean, really well-furnished room, with window overlooking the valley, made us neglect to drive a close bargain with the *padrona*, a neglect for which we suffered later.

The principal event of our stay in Cortona was a hunt for Luca Signorelli's house. Why we were so anxious to find it I did not know then, nor do I now; but we were very earnest about it. At the start a youth pursued us with the persistence of a government spy. It

Signorelli by a German. He had never read it, nor indeed could he say where it was to be had; but he knew there was such a book. He was certain our hunt was useless, since Signorelli had lived in so many houses the city could not afford to put tablets on them all, and so not one was marked. He himself was a professional letter-writer, and if the signore had any letters he wished written—? We then gave up the search and dismissed the old man with a franc, though he declared himself still willing to continue it. It was in this way we saw Cortona.

For the last few days we had begun to be



CORTONA.

haunted by the fear of the autumn rains. If they were as bad as Virgil says and were to fall in dense sheets, tearing the crops up by the roots while black whirlwinds set the stubble flying and vast torrents filled ditches and raised rivers, the roads must certainly be made unrideable. Since the morning we left Monte Oliveto the weather had been threatening, and now in Cortona there were heavy showers. As we sat in our room at the albergo after our long tramp, and J—— made a sketch from

the window, we saw the sky gradually covered with dark clouds. The lake, so blue yesterday, was gray and dull. The valley and the mountains were in shadow, save where the sun, breaking through the clouds, shone on a small square of olives and spread a golden mist over Monte Amiata. Before J—— had finished the gold faded into white and then deepened into purple, and we determined to be off early in the morning.

The next day I was tired and in no humor



ON THE HILL.

for riding. J—— wanted for once to try the tricycle without luggage over the Italian roads. It was settled then between us that I should go alone by train to Perugia, where we would meet. It was a beautiful coast down the mountain between the olives, four miles with feet up. The clouds had rolled away during the night, and it was bright and warm at the station when J—— left me to go on his way. It was quiet, too, and for some time I was alone with the porters. But presently a young wo-

gave me her card,—Elena Olas, *nata* Bocci, was her name. I wrote mine on a slip of paper, and when the train, only an hour late, came, we parted with great friendship. A regiment of soldiers was on its way to Perugia and made the journey very lively. Peasants, who had somehow heard of its coming, were in wait at every station with apples and chestnuts and wine, over which there was much noisy bargaining. At other times the soldiers sang. As the train carried us by the lake, from

which the mountains in the distance rose white and shadowy and phantom-like; and by Passignano, built right in the water with reeds instead of flowers around the houses, and where fishermen were out in their boats near the weirs; and then by Maggiore and Ellera on their hill-tops, I heard the constant refrain of the soldiers' song, and it reminded me of my friend at Cortona, for it was a plaintive regret for "Poverina mia." Then there came a pause in the singing, and a voice called out, "Ecco, Perugia!" I looked from the carriage window, and there far above on the mountain I saw it, white and shining, like a beautiful city of the sun.

At the station J—— met me. He had been waiting an hour. He had made the thirty-six miles between Cortona and Perugia in three hours and a half! Many officers with their wives were in the station, and in their curiosity so far forgot their usual dignity as to surround him and pester him with questions as to his whence and whither, and what speed he could make. It is a long way from the station up the mountain to the town, but we went faster than we had

ever climbed mountain before, for we tied the tricycle to the back of the diligence. J—— rode and steered it, but I sat inside, ending my journey as I had begun it, in commonplace fashion. The driver was full of admiration. We must go to Terni on our *velocipede*, he said, for in the mountains beyond Spoleto we would go down-hill for seven miles. *Ecco!* no need of a diligence then!

The *padrone* of the albergo at Perugia was a man of parts. He could speak English. When we complimented him on a black cat which was always in his office, he answered, with eyes fixed on vacancy, and pausing be-



AN OLD TEMPLE.

man, with a child in her arms, came by. She stopped and looked at me sympathetically. I spoke to her, and then she came nearer and patted me on the shoulder and said, "Poverina!" It seems she had seen J—— bring me to the station and then turn back by himself. I do not know what she thought was the trouble, but she felt sorry for me. She was the wife of the telegraph operator and lived in rooms above the station. She took me to them, and then she brought me an illustrated Italian translation of "Gil Blas" to look at, while she made me a cup of coffee. Every few minutes she sighed and said again, "Poverina!" She

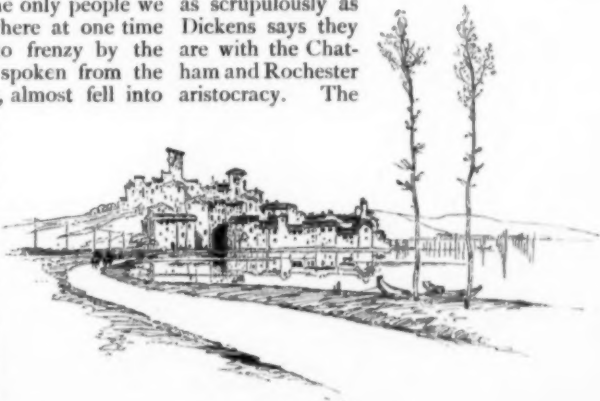


"PIPING DOWN THE VALLEY."

tween each word like a child saying its lesson: "Yes-it-is-a-good-cat. I-have-one-dog-and-four-cats. This-cat-is-the-fa-ther-of-the-oth-er-cats. One-are-red-and-three-is-white." And when we had occasion to thank him, he knew enough to tell us we were very much obliged. But we gave him small chance to display his powers. There was little to keep us in the albergo when after a few minutes' walk we could be in the piazza, where the sun shone on Pisano's fountain, and on the Palazzo of the Baglioni and the Duomo opposite. But what a fall was there! A couple of *gendarmes*, priests walking two by two, a few beggars, were the only people we saw in this broad piazza, where at one time men and women, driven to frenzy by the words of Fra Bernardino, spoken from the pulpit by the Duomo door, almost fell into the fire they had kindled to burn therein their false hair and ornaments, their dice and cards; and where at another Baglioni fought, with the young Raphael looking on to later paint one at least of the combatants.

The Grifonettos and Astores who feasted on blood, could they return to life and to their native town, would have little sympathy with the captains and colonels

who now drink tamarind water in the *caffés*, booted and spurred though the latter be. The *caffé* is everywhere the lounging-place of Italian officers, but in Perugia it seemed to be their headquarters. There was one on the Corso, a few doors from the Palazzo, which they specially patronized. They were there in the morning even before the shops were opened, and again at noon, and yet again in the evening, while at other times they walked to and fro in front of it, as if on guard. But though the youngest as well as the oldest patronized it, the distinctions of rank between them were observed as scrupulously as Dickens says they are with the Chat-ham and Rochester aristocracy. The



PASSIGNANO.

colonel associated with nothing lower than a major, the latter, in turn, drawing the line at the captain, and so it went down to the third lieutenant, who lorded it only over the common soldier. On the whole I think the lesser officers had the best of it; for whether they eat cakes and drank sweet

a third came in their place and gave us welcome. He showed J—— the inner cloister, to which I could not go. Women were not allowed there. It was because of my skirts, he said; and yet he, too, wore skirts, and he spread out his cassock on each side. While they were gone I waited in the church. I



THE BRONZE PONTIFF'S BENEDICTION, PERUGIA.

drinks, or played cards, they were always sociable and merry. Whereas, sometimes the colonel sat solitary in his grandeur, silent except for the few words with the boy selling matches as he hunted through the stock to find a box with a pretty picture.

We were long enough in Perugia to carry the *Abate's* letters to San Pietro. The monks to whom they were written were away, but

wonder if ghostly voices are never heard within it. The monks, long dead, whose love and even life it was to make it beautiful until its walls and ceilings were rich and glowing, its choir a miracle of carving, and its sacristy hung with prayer-inspiring pictures, have, like the Baghioni, cause to bewail the degenerate latter day. The beauty they created now lives but for the benefit of a handful of

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MILLS ON THE TIBER.

monks, whose monastery is turned into a Boys' Agricultural School, and for the occasional tourist. Later from the high terrace of the park opposite San Pietro we saw the boys in their blue blouses digging and hoeing in the fields under the olives, where probably the monks themselves once worked. There is in this little park an amphitheater with archway, bearing the Perugian griffin in the center. It is shaded by dense ilex-trees, from whose branches a raven must once have croaked; for evil has come upon the place, as it has upon the gray monastery so near it. Instead of nobles and knights and men-at-arms and councillors of state, two or three poor women with their babies sat on the stone benches gossiping. And as we lingered there in the late afternoon there came from San Pietro the sound, not of monks chanting vespers, but of some one playing the "Blue Danube" on an old jingling piano. Only the valley below, and the Tiber winding through it, and the mountains beyond are unchanged!

When we left Perugia in the early morning, we passed first by the statue of Julius II., thus receiving, we said to each other, the bronze pontiff's benediction. We imagined this to be an original idea; but it is useless

to try to be original. Since then we have remembered the same thought came to Miriam and Donatello when they made the statue their trysting-place. Then we rode through the piazza, where a market was being held, and where at one end a long row of women all holding baskets of eggs stood erect, though all around other women and even men, selling fruit and vegetables, sat comfortably on low stools. Out on the other side of the Porta Romana we saw that while Perugia was bright and clear in the sunlight, a thick white mist



GOING HOME.



SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI.

covered the valley, so that it looked as if a great lake, bounded by the mountains, lay below. The chrysanthemums and marigolds, hanging over high garden walls, and the grass by the roadside glistened with dew. Shining silver cobwebs hung on the hedges. Before many minutes, so fast did we go, we were riding right into the mist. We could see but a few feet in front of us, and the olives on either side, through the heavy white veil, looked like specters. We passed no one but a man carrying a lantern and a cage of owls. It seemed but natural that so uncanny a ride should lead to a home of shadows. And when we came to the tomb of the Volumnii at the foot of the mountain, we left the tricycle without, and went down for a while into its darkness and damp. When we came out

the mist had disappeared and the road lay through sunshine.

A little farther on we had our first near view of the Tiber. We crossed it by the old Ponte San Giovanni, so narrow that there was not room for us to pass a boy and donkey just in front. J—— called, and the boy pushed his donkey close to the stone wall; but for all that he could not pass. Even as he called he was stopped by a sudden pain in his side, the result probably of his descent into the tomb while he was still warm, for he had back-pedaled coming down the mountain. And so we waited for many minutes on the bridge to see, not the yellow Tiber one always hears about, but a river blue in mid-stream, white where it came running over the mill-wheel and down the dam, and red and yellow



A FROWN OF DISAPPROVAL, ASSISI.

and green where it reflected the poplars and oaks, and the skirts and handkerchiefs of the women washing on its banks. But after the bridge we left the river, for we were bound for Assisi. We had a quiet, peaceful ride for several miles on the Umbrian plain, where in the old times no one dared to go without the permission of the Baglioni, between vineyards and fields where men were plowing, and through insignificant little villages, and until we came out upon the large piazza in front of Santa Maria degli Angeli. It was crowded with peasants, for market was just over, and there came from every side the sound of many voices. When we rode by we were surrounded at once, two or three men keeping close to our side to sing the praises of the hotels at Assisi and shower their cards upon us. They pursued us even into the church and as far as the little hermitage beneath the dome, to tell us that each and all could speak English. If the Umbrians about Assisi were always like this, Saint Francis was a wise man to hide himself in the woods and to make friends with beasts and birds. Over the sunny roads beyond Santa Maria, where he and Fra Egidio walked singing and exhorting men and women to repentance, we wheeled imploring, or rather commanding, them to get out of the way. It was a hard pull up the mountain-side, the harder because the great monastery on its high foundations seemed always so far above us. When almost at the city gate a monk in brown robes, the knotted cord about his waist, passed. He stopped to look, but it was with a frown of disapproval; I think Saint Francis would have smiled.

It was just noon when we reached Assisi, but we rode no more that day. We spent the afternoon in the town of Saint Francis. The albergo we selected from the many recommended was without the large cloisters of the monastery. The *cameriere* at once remembered that J—— had been there before, though eighteen months had passed since his first visit. The signore had two ladies with him



FOLIGNO.

then, he said. He was delighted with the *velocipede*. It was the first time in all his life he had seen one with three wheels. Nothing would do but he must show us the finest road to Rome. He spread our map on the table as we eat our dinner, and put on his glasses, for he was a little bad in the eyes, he explained, and then he pointed out the very route we had already decided upon. *Ecco!* here, between Spoleto and Terni, we should have a long climb up the mountain, but then there would be seven miles down the other side. Ah! that would be fine! This long coast to Terni was clearly to make up for the hardships we had already endured on toilsome up-grades.

After dinner we went to the church. Goethe, when he was in Assisi, saw the old Roman Temple of Minerva and then, that his pleasure in it might not be disturbed, refused to look at anything else in the town and went quickly on his way. But when I passed out of the sunlight into the dark lower church and under the low rounded arches to the altar with Giotto's angels and saints above, it seemed to me he was the loser by his great love for classic beauty. Many who have been to this wonderful church have written descriptions of it, but none have really told, and indeed no one can ever tell, how wonderful it is. The upper church, with its great lofty nave and many windows through which the light streams

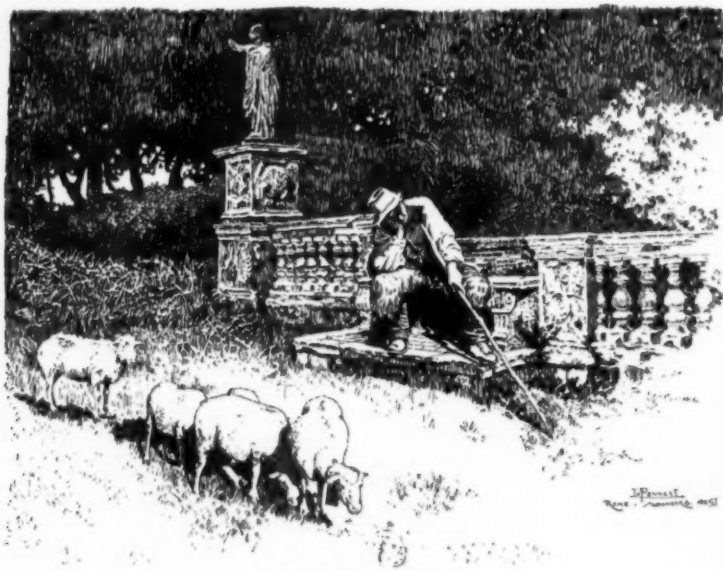


TREVÌ.

in on the bright frescoed walls, is beautiful. But this lower one, with its dark subdued color and its dim light and the odor of incense which always lingers in it, is like the embodiment of the mystery and love that inspired the saint in whose honor it was built. In it one understands, for the first time perhaps, what it is for which the followers of St. Francis give up life and action. Whoever were to be long under the influence of this place must, I thought, always stay, like an old gray-haired monk, kneeling before a side altar, wrapt in contemplation. And yet on the very threshold I found three or four brothers laughing and joking with two women.

The next morning, as we started down the mountain outside of Assisi, the machine

rode by Spello with its old Roman gateway and ruined amphitheater. But the hill here was not steep, and then again there came a level stretch into Foligno, the first lowland town to which we had come since we left Poggibonsi, and which, with its mass of roofs and lofty dome rising high above the city walls, looked little like the Foligno in Raphael's picture. Already in our short ride, for it is but ten miles from Assisi to Foligno, we noticed a great difference in the people. It was not only that many of the women wore bodices and long ear-rings, and turned their handkerchiefs up on top of their heads, but they, and the men as well, were less polite and more stupid than the Tuscans or the Umbrians about Perugia. Few spoke to us, and one woman to whom we said



THE SLEEPING SHEPHERD.

seemed to be trying to run away with us, and J—— bade me back-pedal. But for all my hard work it went the faster until, to my surprise, J—— suddenly steered it into a stone pile by the roadside. "The brake is broken!" was his explanation as we slowly upset. Fortunately, however, it had only slipped from its place, and though we could not mend it properly, we could fasten it in after a fashion and so manage to use it for the time being.

From Assisi to Terni was a long day's ride by towns and villages, through fair valleys and over rough mountains. From the foot of the mountain at Assisi, past Monte Subasio, which, bare and rocky, towered above the lower olive-covered hills, the road was level until we

good-morning was so startled that she thanked us in return, as if unused to such civilities. For all J——'s shouts of *a destra!* — to the right — and *ecconi!* they would not make room for us; and now in Foligno one woman, in her stupidity or obstinacy, walked directly in front of the machine, and when the little wheel caught her dress, through no fault of ours, cried "Accidente voi!" the *voi*, instead of *le*, being a far greater insult than the wishing us an accident. Even the beasts we met were stupid as the people. At our coming horses, donkeys, and oxen tried to run. We therefore looked for at least a light skirmish when, beyond Foligno, a regiment of cavalry in marching order advanced upon us. But the soldiers

stood our charge bravely. Only the officer was routed and retreated into the gutter. Then, forgetting military discipline, he turned his back upon his men to see us ride.

We were now on the old Via Flaminia and in the valley of Clitumnus, Virgil's country. The poet's smiling fields and tall, stiff oaks, his white oxen and peasants behind the plow or enjoying the cool shade, were on either side. Crossing the fields were many stony beds of streams,

now dry, lined with oaks and chestnuts, under whose shade women were filling large baskets with acorns and leaves. The upturned earth was rich and brown. Through the trees or over them we saw the whitish-blue sky, the purple mountains, some pointed like pyramids, and the gray olive hills with little villages in their hollows, and before long Trevi on its high hill-top. And then we came to the temple of the river god Clitumnus, of which Pliny writes, and where the little river, in which Virgil says the white



WILLING TO RACE.

flocks for the sacrifice bathed, runs below, an old mill on its bank and one willow bending over it. At the village of Le Vene, near the source of the stream, we stopped at a wine-shop to eat some bread and cheese. There was no one there but the *padrone* and a dwarf who wore a decent suit of black clothes, and a medallion of the Pope on his watch-chain. He had come in a carriage which waited for him at the door. I think he was a drummer. He drank much wine, and spoke to us in a



GATHERING LEAVES.



TWO CARABINIERI.

vile patois. Indeed, the people thereabouts all spoke in dialects worse, I am sure, than any Dante heard at the mouth of Hell. He had traveled and had been in Florence, where he had seen a *velocipede*, but not like ours. It was finer, or perhaps, he should say, more commodious. The seats were side by side, and it had an umbrella attached, and it was worked by the hands. It went, oh, so fast! and he intimated that we could not hope to rival its speed. I suppose our machine without an umbrella seemed to him like a ship without a sail. But I think he had another tale to tell when, ten minutes later, he having started before we did, we passed him on the road. We were going so fast, I only had time to see that in his wonder the reins fell from his hands.

Then came the small, wretched village of San Giacomo, with its old castle built up with the houses of the poor, and then Spoleto, where we lunched in a *trattoria* of the people which was much troubled by a plague of flies. A company of Bersagliere, red caps on the back of their heads and blue tassels dangling down their backs, sat at one table, ordering with much merriment their soup and meat and macaroni to be cooked *à la Bersagliere*. At another two young men were evidently enjoying an unwonted feast. And at the table with us were three peasants, one of whom had brought his bread in his pocket. He eat his soup for dessert, and throughout the meal used his own knife in preference to the knife and fork laid at his place. Two dogs, a cat, and a hen wandered in from the piazza, and dined on the bits of macaroni dropped by the not over-careful soldiers. The *cameriere* greeted us cordially. He too had a machine, he said, but had never heard of velocipedes with three wheels. His had but two; the signore must see

it. And before he would listen to our order for lunch, he showed J—— his bicycle, a bone-shaker. He was very proud of it. He had ridden as far as Terni. Ah! what a beautiful time we would have before the afternoon was over. Seven miles down the mountain!

The thought of this coast made us leave Spoleto with light hearts, though we knew that first must come a hard climb, and for some distance we went by the dried-up bed of a wide stream, meeting many priests on foot and peasants on donkeys. But as the way became steeper we left the stream far below, and came into a desolate country where the mountains were covered with scrub oaks, and priests and peasants disappeared. We soon gave up riding. J—— tied a rope to the tricycle and pulled while I pushed. The sun was now hidden behind the mountain and the way was shady. But still it was warm work and wearisome; for before long the road became almost perpendicular and was full of loose stones. How much more of this was there? we asked a woman watching swine on the hillside. "A mile," was her answer, and yet she must have known there were at least three. Finally, after what seemed hours of toiling, we asked another peasant standing in front of a lonely farm-house how much farther it still was to the top. "You are here now," she said. She at least was truthful. A few feet more, and we looked down a road as precipitous as that up which we had come, and so winding that we could see short stretches of it, like so many terraces, all the way down the mountain. We walked for



A HAT STORE.

about a hundred yards, and it was as hard to hold back the machine as before it had been to push it. Then we began to ride, but the strain on the brake loosened the handle a second time. We dismounted, and J—— tried to push it back into place. It snapped in two pieces in his hands. Here we were, eight miles from Terni in a lonely mountain road in the evening — the sun had already set — with a brakeless machine. The seven miles' coast to which we had looked forward for days was to be a walk after all.

However, there was nothing to do but to walk into Terni. It was so cold we had to put on our heavy coats. Presently the moon rose above the mountains on our left. By its light we could see the white road, the high hills which shut us in on every side, and the sloping banks of the stream below. On and

was a second of despair, but J—— was now not to be trifled with, and he gave a yell of command, which was an effectual Open Sesame. And so we rode on through lively streets and piazza, to the hotel, to supper, and to bed!

I know little of Terni, except that the hotel is so cold that the *cameriere* comes into the dining-room in the morning with hat on and wrapped in overcoat and muffler, and that there is an excellent blacksmith in the town; for the next morning, as soon as J—— had had the brake mended, we went on our way. The *padrone* was surprised at the shortness of our stay. Did we not know there were waterfalls, and famous ones too, but three miles distant? We could not take the time to visit them? Well, then, at least we must look at their picture, and he showed us a chromo



A KNIGHT OF THE CAMPAGNA.

on we walked, all the time holding back the tricycle. But at last we began to meet more people. Men with carts and donkeys went by at long intervals, but they spake never a word, and we too were silent. Now and then we heard the near tinkling of cow-bells, and came to olive gardens, where in the moonlight the black, twisted trunks took grotesque goblin shapes, and the branches threw a net-work of shadows across our path. Then we came to a railroad, and we knew we were at the foot of the mountains, and that Terni was not far off. We were at the end of the seven miles' coast and could ride again. Shortly after the lights of Terni were in sight. Then we wheeled by a foundry, with great furnace in full blast; by a broad avenue with rows of gas-jets, to the gates of the city to find them shut. There

past on the hotel omnibus. I am afraid he took us for sad Philistines. But the fear of another kind of waterfall was still a goad to hurry us onwards. Now we were so near our journey's end, no wonder, however great, could have led us from the straight path.

There was a great *festa* that day, and all along the street and out on the country road we met men and women in holiday dress, carrying baskets and bunches and wreaths of pink chrysanthemums. In Narni, on the heights which Martial called inaccessible, men were lounging in the piazza or playing cards in the *caffé*. For the shepherds alone there was no rest from every-day work. Before we reached even Narni, but ten miles across the valley from Terni, we saw several driving their sheep and goats into the broad



FIRST GLIMPSE OF ST. PETER'S.

meadows. They wore goatskin breeches, and by that sign alone we should have known we were nearing Rome. We lunched at Narni on coffee and cakes, for it was the last town through which we would pass on that day's ride. It was here Quintus, in its Roman days, staid so long that Martial reproached him for his wearisome delay. Could he come to it now, I doubt if his friend would have the same reason for complaint. It did not seem an attractive place, and when we asked a man about the country beyond, he said it was "*bruto*." We did not learn till afterwards that this applied to the people, and not to the country, and that here we ought to have been briganded.

We were now high up on the mountain, on one side steep rocks, on the other a deep precipice. Far below in a narrow valley ran the little river Nar, and on the bank above it the railroad. It was not an easy road to travel, and often the hills were too steep to coast or to climb. The few farm-houses by the way were closed, for the peasants had gone to church. We saw an occasional little gray town crowning the top of sheer gray cliffs, like those in Albert Dürer's pictures, or an old castle either deserted or else with farm-house built in its ruins, where

peasants leaned over the battlemented walls. But the only villages through which we rode were Otricoli, just before we descended to the valley of the Tiber, and where we created so great a sensation that an old woman selling chestnuts, cooked, I think, by a previous generation, was at first too frightened to wait on us, and Borghetto, on the other side of the valley, where we saw in the piazza the stage from Civit  Castellana, where we were to spend the night.

We went with much content over the plain by the Tiber, where there were broad grassy stretches full of sheep and horses, and here and there the shepherds' gypsy-looking huts. It was such easy work now that we eat our chestnuts as we rode; but beyond the bridge, on which Sixtus V. and Clement VIII. and Gregory XIII. have, in true papal fashion, left their names, the hills began again. On we toiled, beneath shady oaks and by rocky places, until we came out on a wide upland. From the treeless road the meadows rolled far beyond to high mountains on whose sloping side the blue smoke of charcoal-burners curled upward. The moon had already risen, and in the west the setting sun filled the sky with glowing amber light, against which the tired peasants going home were sharply silhouetted.

We were glad to see Civit  Castellana. One or two men in answer to our questions had told us we were close to it, but we did not believe them. The fields seemed to stretch for miles before us, and there was not a house or tower in sight. But suddenly the road turned and went down-hill, and there below was the city perched on tufa cliffs, a deep ravine sur-



THE PONTE MOLLE.

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rounding it. Two *carabinieri*, in cocked hats and folded cloaks like the famous two solitary horsemen, were setting out on their night patrol. Vespers were just over in the church near the bridge, and along the way where happy little Etruscan school-boys once whipped homewards their treacherous

pity on my sad plight. He came out and with a stick mowed the people back. Then J— returned, having found a room in the first house, which the *padrone* had thought fit to conceal until the last.

The albergo was but a "middling inn." We were lodged in the garret, in a room the



FROM VIA FLAMINIA NEAR PONTE MOLLE.

school-master, little Italian boys and girls let loose from church ran after us, torturing us with their shrill cries. Soon their elders joined them, and we were closely beset with admirers. The town, too, was in a hubbub about us, and in the streets through which we wheeled men and women came from their houses to follow in our train. At the door of the albergo, where we were detained for several minutes, the entire population collected. We had difficulty in getting a room. The *festa*, the *padrone* said, had brought many country people into the town, and the inns were full to overflowing. If J— would go with him he would see what could be done for us. The search led them through three houses. In the mean time I kept guard over the machine. It was well I did, for once J— had gone the natives closed upon me. Toddling infants and gray-haired men, ragged peasants and gorgeous officers pushed and struggled together in their desire to see. Every now and then a stealthy hand was thrust through the crowd and felt the tire or tried the brake. I turned from left to right, crying *Guarda! Guarda!* I lifted exploring hands from the wheels. But in vain. What was one against so many? A man sitting in the doorway took

size of a large closet. The way to it led through another bed-chamber, long and low, in which four cots were ranged in a row along the wall. When we crossed it on the way downstairs to dinner, I devoutly prayed that on our return four night-caps would not be nodding on the pillows.

Fortunately we were the first to go to bed in the garret. All through the night, however, for the mattress was hard and I slept little, I heard loud snores and groans, and the sound of much tossing to and fro. We rose early in the morning, but when we opened our door the cots were empty, though they had not been so long. Indeed, early as we were, the whole town was stirring when we came downstairs. But who ever knew the hour when the people of an Italian town were not up and abroad? No sooner had J— brought the tricycle from the stable, where it had been kept all night, to the albergo, than the piazza was again crowded. On they all came with us, men, women, and children, hooting and shouting, jumping and dancing through the vilely paved streets, and finally sprawling over the walls and on the rocks beyond the gate.

There they all staid until we had gone down the hill over the bridge crossing the

stream at its foot, and up the hill on the opposite side, passing from their sight around the first curve. Soon we were on an upland and now really at the beginning of the Campagna. The morning was cold. For many miles we rode through a champaign gleaming white with frost. But as the sun rose higher in the heavens, and the yellow light, which had at first spread over the sky, faded and left a clear blue expanse above, the air grew warmer and the frost disappeared. The road wound on and on between oak woods and wide cultivated fields, and green grassy plains which gradually changed into great sweeps of rolling treeless country, like the moors. By the roadside were thick bushes of low green sage and tangled blackberries, and in places the broad flagstones of the old Flaminian Way, with weeds and dandelions and pretty purple flowers growing from the crevices. Sometimes a paving of smaller stones stretched all across the road, so that for a minute or two we were badly shaken, or else, coming on them suddenly at the foot of a hill, all but upset. Truly, as has been said, it could have been no joke for the old Romans to ride. To our left rose the great height of Soracte, not snow-covered as Horace saw it, but bare and brown save where purple shadows lay. At first we met numbers of peasants, all astride of donkeys, going towards Civit  Castellana, families riding together and eating as they went. Later, however, no one passed but an occasional lonely rider, who in his long cloak and high-pointed hat looked a genuine Fra Diavolo; or else sportsmen and their dogs. It is strange that though we saw many of the latter, we never once heard the singing or chirping of birds. There were hillsides and fields full of large black cattle, or herds of horses, or flocks of sheep and goats. There were shepherds, too, sleeping in the shade, or by the roadside leaning on their staffs or ruling their flock with rod and rustic word as in the days when Poliziano sung. And if there was no bird's song to break the silence of the Campagna, there was instead a loud baaing of sheep led by the shrill, piercing notes of the lambs. If it was to such an accompaniment that Corydon and Thyrsis sang in rivalry, their songs could have been poetical only in Virgil's verse.

How hard we worked now that our pilgrimage was almost ended! We scarcely looked at the little village through which we wheeled and where a White Brother was going from door to door, nor at the ruins which rose here and there in the hollows and on the slopes of the hills; and when at last we saw on the horizon the dome coming up out of the broad, undulating plain, we gave it but a

short greeting and then hurried on faster than ever. We would not even go to Castel Novo, which lies a quarter of a mile or so from the road, but eat our hasty lunch in a *trattoria* by the wayside, while a man, an engineer he said he was, showed us drawings he had made on his travels and asked about our ride. How brave it was of the signora to work, he exclaimed, and how brave of the signore to sketch from his *velocipede*! And after this "the hills their heights began to lower," and with feet up we went like the wind, and every time we looked at the dome it seemed larger and more clearly defined against the sky. But about six miles from Rome our feet were on the pedals again and we were working with all our might. Sand and loose stones covered the road, which grew worse until, in front of the staring pink quarantine building, the stones were so many that in steering out of the way of one we ran over another, and the jar it gave us loosened the screw of the luggage-carrier. We were so near Rome we let it go. This was a mistake. But a little farther, and the whole thing gave way and bags and knapsack rolled in the dust. It took some fifteen minutes to set it to rights again; and all the time we stood in the shadeless road, under a burning sun, for the heat in the lower plains of the Campagna was as great as if it were still summer. As the luggage-carrier was slightly broken, we were afraid to put too great a strain upon it, and for the rest of the journey the knapsack went like a small boy swinging on behind.

Like those other pilgrims, we were much discouraged because of the way. But at last, wheeling by pink and white *trattorie*, whose walls were covered with illustrated bills of fare, and coming to an open place where street-cars were going and coming, the Ponte Molle, over a now yellow Tiber, lay before us, and we were under the shadow of the dome we had from afar watched for many hours. Over the bridge we went with cars and carts, between houses and gardens and wine-shops, where there was a discord of many hurdy-gurdies, to the Porta del Popolo, and so into Rome. *Carabinieri* were lounging about the gate, and carriages were driving to the Pincian; but we rode on and up the street on the right of the piazza. When we had gone a short distance we asked a man at a corner our way to the Piazza di Spagna. We should have taken the street to our left, he said, but now we could reach it by crossing the Corso diagonally. As we did so we heard a loud *sst, sst* behind us, and we saw a *gendarme* running up the street; but we went on. When we wheeled into the Piazza di Spagna, however, a second, almost breathless, ran out in front of us, and



"ASPETTO!"

cried, "*Aspetto!*" (wait!) But still we rode. "*Aspetto!*" he cried again, and half drew his sword. In a minute we were surrounded. Models came flying from the Spanish steps; an old countryman carrying a fish affectionately under his arm, bootblacks, clerks from the near shops, young Roman swells,—all these and many more gathered about us.

"*Aspetto!*" the *gendarme* still cried.

"*Perche?*" we asked.

And then his fellow-officer whom we had seen on the Corso came up. "*Descendere!*" he said in fierce tones of command.

"*Perche?*" we asked again.

"*Per Christo!*" was his only answer.

The crowd laughed with glee. Hackmen shouted their applause. It was ignominious, perhaps, but the wisest policy, to get down and walk to our hotel.

What pilgrim of old times thought his pilgrimage really over until he had given, either out of his plenty or his nothing, in alms? Two months later we too gave our mite, not to the church or to the poor, but to the Government; for we were then summoned before a police magistrate and fined ten francs for "*furious riding on the Corso, and refusing to descend when ordered!*"

And so our pilgrimage ended.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

THE WATER-TEXT.

WATCHING my river marching overland,
By mighty tides transfigured and set free,—
My river, lapped in idle-hearted mirth,
Made at a touch a glory to the earth,
And leaving, wheresoever falls his hand,
The balm and benediction of the sea,—

O soon, I know, the hour whereof we dreamed,
The saving hour miraculous, arrives!
When, ere to darkness winds our sordid course,
Some glad, new, potent, consecrating force
Shall speed us, so uplifted, so redeemed,
Along the old worn channel of our lives.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

VIII.

LEMUEL entered a lighted doorway from a bricked courtyard, and found himself with twenty or thirty houseless comrades in a large, square room, with benching against the wall for them to sit on. They were all silent and quelled-looking, except a young fellow whom Lemuel sat down beside, and who, ascertaining that he was a new-comer, seemed disposed to do the honors of the place. He was not daunted by the reserve native to Lemuel, or by that distrust of strangers which experience had so soon taught him. He addressed him promptly as mate, and told him that the high, narrow, three-sided tabling in the middle of the room was where they would get their breakfast, if they lived.

"And I guess I shall live," he said. "I notice I 'most always live till breakfast-time, whatever else I do, or I don't do; but sometimes it don't seem as if I *could* saw my way through that quarter of a cord of wood." At a glance of inquiry which Lemuel could not forbear, he continued: "What I mean by a quarter of a cord of wood is that they let you exercise that much free in the morning, before they give you your breakfast: it's the doctor's orders. This used to be a school-house, but it's in better business now. They got a kitchen under here, that beats the Parker House; you'll smell it pretty soon. No whacking on the knuckles here any more. All serene, I tell you. You'll see. I don't know how I should got along without this institution, and I tell the manager so, every time I see him. That's him, hollering 'Next,' out of that room there. It's a name he gives all of us; he knows it's a name we'll answer to. Don't you forget it when it comes your turn."

He was younger than Lemuel, apparently, but his swarthy, large-mouthed, droll-eyed face affirmed the experience of a sage. He wore a blue flannel shirt, with loose trousers belted round his waist, and he crushed a soft felt hat between his hands; his hair was clipped close to his skull, and as he rubbed it now and then it gave out a pleasant, rasping sound.

The tramps disappeared in the order of

their vicinity to the manager's door, and it came in time to this boy and Lemuel.

"You come along with me," he said, "and do as I do." When they entered the presence of the manager, who sat at a desk, Lemuel's guide nodded to him, and handed over his order for a bed.

"Ever been here before?" asked the manager, as if going through the form for a joke.

"Never." He took a numbered card which the manager gave him, and stood aside to wait for Lemuel, who made the same answer to the same question, and received his numbered card.

"Now," said the young fellow, as they passed out of another door, "we ain't either of us 'Next' any more. I'm Thirty-nine, and you're Forty, and don't you forget it. All right, boss," he called back to the manager; "I'll take care of him! This way," he said to Lemuel. "The reason why I said I'd never been here before," he explained on the way down, "was because you got to say something when he asks you. Most of 'em says last fall or last year, but I say never, because it's just as true, and he seems to like it better. We're going down to the dressing-room now, and then we're going to take a bath. Do you know why?"

"No," said Lemuel.

"Because we can't help it. It's the doctor's orders. He thinks it's the best thing you can do, just before you go to bed."

The basement was brightly lighted with gas everywhere, and a savory odor of onion-flavored broth diffused itself through the whole place.

"Smell it? You might think that was supper, but it ain't. It's breakfast. You got a bath and a night's rest as well as the quarter of a cord of wood between you and that stew. Hungry?"

"Not very," said Lemuel faintly.

"Because if you say you are they'll give you all the bread and water you can hold now. But I ruther wait."

"I guess I don't want anything to-night," said Lemuel, shrinking from the act of beggary.

"Well, I guess you won't lose anything in

the long run," said the other. "You'll make it up at breakfast."

They turned into a room where eight or ten tramps were undressing; some of them were old men, quite sodden and stupefied with a life of vagrancy and privation; others were of a dull or cunning middle-age. Two or three were as young as Lemuel and his partner, and looked as if they might be poor fellows who had found themselves in a strange city without money or work; but it was against them that they had known where to come for a night's shelter, Lemuel felt.

There were large iron hooks hanging from the walls and ceiling, and his friend found the numbers on two of them corresponding to those given Lemuel and himself, and brass checks which they hung around their necks.

"You got to hang your things on that hook, all but your shoes and stockings, and you got to hang on to *them* yourself. Forty's your number, and forty's your hook, and they give you the clothes off'n it in the morning."

He led the way through the corridor into a large room where a row of bath-tubs flanked the wall, half of them filled with bathers, who chatted in tones of subdued cheerfulness under the pleasant excitement of unlimited hot and cold water. As each new-comer appeared a black boy, perched on a window-sill, jumped down and dashed his head from a large bottle which he carried.

"Free shampoo," explained Lemuel's mate. "Doctor's orders. Only you have to do the rubbing yourself. I don't suppose *you* need it, but some the pardners here couldn't sleep without it," he continued, as Lemuel shrank a little from the bottle, and then submitted. "It's a regular night-cap."

The tramps recognized the humor of the explanation by a laugh, intended to be respectful to the establishment in its control, which spread along their line, and the black boy grinned.

"There ain't anything mean about the Wayfarer's Hotel," said the mate; and they all laughed again, a little louder.

Each man, having dried himself from his bath, was given a coarse linen night-gown; sometimes it was not quite whole, but it was always clean; and then he gathered up his shoes and stockings and went out.

"Hold on a minute," said the mate to Lemuel, when they left the bath-room. "You ought to see the kitchen." And in his night-gown, with his shoes in his hand, he led Lemuel to the open door which that delicious smell of broth came from. A vast copper-topped boiler was bubbling within, and trying to get its lid off. The odor made Lemuel sick with hunger.

"Refrigerator in the next room," the mate lectured on. "Best beef-chucks in the market:

fish for Fridays—we don't make any man go against his religion in *this* house; pots of butter as big as a cheese,—none of your oleo-margarine,—the real thing every time; potatoes and onions and carrots laying around on the floor; barrels of hard-tack; and bread, like sponge,—bounce you up if you was to jump on it,—baked by the women at the Chardon Street Home. Oh, I tell you we do things in style here."

A man who sat reading a newspaper in the corner looked up sharply. "Hello, there! what's wanted?"

"Just dropped in to wish you good-night, Jimmy," said Lemuel's mate.

"You clear out!" said the man good-humoredly, as if to an old acquaintance, who must not be allowed to presume upon his familiarity.

"All right, Jimmy," said the boy. He set his left hand horizontally on its wrist at his left shoulder and cut the air with it in playful menace as the man dropped his eyes again to his paper. "They're all just so in this house," he explained to Lemuel. "No nonsense, but good-natured. *They're* all right. They know me."

He mounted two flights of stairs in front of Lemuel to a corridor, where an attendant stood examining the numbers on the brass checks hung around the tramps' necks as they came up with their shoes in their hands. He instructed them that the numbers corresponded to the cots they were to occupy, as well as the hooks where their clothes hung. Some of them seemed hardly able to master the facts. They looked wistfully, like cowed animals, into his face as he made the case clear.

Two vast rooms exquisitely clean, like the whole house, opened on the right and left of the corridor, and presented long phalanxes of cots, each furnished with two coarse blankets, a quilt, and a thin pillow.

"Used to be school-rooms," said Lemuel's mate in a low tone.

"Cots thirty-nine and forty," said the attendant, looking at their checks. "Right over there, in the corner."

"Come along," said the mate, leading the way, with the satisfaction of an habitué. "Best berth in the room, and about the last they reach in the morning. You see, they got to take us as we come when they call us, and the last feller in at night's the first feller out in the morning, because his bed's the nearest the door."

He did not pull down the blankets of his cot at once, but stretched himself out on the quilt that covered them. "Cool off a little first," he explained. "Well, this is what I call comfort, mate, heigh?"

Lemuel did not answer. He was watching

the attendant with a group of tramps who could not find their cots.

"Can't read, I suppose," said the mate, a little disdainfully. "Well, look at that old chap, will you!" A poor fellow was fumbling with his blankets, as if he did not know quite how to manage them. The attendant had to come to his help, and tuck him in. "Well, there!" exclaimed the mate, lifting himself on his elbow to admire the scene. "I don't suppose he's ever been in a decent bed before. Hayloft's *his* style, or a board-pile." He sank down again, and went on: "Well, you do see all kinds of folks here, that's a fact. Sorry there ain't more in to-night, so's to give you a specimen. You ought to be here in the winter. Well, it ain't so lonesome now in summer as it used to be. Sometimes I used to have nearly the whole place to myself, summer nights, before they got to passin' these laws against tramps in the country, and lockin' 'em up when they ketched 'em. That drives 'em into the city summers now; because they're always sure of a night's rest and a day's board here if they ask for it. But winter's the time. You'll see all these cots full then. They let on the steam-heat, and it's comfortable; and it's always airy and healthy." The vast room was, in fact, perfectly ventilated, and the poor who housed themselves that night, and many well-to-do sojourners in hotels, had reason to envy the vagrants their free lodging.

The mate now got under his quilt, and turned his face toward Lemuel, with one hand under his cheek. "They don't let *every* body into this room, 's I was tellin' ye. This room is for the big-bugs, you know. Sometimes a drunk will get in, though, in spite of everything. Why, I've seen a drunk at the station-house, when I've been gettin' my order for a bed, stiffen up so 't the captain himself thought he was sober; and then I've followed him round here, wobblin' and corkscrewin' all over the sidewalk; and then I've seen him stiffen up in the office again, and go through his bath like a little man, and get into bed as drunk as a fish; and maybe wake up in the night with the man with the poker after him, and make things hum. Well, sir, one night there was a drunk in here that thought the man with the poker was after him, and he just up and jumped out of this window behind you — three stories from the ground."

Lemuel could not help lifting himself in bed to look at it. "Did it kill him?" he asked.

"Kill him? *No!* You can't kill a *drunk*. One night there was a drunk got loose here, and he run down-stairs into the wood-yard, and he got hold of an axe down there, and it took five men to get that axe away from that drunk. He was goin' for the snakes."

"The snakes!" repeated Lemuel. "Are there snakes in the wood-yard?"

The other gave a laugh so loud that the attendant called out, "Less noise over there!"

"I'll tell you about the snakes in the morning," said the mate; and he turned his face away from Lemuel.

The stories of the drunks had made Lemuel a little anxious; but he thought that attendant would keep a sharp lookout, so that there would not really be much danger. He was very drowsy from his bath, in spite of the hunger that tormented him, but he tried to keep awake and think what he should do after breakfast.

IX.

"COME, turn out!" said a voice in his ear, and he started up, to see the great dormitory where he had fallen asleep empty of all but himself and his friend.

"Make out a night's rest?" asked the latter. "Didn't I tell you we'd be the last up? Come along!" He preceded Lemuel, still drowsy, down the stairs into the room where they had undressed, and where the tramps were taking each his clothes from their hook, and hustling them on.

"What time is it, Johnny?" asked Lemuel's mate of the attendant. "I left my watch under my pillow."

"Five o'clock," said the man, helping the poor old fellow who had not known how to get into bed to put on his clothes.

"Well, that's a pretty good start," said the other. He finished his toilet by belting himself around the waist, and "Come along, mate," he said to Lemuel. "I'll show you the way to the tool-room."

He led him through the corridor into a chamber of the basement where there were bright rows of wood-saws, and ranks of saw-horses, with heaps of the latter in different stages of construction. "House self-supporting, as far as it can. We don't want to be beholden to anybody if we can help it. We make our own horses here; but we can't make our saws, or we would. Ever had much practice with the wood-saw?"

"No," said Lemuel, with a throb of homesickness, that brought back the hacked log behind the house, and the axe resting against it; "we always chopped our stove-wood."

"Yes, that's the way in the country. Well, now," said the other, "I'll show you how to choose a saw. Don't you be took in by no new saw because it's bright and looks pretty. You want to take a saw that's been filed and filed away till it ain't more'n an inch and a half deep; and then you want to tune it up, just so, like a banjo,—not too tight, and not

too slack,—and then it'll slip through a stick o' wood like—lyin'." He selected a saw, and put it in order for Lemuel. "There!" He picked out another. "Here's my old stand-by!" He took up a saw-horse at random, to indicate that one need not be critical in that, and led through the open door into the wood-yard, where a score or two of saws were already shrilling and wheezing through the wood.

It was a wide and lofty shed, with piles of cord-wood and slabs at either end, and walled on the farther side with kindling, sawed, split, and piled up with admirable neatness. The place gave out the sweet smell of the woods from the bark of the logs and from the fresh section of their grain. A double rank of saw-horses occupied the middle space, and beside each horse lay a quarter of a cord of wood, at which the men were toiling in sullen silence for the most part, only exchanging a grunt or snarl of dissatisfaction with one another.

"Morning, mates," said Lemuel's friend cheerfully, as he entered the shed, and put his horse down beside one of the piles. "Thought we'd look in and see how you was gettin' along. Just stepped round from the Parker House while our breakfast was a-cookin'. Hope you all rested well?"

The men paused, with their saws at different slopes in the wood, and looked round. The night before, in the nakedness in which Lemuel had first seen them, the worst of them had the inalienable comeliness of nature, and their faces, softened by their relation to their bodies, were not so bad; they were not so bad, looking from their white night-gowns; but now, clad in their filthy rags, and caricatured out of all native dignity by their motley and misshapen attire, they were a hideous gang, and all the more hideous for the grin that overspread their stubbly muzzles at the boy's persiflage.

"Don't let me interrupt you, fellows," he said, flinging a log upon his horse, and dashing his saw gayly into it. "Don't mind me! I know you hate to lose a minute of this fun; I understand just how you feel about it, and I don't want you to stand upon ceremony with me. Treat me just like one of yourselves, gents. This beech-wood is the regular Nova Scotia thing, ain't it? Tough and knotty! I can't bear any of your cheap wood-lot stuff from around here. What I want is Nova Scotia wood every time. Then I feel that I'm gettin' the worth of my money." His log dropped apart on each side of his horse, and he put on another. "Well, mates," he rattled on, "this is lovely, ain't it? I wouldn't give up my little quarter of a cord of green Nova Scotia before breakfast for anything; I've got into the way of it, and I can't live without it."

The tramps chuckled at these ironies, and the attendant who looked into the yard now and then did not interfere with them.

The mate went through his stint as rapidly as he talked, and he had nearly finished before Lemuel had half done. He did not offer to help him, but he delayed the remnant of his work, and waited for him to catch up, talking all the while with gay volubility, joking this one and that, and keeping the whole company as cheerful as it was in their dull, sodden nature to be. He had a floating eye that harmonized with his queer, mobile face, and played round on the different figures, but mostly upon Lemuel's dogged, rustic industry as if it really amused him.

"What's your lay after breakfast?" he asked, as they came to the last log together.

"Lay?" repeated Lemuel.

"What you goin' to do?"

"I don't know; I can't tell yet."

"You know," said the other, "you can come back here and get your dinner, if you want to saw wood for it from ten till twelve, and you get your supper if you'll saw from five to six."

"Are you going to do that?" asked Lemuel cautiously.

"No, sir," said the other; "I can't spare the time. I'm goin' to fill up for all day at breakfast, and then I'm goin' up to lay round on the Common till it's time to go to the police court; and when that's over I'm goin' back to the Common ag'in, and lay round the rest of the day. I hain't got any leisure for no such nonsense as wood-sawin'. I don't mind the work, but I hate to waste the time. It's the way with most o' the pardners, unless it's the green hands. That so, pards?"

Some of them had already gone in to breakfast; the smell of the stew came out to the wood-yard through the open door. Lemuel and his friend finished their last stick at the same time, and went in together, and found places side by side at the table in the waiting-room. The attendant within its oblong was serving the men with heavy quart bowls of the steaming broth. He brought half a loaf of light, elastic bread with each, and there were platters of hard-tack set along the board, which every one helped himself from freely, and broke into his broth.

"Morning, Jimmy," said the mate, as the man brought him and Lemuel their portions. "I hate to have the dining-room chairs off a-paintin' when there's so much style about everything else, and I've got a visitor with me. But I tell him he'll have to take us as he finds us, and stand it this mornin'." He wasted no more words on his joke, but, plunging his large tin spoon into his bowl, kept his breath to cool his broth, blowing upon it with easy

grace, and swallowing it at a tremendous rate, though Lemuel, after following his example, still found it so hot that it brought the tears into his eyes. It was delicious, and he was ravenous from his twenty-four hours' fast; but his companion was scraping the bottom of his bowl before Lemuel had got half-way down, and he finished his second as Lemuel finished his first.

"Just oncet more for both of us, Jimmy," he said, pushing his bowl across the board; and when the man brought them back he said, "Now I'm goin' to take it easy and enjoy myself. I can't never seem to get the good of it till about the third or fourth bowl. Too much of a hurry."

"Do they give you four bowls?" gasped Lemuel in astonishment.

"They give you four barrels, if you can hold it," replied the other proudly; "and some the mates *can*, pretty near. They got an awful tank, as a general rule, the pards has. There ain't anything mean about this house. They don't scamp the broth, and they don't shab the measure. I do wish you could see that refrigerator oncet. Never been much at sea, have you, mate?"

Lemuel said he had never been at sea at all.

The other leaned forward with his elbows on each side of his bowl, and lazily broke his hard-tack into it. "Well, I have. I was shipped when I was about eleven years old by a shark that got me drunk. I wanted to ship, but I wanted to ship on an American vessel for New Orleans. First thing I knowed I turned up on a Swedish brig bound for Venice. Ever been to It'ly?"

"No," said Lemuel.

"Well, I hain't but oncet. Oncet is enough for me. I run away while I was in Venice, and went ashore—if you can call it ashore; it's all water, and you got to go round in boats, gondolas they call 'em there—and went to see the American counsul, and told him I was an American boy, and tried to get him to get me off. But he couldn't do anything. If you ship under the Swedish flag you're a Swede, and the whole United States couldn't get you off. If I'd 'a' shipped under the American flag I'd 'a' been an American, I don't care if I was born in Hottentot. That's what the counsul said. I never want to see that town ag'in. I used to hear songs about Venice: 'Beautiful Venice, Bride of the Sea'; but I think it's a kind of a hole of a place. Well, what I started to say was that when I turn up in Boston now,—and I most generally do,—I don't go to no sailor boardin'-house; I break for the Wayfarer's Lodge every time. It's a temperance house, and they give you the worth o' your money."

"Come! hurry up!" said the attendant. He wiped the table impatiently with his towel, and stood waiting for Lemuel and the other to finish. All the rest had gone.

"Don't you be too fresh, pard," said the mate, with the effect of standing upon his rights. "Guess if you was on your third bowl, you wouldn't hurry."

The attendant smiled. "Don't you want to lend us a hand with the dishes?" he asked. "Who's sick?" asked the other in his turn.

"Johnny's got a day off."

The boy shook his head. "No; I couldn't. If it was a case of sickness, of course I'd do it. But I couldn't spare the time; I couldn't really. Why, I ought to be up on the Common now."

Lemuel had listened with a face of interest.

"Don't you want to make half a dollar, young feller?" asked the attendant.

"Yes, I do," said Lemuel eagerly.

"Know how to wash dishes?"

"Yes," answered the boy, not ashamed of his knowledge, as the boy of another civilization might have been. Nothing more distinctly marks the rustic New England civilization than the taming of its men to the performance of certain domestic offices elsewhere held dishonorably womanish. The boy learns not only to milk and to keep the milk-cans clean, but to churn, to wash dishes, and to cook.

"Come around here, then," said the attendant, and Lemuel promptly obeyed.

"Well, now," said his mate, "that's right. I'd do it myself if I had the time." He pulled his soft wool hat out of his hip pocket. "Well, good-morning, pards. I don't know as I shall see you again much before night." Lemuel was lifting a large tray, heavy with empty broth-bowls. "What time did you say it was, Jimmy?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Well, I just got time to get there," said the other, putting on his hat, and pushing out of the door.

At the moment Lemuel was lifting his tray of empty broth-bowls, Mr. Sewell was waking for the early quarter-to-eight breakfast, which he thought it right to make—not perhaps as an example to his parishioners, most of whom had the leisure to lie later, but as a sacrifice, not too definite, to the lingering ideal of suffering. He could not work before breakfast,—his delicate digestion forbade that,—or he would have risen still earlier; and he employed the twenty minutes he had between his bath and his breakfast in skimming the morning paper.

Just at present Mr. Sewell was taking two morning papers: the "Advertiser," which he had always taken, and a cheap little one-cent

paper, which had just been started, and which he had subscribed for experimentally, with the vague impression that he ought to encourage the young men who had established it. He did not like it very well. It was made up somewhat upon the Western ideal, and dealt with local matters in a manner that was at once a little more lively and a little more intimate than he had been used to. But before he had quite made up his mind to stop it, his wife had come to like it on that very account. She said it was interesting. On this point she used her conscience a little less actively than usual, and he had to make her observe that to be interesting was not the whole duty of journalism. It had become a matter of personal pride with them respectively to attack and defend the "Sunrise," as I shall call the little sheet, though that was not the name; and Mr. Sewell had lately made some gain through the character of the police reports, which the "Sunrise" had been developing into a feature. It was not that offensive matters were introduced; the worst cases were in fact rather blinked; but Sewell insisted that the tone of flippant gayety with which many facts, so serious, so tragic for their perpetrators and victims, were treated was odious. He objected to the court being called a Mill, and prisoners Grists, and the procedure Grinding; he objected to the familiar name of Uncle for the worthy gentleman to whose care certain offenders were confided on probation. He now read that department of the "Sunrise" the first thing every morning, in the hope of finding something with which to put Mrs. Sewell hopelessly in the wrong; but this morning a heading in the foreign news of the "Advertiser" caught his eye, and he laid the "Sunrise" aside to read at the breakfast-table. His wife came down in a cotton dress, as a tribute to the continued warmth of the weather, and said that she had not called the children, because it was Saturday, and they might as well have their sleep out. He liked to see her in that dress; it had a leafy rustling that was pleasant to his ear, and as she looked into the library he gayly put out his hand, which she took, and suffered herself to be drawn toward him. Then she gave him a kiss, somewhat less business-like and preoccupied than usual.

"Well, you've got Lemuel Barker off your mind at last," she divined, in recognition of her husband's cheerfulness.

"Yes, he's off," admitted Sewell.

"I hope he'll stay in Willoughby Pastures after this. Of course it puts an end to our going there next summer."

"Oh, I don't know," Sewell feebly demurred.

"I do," said his wife, but not despising his insincerity enough to insist that he did also.

The mellow note of an apostle's bell—the gift of an æsthetic parishioner—came from below, and she said, "Well, there's breakfast, David," and went before him down the stairs.

He brought his papers with him. It would have been her idea of heightened coziness at this breakfast, which they had once a week alone together, not to have the newspapers; but she saw that he felt differently, and after a number of years of married life a woman learns to let her husband have his own way in some unimportant matters. It was so much his nature to have some sort of reading always in hand, that he was certainly more himself, and perhaps more companionable, with his papers than without them.

She merely said, "Let me take the 'Sunrise,'" when she had poured out his coffee, and he had helped her to cantaloupe and steak, and spread his "Advertiser" beside his plate. He had the "Sunrise" in his lap.

"No, you may have the 'Advertiser,'" he said, handing it over the table to her. "I was down first, and I got both the papers. I'm not really obliged to make any division, but I've seen the 'Advertiser,' and I'm willing to behave unselfishly. If you're very impatient for the police report in the 'Sunrise,' I'll read it aloud for you. I think that will be a very good test of its quality, don't you?"

He opened the little sheet, and smiled teasingly at his wife, who said, "Yes, read it aloud; I'm not at all ashamed of it."

She put the "Advertiser" in her lap, and leaned defiantly forward, while she stirred her coffee, and Sewell unfolded the little sheet, and glanced up and down its columns. "Go on! If you can't find it, I can."

"Never mind! Here it is," said Sewell, and he began to read:

"The mill opened yesterday morning with a smaller number of grists than usual, but they made up in quality what they lacked in quantity."

"Our friend's metaphor seems to have weakened under him a little," commented Sewell, and then he pursued:

"A reasonable supply of drunks were dispatched —"

"Come, now, Lucy! you'll admit that this is horrible?" he broke off.

"No," said his wife, "I will admit nothing of the kind. It's flippant, I'll allow. Go on!"

"I can't," said Sewell; but he obeyed.

"A reasonable supply of drunks were dispatched, and an habitual drunk, in the person of a burly dame from Tipperary, who pleaded not guilty and then urged the 'poor childer' in extenuation, was sent down the harbor for three months; Uncle Cook had been put in

charge of a couple of young frailties whose hind name was woman——

"How do you like that, my dear?" asked Sewell exultantly.

Mrs. Sewell looked grave, and then burst into a shocked laugh. "You must stop that paper, David! I can't have it about for the children to get hold of. But it *is* funny, isn't it? That will do——"

"No, I think you'd better have it all now. There can't be anything worse. It's funny, yes, with that truly infernal drollery which the newspaper wits seem to have the art of." He read on:

"—'when a case was called that brought the breath of clover-blossoms and hay-seed into the sultry court-room, and warmed the cockles of the habitués' toughened pericardiums with a touch of real poetry. This was a case of assault with intent to rob, in which a lithe young blonde, answering to the good old Puritanic name of Statura Dudley, was the complainant, and the defendant an innocent-looking, bucolic youth, yclept——'"

Sewell stopped and put his hand to his forehead.

"What is it, David?" demanded his wife. "Why don't you go on? Is it too scandalous?"

"No, no," murmured the minister.

"Well?"

"I *can't* go on. But you must read it, Lucy," he said, in quite a passion of humility. "And you must try to be merciful. That poor boy——that——"

He handed the paper to his wife, and made no attempt to escape from judgment, but sat submissive while she read the report of Lemuel's trial. The story was told throughout in the poetico-jocular spirit of the opening sentences; the reporter had felt the simple charm of the affair, only to be ashamed of it and the more offensive about it.

When she had finished Mrs. Sewell did not say anything. She merely looked at her husband, who looked really sick.

At last he said, making an effort to rise from his chair, "I must go and see him, I suppose."

"Yes, if you can find him," responded his wife with a sigh.

"Find him?" echoed Sewell.

"Yes. Goodness knows what more trouble the wretched creature's got into by this time. You saw that he was acquitted, didn't you?" she demanded in answer to her husband's stare.

"No, I didn't. I supposed he was convicted, of course."

"Well, you see it isn't so bad as it might be," she said, using a pity which she did not perhaps altogether feel. "Eat your breakfast now, David, and then go and try to look him up."

"Oh, I don't want any breakfast," pleaded the minister.

He offered to rise again, but she motioned him down in his chair. "David, you shall! I'm not going to have you going about all day with a headache. Eat! And then when you've finished your breakfast, go and find out which station that officer Baker belongs to, and he can tell you something about the boy, if any one can."

Sewell made what shift he could to grasp these practical ideas, and he obediently ate of whatever his wife bade him. She would not let him hurry his breakfast in the least, and when he had at last finished, she said: "Now you can go, David. And when you've found the boy, don't you let him out of your sight again till you've put him aboard the train for Willoughby Pastures, and seen the train start out of the depot with him. Never mind your sermon. I will be setting down the heads of a sermon, while you're gone, that will do *you* good, if you write it out, whether it helps any one else or not."

Sewell was not so sure of that. He had no doubt that his wife would set down the heads of a powerful sermon, but he questioned whether any discourse, however potent, would have force to benefit such an abandoned criminal as he felt himself, in walking down his brown-stone steps, and up the long brick sidewalk of Bolingbroke street toward the Public Garden. The beds of geraniums and the clumps of scarlet-blossomed salvia in the little grass-plots before the houses, which commonly flattered his eye with their color, had a suggestion of penal fires in them now, that needed no lingering superstition in his nerves to realize something very like perdition for his troubled soul. It was not wickedness he had been guilty of, but he had allowed a good man to be made the agency of suffering, and he was sorely to blame, for he had sinned against himself. This was what his conscience said, and though his reason protested against his state of mind as a phase of the religious insanity which we have all inherited in some measure from Puritan times, it could not help him. He went along involuntarily framing a vow that if Providence would mercifully permit him to repair the wrong he had done, he would not stop at any sacrifice to get that unhappy boy back to his home, but would gladly take any open shame or obloquy upon himself in order to accomplish this.

He met a policeman on the bridge of the Public Garden, and made bold to ask him at once if he knew an officer named Baker, and which station he could be found at. The policeman was over-rich in the acquaintance of two officers of the name of Baker,

and he put his hand on Sewell's shoulder, in the paternal manner of policemen when they will be friendly, and advised him to go first to the Neponset street station, to which one of these Bakers was attached, and inquire there first. "Anyway, that's what I should do in your place."

Sewell was fulsomely grateful, as we all are in the like case; and at the station he used an urbanity with the captain which was perhaps not thrown away upon him, but which was certainly disproportioned to the trouble he was asking him to take in saying whether he knew where he could find Officer Baker.

"Yes, I do," said the captain; "you can find him in bed, upstairs. But I'd rather you wouldn't wake a man off duty if you don't have to, especially if you don't know he's the one. What's wanted?"

Sewell stopped to say that the captain was quite right, and then he explained why he wished to see Officer Baker.

The captain listened with nods of his head at the names and facts given. "Guess you won't have to get Baker up for that. I can tell you what there is to tell. I don't know where your young man is now, but I gave him an order for a bed at the Wayfarer's Lodge last night, and I guess he slept there. You a friend of his?"

"Yes," said Sewell, much questioning inwardly whether he could be truly described as such. "I wish to befriend him," he added savingly. "I knew him at home, and I am sure of his innocence."

"Oh, I guess he's *innocent* enough," said the captain. "Well, now, I tell you what you do, if you want to befriend him; you get him home quick as you can."

"Yes," said Sewell, helpless to resent the officer's authoritative and patronizing tone. "That's what I wish to do. Do you suppose he's at the Wayfarer's Lodge now?" asked Sewell.

"Can't say," said the captain, tilting himself back in his chair, and putting his quill toothpick between his lips like a cigarette. "The only way is to go and see."

"Thank you very much," said the minister, accepting his dismissal meekly, as a man vowed to ignominy should, but feeling keenly that he was dismissed, and dismissed in disgrace.

At the Lodge he was received less curtly. The manager was there with a long morning's leisure before him, and disposed to friendliness that Sewell found absurdly soothing. He turned over the orders for beds delivered by the vagrants the night before, and "Yes," he said, coming to Lemuel's name, "he slept here; but nobody knows where he is by this time. Wait a bit, sir!" he added to Sewell's fallen countenance. "There was one of the

young fellows staid to help us through with the dishes this morning. I'll have him up; or maybe you'd like to go down and take a look at our kitchen? You'll find him there, if it's the one. Here's our card. We can supply you with all sorts of firewood at less cost than the dealers, and you'll be helping the poor fellows to earn an honest bed and breakfast. This way, sir!"

Sewell promised to buy his wood there, put the card respectfully into his pocket, and followed the manager downstairs, and through the basement to the kitchen. He arrived just as Lemuel was about to lift a trayful of clean soup-bowls, to carry it upstairs. After a glance at the minister, he stood still with dropped eyes.

Sewell did not know in what form to greet the boy on whom he had unwillingly brought so much evil, and he found the greater difficulty in deciding as he saw Lemuel's face hardening against him.

"Barker," he said at last, "I'm very glad to find you—I have been very anxious to find you."

Lemuel made no sign of sympathy, but stood still in his long check apron, with his sleeves rolled up to his elbow, and the minister was obliged to humble himself still further to this figure of lowly obstinacy.

"I should like to speak with you. Can I speak with you a few moments?"

The manager politely stepped into the storeroom, and affected to employ himself there, leaving Lemuel and the minister alone together.

X.

SEWELL lost no time. "I want you to go home, Barker. I feel that I am wholly to blame, and greatly to blame, for your coming to Boston with the expectation that brought you, and that I am indirectly responsible for all the trouble that has befallen you since you came. I want to be the means of your getting home, in any way you can let me."

This was a very different way of talking from the smooth superiority of address which the minister had used with him the other day at his own house. Lemuel was not insensible to the atonement offered him, and it was not from sulky stubbornness that he continued silent, and left the minister to explore the causes of his reticence unaided.

"I will go home *with* you, if you like," pursued the minister, though his mind misgave him that this was an extreme which Mrs. Sewell would not have justified him in. "I will go with you, and explain all the circumstances to your friends, in case there should be any misunderstanding—though in that event I should have to ask you to be my

guest till Monday." Here the unhappy man laid hold of the sheep, which could not bring him greater condemnation than the lamb.

"I guess they won't know anything about it," said Lemuel, with whatever intention.

It seemed hardened indifference to the minister, and he felt it his disagreeable duty to say, "I am afraid they will. I read of it in the newspaper this morning, and I'm afraid that an exaggerated report of your misfortunes will reach Willoughby Pastures, and alarm your family."

A faint pallor came over the boy's face, and he stood again in his impenetrable, rustic silence. The voice that finally spoke from it said, "I guess I don't want to go home, then."

"You *must* go home!" said the minister, with more of imploring than imperiousness in his command. "What will they make of your prolonged absence?"

"I sent a postal to mother this morning. They lent me one."

"But what will you do here, without work and without means? I wish you to go home with me—I feel responsible for you—and remain with me till you can hear from your mother. I'm sorry you came to Boston; it's no place for you, as you must know by this time, and I am sure your mother will agree with me in desiring your return."

"I guess I don't want to go home," said Lemuel.

"Are you afraid that an uncharitable construction will be placed upon what has happened to you by your neighbors?" Lemuel did not answer. "I assure you that all that can be arranged. I will write to your pastor, and explain it fully. But in any event," continued Sewell, "it is your duty to yourself and your friends to go home and live it down. It would be your duty to do so even if you had been guilty of wrong, instead of the victim of misfortune."

"I don't know," said Lemuel, "as I want to go home and be the laughing-stock."

Against this point Sewell felt himself helpless. He could not pretend that the boy would not be ridiculous in the eyes of his friends, and all the more ridiculous because so wholly innocent. He could only say, "That is a thing which you must bear." And then it occurred to him to ask, "Do you feel that it is right to let your family meet the ridicule alone?"

"I guess nobody will speak to mother about it more than once," said Lemuel, with a just pride in his mother's powers of retort. A woman who, unaided and alone, had worn the Bloomer costume for twenty years in the heart of a commentative community like Willoughby Pastures, was not likely to be without a cutting tongue for her defense.

"But your sister," urged Sewell; "your brother-in-law," he feebly added.

"I guess they will have to stand it," replied Lemuel.

The minister heaved a sigh of hopeless perplexity. "What do you propose to do, then? You can't remain here without means. Do you expect to sell your poetry?" he asked, goaded to the question by a conscience peculiarly sore on that point.

It made Lemuel blush. "No, I don't expect to sell it now. They took it out of my pocket on the Common."

"I am glad of that," said the minister as simply, "and I feel bound to warn you solemnly that there is absolutely *no* hope for you in that direction."

Lemuel said nothing.

The minister stood baffled again. After a bad moment he asked, "Have you anything particular in view?"

"I don't know as I have."

"How long can you remain here?"

"I don't know exactly."

Sewell turned and followed the manager into the refrigerator room, where he had remained patiently whistling throughout this interview.

When he came back, Lemuel had carried one trayful of bowls upstairs, and returned for another load, which he was piling carefully up for safe transportation.

"The manager tells me," said Sewell, "that practically you can stay here as long as you like, if you work; but he doesn't think it desirable you should remain, nor do I. But I wish to find you here again when I come back. I have something in view for you."

This seemed to be a question, and Lemuel said, "All right," and went on piling up his bowls. He added, "I shouldn't want you to take a great deal of trouble."

"Oh, it's no trouble," groaned the minister. "Then I may depend upon seeing you here any time during the day?"

"I don't know as I'm going away," Lemuel admitted.

"Well, then, good-bye for the present," said Sewell; and after speaking again to the manager, and gratefully ordering some kindling which he did not presently need, he went out, and took his way homeward. But he stopped half a block short of his own door, and rang at Miss Vane's. To his perturbed and eager spirit it seemed nothing short of a divine mercy that she should be at home. If he had not been a man bent on repairing his wrong at any cost to others, he would hardly have taken the step he now contemplated without first advising with his wife, who, he felt sure, would have advised against it. His

face did not brighten at all when Miss Vane came briskly in, with the "How d'y'e do?" which he commonly found so cheering. She pulled up the blind and saw his knotted brow.

"What is the matter? You look as if you had got Lemuel Barker back on your hands."

"I have," said the minister briefly.

Miss Vane gave a wild laugh of delight. "You *don't* mean it!" she sputtered, sitting down before him, and peering into his face. "What *do* you mean?"

Sewell was obliged to possess Miss Vane's entire ignorance of all the facts in detail. From point to point he paused; he began really to be afraid she would do herself an injury with her laughing.

She put her hand on his arm and bowed her head forward, with her face buried in her handkerchief. "What—what—do you suppose—pose—they did with the po-po-poem they stole from him?"

"Well, one thing I'm sure they *didn't* do," said Sewell bitterly. "They didn't *read* it."

Miss Vane hid her face in her handkerchief, and then plucked it away, and shrieked again. She stopped, with the sudden calm that succeeds such a paroxysm, and, "Does Mrs. Sewell know all about this?" she panted.

"She knows everything, except my finding him in the dish-washing department of the Wayfarer's Lodge," said Sewell gloomily, "and my coming to you."

"Why do you come to me?" asked Miss Vane, her face twitching and her eyes brimming.

"Because," answered Sewell, "I'd rather not go to her till I have done something."

Miss Vane gave way again, and Sewell sat regarding her ruefully.

"What do you expect me to do?" She looked at him over her handkerchief, which she kept pressed against her mouth.

"I haven't the least idea what I expected you to do. I expected you to tell me. You have an inventive mind."

Miss Vane shook her head. Her eyes grew serious, and after a moment she said, "I'm afraid I'm not equal to Lemuel Barker. Besides," she added with a tinge of trouble, "I have *my* problem already."

"Yes," said the minister sympathetically. "How has the flower charity turned out?"

"She went yesterday with one of the ladies, and carried flowers to the city hospital. But she wasn't at all satisfied with the result. She said the patients were mostly disgusting old men that hadn't been shaved. I think that now she wants to try her flowers on criminals. She says she wishes to visit the prisons."

Sewell brightened forlornly. "Why not let her reform Barker?"

This sent Miss Vane off again. "Poor

boy!" she sighed, when she had come to herself. "No, there's nothing that I can do for him, except to order some firewood from his benefactors."

"I did that," said Sewell. "But I don't see how it's to help Barker exactly."

"I would gladly join in a public subscription to send him home. But you say he won't *go* home?"

"He won't go home," sighed the minister. "He's determined to stay. I suspect he would accept employment, if it were offered him in the right spirit."

Miss Vane shook her head. "There's nothing I can think of except shoveling snow. And as yet it's rather warm October weather."

"There's certainly no snow to shovel," admitted Sewell. He rose disconsolately. "Well, there's nothing for it, I suppose, but to put him down at the Christian Union, and explain his checkered career to everybody who proposes to employ him."

Miss Vane could not keep the laughter out of her eyes; she nervously tapped her lips with her handkerchief, to keep it from them. Suddenly she halted Sewell in his dejected progress toward the door. "I might give him my furnace."

"Furnace?" echoed Sewell.

"Yes. Jackson has 'struck' for twelve dollars a month, and at present there is a 'lock-out,'—I believe that's what it's called. And I had determined not to yield as long as the fine weather lasted. I knew I should give in at the first frost. I will take Barker now, if you think he can manage the furnace."

"I've no doubt he can. Has Jackson really struck?" Miss Vane nodded. "He hasn't said anything to me about it."

"He probably intends to make special terms to the clergy. But he told me he was putting up the rates on all his 'families' this winter."

"If he puts them up on me, I will take Barker too," said the minister boldly. "If he will come," he added with less courage. "Well, I will go round to the Lodge, and see what he thinks of it. Of course, he can't live upon ten dollars a month, and I must look him up something besides."

"That's the only thing I can think of at present," said Miss Vane.

"Oh, you're indefinitely good to think of so much," said Sewell. "You must excuse me if my reception of your kindness has been qualified by the reticence with which Barker received mine this morning."

"Oh, do tell me about it!" cried Miss Vane.

"Some time I will. But I can assure you it was such as to make me shrink from another

interview. I don't know but Barker may fling your proffered furnace in my teeth. But I'm sure we both mean well. And I thank you, all the same. Good-bye."

"Poor Mr. Sewell!" said Miss Vane, following him to the door. "May I run down and tell Mrs. Sewell?"

"Not yet," said the minister sadly. He was too insecure of Barker's reception of him to be able to enjoy the joke.

When he got back to the Wayfarer's Lodge, whither he made himself walk in penance, he found Lemuel with a book in his hand, reading, while the cook stirred about the kitchen, and the broth, which he had well under way for the midday meal, lifted the lid of its boiler from time to time and sent out a joyous whiff of steam. The place had really a coziness of its own, and Sewell began to fear that his victim had been so far corrupted by its comfort as to be unwilling to leave the refuge. He had often seen the subtly disastrous effect of bounty, and it was one of the things he trembled for in considering the question of public aid to the poor. Before he addressed Barker, he saw him entered upon the dire life of idleness and dependence, partial or entire, which he had known so many Americans even willing to lead since the first great hard times began; and he spoke to him with the asperity of anticipative censure.

"Barker!" he said, and Lemuel lifted his head from the book he was reading. "I have found something for you to do. I still prefer you should go home, and I advise you to do so. But," he added, at the look that came into Lemuel's face, "if you are determined to stay, this is the best I can do for you. It isn't a full support, but it's something, and you must look about for yourself, and not rest till you've found full work, and something better fitted for you. Do you think you can take care of a furnace?"

"Hot air?" asked Lemuel.

"Yes."

"I guess so. I took care of the church furnace last winter."

"I didn't know you had one," said the minister, brightening in the ray of hope. "Would you be willing to take care of a domestic furnace—a furnace in a private house?"

Lemuel pondered the proposal in silence. Whatever objections there were to it in its difference from the aims of his ambition in coming to Boston he kept to himself; and his ignorance of city prejudices and sophistications probably suggested nothing against the honest work to his pride. "I guess I should," he said at last.

"Well, then, come with me."

Sewell judged it best not to tell him whose

furnace he was to take care of; he had an impression that Miss Vane was included in the resentment which Lemuel seemed to cherish toward him. But when he had him at her door, "It's the lady whom you saw at my house the other day," he explained. It was then too late for Lemuel to rebel, and they went in.

If there was any such unkindness in Lemuel's breast toward her, it yielded promptly to her tact. She treated him at once, not like a servant, but like a young person, and yet she used a sort of respect for his independence which was soothing to his rustic pride. She put it on the money basis at once; she told him that she should give him ten dollars a month for taking care of the furnace, keeping the sidewalk clear of snow, shoveling the paths in the back yard for the women to get at their clothes-lines, carrying up and down coal and ashes for the grates, and doing errands. She said that this was what she had always paid, and asked him if he understood and were satisfied.

Lemuel answered with one yes to both her questions, and then Miss Vane said that of course till the weather changed they should want no fire in the furnace, but that it might change any day, and they should begin at once and count October as a full month. She thought he had better go down and look at the furnace and see if it was in order; she had had the pipes cleaned, but perhaps it needed blacking; the cook would show him how it worked. She went with him to the head of the basement stairs, and calling down, "Jane, here is Lemuel, come to look after the furnace," left him and Jane to complete the acquaintance upon coming in sight of each other, and went back to the minister. He had risen to go, and she gave him her hand, while a smile rippled into laughter on her lips.

"Do you think," she asked, struggling with her mirth to keep unheard of those below, "that it is quite the work for a literary man?"

"If he is a man," said Sewell courageously, "the work won't keep him from being literary."

Miss Vane laughed at his sudden recovery of spirit, as she had laughed at his dejection; but he did not care. He hurried home, with a sermon kindling in his mind so obviously that his wife did not detain him beyond a few vital questions, and let him escape from having foisted his burden upon Miss Vane with the simple comment, "Well, we shall see how that will work."

As once before, Sewell tacitly took a hint from his own experience, and, enlarging to more serious facts from it, preached effort in the erring. He denounced mere remorse. Better not feel that at all, he taught; and he declared that what is ordinarily distinguished

from remorse as repentance was equally a mere corrosion of the spirit unless some attempt at reparation went with it. He maintained that though some mischiefs — perhaps most mischiefs — were irreparable so far as restoring the original status was concerned, yet every mischief was reparable in the good will and the good deed of its perpetrator. Do what you could to retrieve yourself from error, and then, not leave the rest to Providence, but keep doing. The good, however small, must grow if tended and nurtured like a useful plant, as the evil would certainly grow like a wild and poisonous weed if left to itself. Sin, he said, was a terrible mystery; one scarcely knew how to deal with it or to attempt to determine its nature; but perhaps — he threw out the thought while warning those who heard him of its danger in some aspects — sin was not wholly an evil. We were so apt in this world of struggle and ambition to become centered solely in ourselves, that possibly the wrong done to another — the wrong that turned our thoughts from ourselves, and kept them bent in agony and despair upon the suffering we had caused another, and knew not how to mitigate — possibly this wrong, nay, certainly this wrong was good in disguise. But, returning to his original point, we were to beware how we rested in this despair. In the very extremity of our anguish, our fear, our shame, we were to gird ourselves up to reparation. Strive to do good, he preached; strive most of all to do good to those you have done harm to. His text was "Cease to do evil."

He finished his sermon during the afternoon, and in the evening his wife said they would run up to Miss Vane's. Sewell shrank from this a little, with the obscure dread that Lemuel might have turned his back upon good fortune, and abandoned the place offered him, in which case Sewell would have to give a wholly different turn to his sermon; but he consented, as indeed he must. He was as curious as his wife to know how the experiment had resulted.

Miss Vane did not wait to let them ask. "My dear," she said, kissing Mrs. Sewell and giving her hand to the minister in one, "he is a pearl! And I've kept him from mixing his native luster with Rising Sun Stove Polish by becoming his creditor in the price of a pair of overalls. I had no idea they were so cheap, and you can see that they will fade, with a few washings, to a perfect Millet blue. They were quite his own idea, when he found the furnace needed blacking, and he wanted to use the fifty cents he earned this morning toward the purchase, but I insisted upon advancing the entire dollar myself. Neatness, self-respect, awe-inspiring deference! — he is each and every one of them in person."

Sewell could not forbear a glance of triumph at his wife.

"You leave us very little to ask," said that injured woman.

"But I've left myself a great deal to tell, my dear," retorted Miss Vane, "and I propose to keep the floor; though I don't really know where to begin."

"I thought you had got past the necessity of beginning," said Sewell. "We know that the new pearl sweeps clean," — Miss Vane applauded his mixed metaphor, — "and now you might go on from that point."

"Well, you may think I'm rash," said Miss Vane, "but I've thoroughly made up my mind to keep him."

"Dear, dear Miss Vane!" cried the minister. "Mrs. Sewell thinks you're rash, but I don't. What do you mean by keeping him?"

"Keeping him as a fixture — a permanency — a continuosity."

"Oh! A continuosity? I know what that is in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but I'm not sure that I follow your meaning exactly."

"Why, it's simply this," said Miss Vane. "I have long secretly wanted the protection of what Jane calls a man-body in the house, and when I saw how Lemuel had blacked the furnace, I knew I should feel as safe with him as with a whole body of troops."

"Well," sighed the minister, "you have not been rash, perhaps, but you'll allow that you've been rapid."

"No," said Miss Vane, "I won't allow that. I have simply been intuitive — nothing more. His functions are not decided yet, but it is decided that he is to stay; he's to sleep in the little room over the L, and in my tranquilized consciousness he's been there years already."

"And has Sibyl undertaken Barker's reformation?" asked Sewell.

"Don't interrupt! Don't anticipate! I admit nothing till I come to it. But after I had arranged with Lemuel I began to think of Sibyl."

"That was like some ladies I have known of," said Sewell. "You women commit yourselves to a scheme, in order to show your skill in reconciling circumstances to the irretrievable. Well?"

"Don't interrupt, David!" cried his wife.

"Oh, let him go on," said Miss Vane. "It's all very well, taking people into your house on the spur of the moment, and in obedience to a generous impulse; but when you reflect that the object of your good intentions slept in the Wayfarer's Lodge the night before, and in the police station the night before that, and enjoys a newspaper celebrity in connection with a case of assault and battery with intent to rob, — why, then you *do* reflect!"

"Yes," said Sewell, "that is just the point where I should begin."

"I thought," continued Miss Vane, "I had better tell Sibyl all about it, so if by any chance the neighbors' kitchens should have heard of the case — they read the police reports very carefully in the kitchens —"

"They do in some drawing-rooms," interrupted Sewell.

"It's well for you they do, David," said his wife. "Your protégé would have been in your refuge still, if they didn't."

"I see!" cried the minister. "I shall have to take the 'Sunrise' another week."

Miss Vane looked from one to the other in sympathetic ignorance, but they did not explain, and she went on.

"And if they should hear Lemuel's name, and put two and two together, and the talk should get to Sibyl — well, I thought it all over, until the whole thing became perfectly lurid, and I wished Lemuel Barker was back in the depths of Willoughby Pastures —"

"I understand," said Sewell. "Go on!"

Miss Vane did so, after stopping to laugh. "It seemed to me I couldn't wait for Sibyl to get home — she spent the night in Brookline, and didn't come till five o'clock — to tell her. I began before she had got her hat or gloves off, and she sat down with them on, and listened like a three-years' child to the Ancient Mariner, but she lost no time when she understood the facts. She went out immediately and stripped the nasturtium bed. If you could have seen it when you came in, there's hardly a blossom left. She took the decorations of Lemuel's room into her own hands at once; and if there is any saving power in nastur-

tiums, he will be a changed person. She says that now the great object is to keep him from feeling that he has been an outcast, and needs to be reclaimed; she says nothing could be worse for him. I don't know how she knows."

"Barker might feel that he was disgraced," said the minister, "but I don't believe that a whole system of ethics would make him suspect that he needed to be reclaimed."

"He makes me suspect that I need to be reclaimed," said Miss Vane, "when he looks at me with those beautiful honest eyes of his."

Mrs. Sewell asked, "Has he seen the decorations yet?"

"Not at all. They are to steal upon him when he comes in to-night. The gas is to be turned very low, and he is to notice everything gradually, so as not to get the impression that things have been done with a design upon him." She laughed in reporting these ideas, which were plainly those of the young girl. "Sh!" she whispered at the end.

A tall girl, with a slim vase in her hand, drifted in upon their group like an apparition. She had heavy black eyebrows with beautiful blue eyes under them, full of an intensity unrelieved by humor.

"Auntie!" she said severely, "have you been telling?"

"Only Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, Sibyl," said Miss Vane. "Their knowing won't hurt. He'll never know it."

"If he hears you laughing, he'll know it's about him. He's in the kitchen now. He's come in the back way. Do be quiet." She had given her hand without other greeting in her preoccupation to each of the Sewells in turn, and now she passed out of the room.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

APRIL'S LADY.

IT was fortunate that when the editor of the "Dark Red" magazine first did me the honor to request a story from my pen, I had one ready for him, and one, moreover, with which I was so well satisfied. I had so long vainly desired to be really asked for a contribution, and thus raised from the numerous and indiscriminate company of scribblers who send hopeful manuscripts to the magazines, and in trembling uncertainty await the issue, that it is not strange my bosom swelled with gratified pride, and that I dispatched my copy with so perfect a sense of complacency that I almost seemed to condescend a little in letting the editor have it.

I was fond of that story. I experienced a certain delight in recalling the circumstances under which it was composed, and I felt in it

that confidence which an author is sure to have in work which has sprung spontaneously and as it were full-grown from his brain. Every literary worker, down to the veriest penny-a-liner of them all, knows the difference between a tale which makes itself, so to speak, growing unforced into beauty and completeness like a crystal, and a laboriously constructed piece of work, be it contrived never so ingeniously and cleverly. The fiction I sent to the editor of the "Dark Red" was of the former variety. It had come into my head all of itself, as the children say, while I was traveling between New York and Boston, so complete and so distinct that I scarcely seemed to have more to do with its creation than the later putting upon paper.

The circumstances were these:

I had reached the Grand Central depot just in time to catch the morning train; and as the cars swept out of the station, I settled myself into a seat with a comfortable and something too self-satisfied feeling. In the first place, I was glad to be out of New York; partly because it was hot and dusty there, partly because I am not over-fond of Gotham, and partly because I had sundry pleasant bachelor friends and divers good times awaiting me at the Boston end of my journey. I looked out upon the sunny landscape, over which the splendors of an April day cast a glow of warmth and brightness, smiled at the remembrance of a retort I had made at the Century Club on the previous evening which seemed to me rather neat, and then with a sort of mental nod of farewell to all the outside world I took up my book and prepared to follow the fortunes of the woful and wicked, but thoroughly charming French heroine with whose adventures I was at that particular time occupying myself. To my vexation, however, I discovered that instead of the second volume I had taken the first, and as I had no especial desire to peruse again the somewhat detailed account of the heroine's youth, her career at school, her first confession and early marriage,—all these being preliminary to the impropriety and the interest of the book, which, after the reprehensible manner of French novels, began together,—I laid down the volume with a sigh, and resigned myself to a ride of unalleviated dullness.

A resource instantly presented itself, however, in the page which the lady in the seat before me was reading. As I glanced up I saw that she was entertaining herself with poetry, and the next moment a familiar line caught my eye:

"If you were April's lady, and I were lord of May."

"Swinburne," I mused, "or a collection of selected poems, perhaps. Wiseacres would say one ought to know what a reader is like by the book she reads; but in the first place that's nonsense, and in the second place I don't know what book she is reading. She has an exquisite ear, and her hair is something bewildering. 'If you were April's lady.' April's lady should be a capricious creature, all smiles and tears, with winning ways and willful wiles; impulsive and wayward, and thoroughly enchanting. It would not";—my thoughts ran on in a professional turn, while my eyes dwelt appreciatively if somewhat presumptuously upon the lovely curve of my neighbor's neck—"it would not be a bad notion to write a story of such a maiden and call it 'April's Lady.' Let me see, what should it be like?"

And upon this impulse I fell to pondering, when suddenly, as if by magic, a tale pre-

sented itself all complete in my mind. My mental action appeared to me more like that of remembering than of creating, so real and so complete was the pretty history. The self-willed, volatile damsel whose fortunes it concerned seemed one whom I had known and whom I might meet again some day. In my mind she assumed, it is true, an outward semblance similar to that of the lady before me, upon whose back I fixed my regards in an absorbed stare, which should have disturbed her could looks make themselves felt. She did not move, however, and as she did not turn the leaf of her book, I fancied she might have fallen into a reverie as deep as my own. I had not been able fully to see her face, although a lucky turn had given me a glimpse of a profile full of character and beauty, and which made me desire to behold more. I did not, however, trouble myself about the exact details of my heroine's features, for every story-teller has a stock of choice personal charms with which to endow his fictitious children, but continued to gloat over my little romance; and so vividly was the tale of "April's Lady" impressed upon my mind that although some weeks elapsed before I found time to put it upon paper, I found not the slightest difficulty in recalling even its most trifling incidents.

Almost the whole of my journey was taken up in turning the story over in my mind, and when we drew into the Boston station, and my neighbor closed her volume to begin the collection of her numerous feminine possessions, I had half a mind to lean forward and thank her for having given me, although unconsciously, so good a story.

It did seem to me, even after I had sent my manuscript off and the dreadful moment came when one realizes that it is too late to make changes and consequently thinks of plenty of things he wishes to alter, that "April's Lady" was the best work I had ever done. I had let a month or two pass between its first writing and the final revision, and I was pretty well satisfied that I had produced a really capital story. I fondly hoped Mr. Lane, the editor of the "Dark Red," would be moved by its excellence to give me further orders; and the eagerness with which I one morning tore open an envelope upon which I recognized his handwriting may be easily enough imagined, at least by members of the literary guild. My impatience gave place to profound astonishment as I read the following note:

OFFICE DARK RED MAGAZINE,
BOSTON, September 27.

MY DEAR MR. GRAY: Can you drop into my office to-morrow about noon? By some odd coincidence I received a story very similar to your "April's Lady,"

and bearing the same title, several days earlier, and should like to talk with you about it.

Very truly yours,

J. Q. LANE.

I was utterly confounded. I racked my brains to discover who could possibly have stolen my story, and even suspected the small black girl who dusted my rooms, although the sooty little morsel did not know one letter from another. The first draft of the story had lain in my desk for some time, it was true, yet that any literary burglar should have forced an entrance and then contented himself with copying this seemed, upon the whole, scarcely probable. I ransacked my memory for some old tale which I might unconsciously have plagiarized, but I could think of nothing; and moreover I reflected that the coincidence of names certainly could not be accounted for in this way, even did I recall the germ of my plot.

I presented myself at the office of the "Dark Red" at the hour appointed with a clear conscience, it is true, but with positively no suggestion whatever to offer in regard to the method by which a copy of my story could have reached the editor in advance of my own manuscript.

Mr. Lane received me with the conventionally cordial manner which is as much a part of editorial duties as is the use of the blue pencil, and without much delay came to the business of the call.

"There is something very singular about this affair," he said, laying out my manuscript, and beside it another which I could see was written in a running feminine hand. "If the stories were a little more alike, I should be sure one was copied from the other; as it is, it is inconceivable that they have not at least a common origin. Where did you get your idea?"

"Why, so far as I know," I replied in perplexity, "I evolved it from my inner consciousness, but the germ may have been the unconscious recollection of some incident or floating idea. I've tried to discover where I did get the fancy, but without a glimmer of success. Who sent you the other version?"

"A lady of whose integrity I am as sure as I am of yours. That's the odd part of it. Besides, you are both of you too clever to plagiarize, even if you weren't too honest. The mere similarity of theme isn't so strange; that happens often enough; but that the title of the stories should be identical, and that in each the heroine should be named May —"

"Is her heroine named May?" I interrupted in astonishment, "Why, then, she must have seen my copy; or," I added, a new thought striking me, "she must have got the name in the same way I did. I took the title of the story and the name of the heroine from a line of Swinburne, and —"

"And," interrupted the editor in turn,

catching up the manuscript before him, "so did she."

And he showed me, written at the head of the page:

"If you were April's lady, and I were lord of May."

"Well," I remarked, with a not unnatural mingling of philosophy and annoyance, "it is all of a piece with my theory that ideas are in the air and belong, like wild geese, to whoever catches them first; but it is vexatious, when I captured a fancy that particularly pleased me, to find that some woman or other has been smart enough to get salt on its tail-feathers before I did."

Mr. Lane smiled at my desperate air, and at that moment his little office-boy, whom I particularly detest because of the catlike stillness and suddenness of his movements, silently produced first himself and then a card.

"Agnes Graham," read Mr. Lane. "Here is your rival to speak for herself. I hope you don't mind seeing her?"

"Oh, by no means," I replied rather ungraciously. "Let us see what she is like and what she will have to say about this puzzle."

The name was not wholly new to me, as I had seen it signed to various magazine articles, concerning which at this moment I had only the most vague and general idea. I was sitting with my back to the door, and in rising I still kept my face half turned away from the lady who entered, but I saw the reflection of her face in a mirror opposite without any sense of recognition. As she advanced a step or two, however, and half passed me, I knew her. The delicate ear, the fine sweep of the neck, the knot of golden brown hair, were all familiar. It was the lady who had sat before me in the cars from New York on that April day.

As she turned in recognition of Mr. Lane's introduction, a faint flush seemed to show that she too recognized me, although I was unable to understand how she should know me, since she certainly had not turned her head once in the entire journey. I set it down to pure feminine intuition, not having wholly freed myself from that masculine superstition which regards woman's instinct as a sort of supernatural clairvoyance.

My sensations on discovering her identity were not wholly unlike those of a man who inadvertently touches a charged Leyden jar.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what a psychological conundrum, or whatever you choose to call it. The whole matter is as plain to me now as daylight."

"Well?" Mr. Lane asked, while Miss Graham regarded me with an air which seemed to question whether my insanity were of a dangerous type.

"Pardon me, Miss Graham, if I cross-question you a little," I went on, becoming somewhat excited. "You came from New York on the morning train on Wednesday, the fifteenth—no, the sixteenth of last April, did you not?"

"Yes," she answered, her color again a trifle heightened, but her appearance being rather that of perplexity than of self-consciousness.

"And on the way you read Swinburne till you came to the line,

'If you were April's lady, and I were lord of May';

and it occurred to you what a capital name for a story 'April's Lady' would be?"

"Yes," she repeated; and then, with a yet more puzzled air, she turned to Mr. Lane to ask, "Is this mind-reading?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned he. "Mr. Gray can best tell what it is."

"And the rest of the way to Boston," I continued, ignoring the interruption, "you were elaborating your story. You took the heroine's name from the same line, and had a pun at the climax about the hero's becoming 'lord of May.'"

"No," Miss Graham retorted, beginning to enter into the spirit of the situation. "I deny the pun, although I acknowledge the rest. The pun I didn't even think of."

"Well, you see I haven't read your manuscript, but I own I fell so low that I put in the pun myself. At least the old gentleman with a scar on his cheek, who sat in the corner of the car, gave you hints for——"

"The uncle," broke in Miss Graham, with a gleeful laugh at the remembrance of the oddity of the old gentleman's appearance. "But how in the world did you know?"

"Oh, he did me. We evidently had the same mental experience; which proves, I suppose, that we are literary Corsican brothers or something of the sort."

"But the great question to be settled is," Mr. Lane observed, bringing in, after some further talk, the editorial consideration, "whose story this really is."

"Miss Graham's, by all means," I said instantly. "Hers was first in the field, and if I hadn't impertinently looked over her shoulder, I shouldn't have had any share in it whatever."

Miss Graham laughed, showing a delicious dimple, and Mr. Lane, who evidently had no desire to settle the question under discussion, looked inquiringly at her for a response to my words.

"You are very generous, Mr. Gray," she answered; "but in the first place my story has never been accepted for the 'Dark Red,' and in the second, as the stories really ought to stand on their merits, I shall certainly not venture to

put mine into competition with yours, but prefer to pocket my manuscript and retire."

"I fear," was my reply, "that I discover rather a tendency to sarcasm in what you say than any true humility. Of course the first point is one for Mr. Lane to settle."

The editor cleared his throat with some embarrassment, but before he found the words he wanted, Miss Graham spoke again.

"I had not the slightest idea of being sarcastic, for, of course, it goes without saying that your story is better than mine; but since you choose to take it in that way, I am willing to leave the whole matter to Mr. Lane. He is at least the only person who has read both manuscripts."

"Really," Mr. Lane said, thus pushed into a corner, "I am extremely sorry to find myself placed in so trying a situation. There are points in which each story excels, and the best result would undoubtedly be attained by welding them together."

"If that could be done," said Miss Graham thoughtfully.

"Now, in Mr. Gray's version," he continued, "the heroine is more attractive and real."

"That," I interpolated, trying to cover the awkwardness I felt by a jest, "is the first time in all my literary experience that the character I thought best in a story I'd written has seemed so to the editorial mind."

The dark eyes of my neighbor gave me a bright, brief glance, but whether of sympathy with my statement or of contempt for the feebleness of my attempts at being jocose, I could not determine.

"While Miss Graham," went on the editorial comment, "has decidedly the advantage in her hero."

Miss Graham flushed slightly, but offered no remark in reply to this opinion beyond a smile which seemed one of frank pleasure. We sat in silence a moment, a not unnatural hesitancy preventing my making a proposition which had presented itself to my mind.

"If it will not seem impertinent to Miss Graham," I ventured at length, "I would propose that we really do try the experiment of collaboration on this story. I have never worked with anybody, but I promise to be tractable; and the thing had so odd a beginning that it is a pity to thwart the evident intention of destiny that we shall both have a hand in it."

To this proposition the lady at first returned a decided and even peremptory negative; but my persuasions, seconded by those of Mr. Lane, who was partly curious and partly anxious to escape from the necessity of arbitrating in the matter, in the end induced her to alter her decision.

The result of the interview was that when we left the office of the "Dark Red" Miss Graham had my manuscript and I hers, and that an appointment had been made for my calling upon her with a view to an interchange of comments and criticisms.

Upon the appointed evening I presented myself at the home of Miss Graham, and almost without the usual conventionalities concerning the weather we proceeded to discuss the stories. We began with great outward suavity and courtesy the exchange of compliments, which were so obviously formal and perfunctory that in a moment more we looked into each other's faces and burst into laughter, which if hardly polite was at least genuine.

"Come," I said, "now the ice is broken and we can say what we really think; and I must be pardoned for saying that that hero of yours, whom Mr. Lane praised, is the most insufferable cad I've encountered this many a day. He can't be set off against that lovely girl in my story. Why, the truth is, Miss Graham, I meant her to be what I fancied you might be. She's the ideal I built up from seeing you in the cars."

"I must say," Miss Graham retorted with spirit, "that if you meant that pert heroine of yours for me, I am anything but complimented."

"It is a pity, then, that you didn't intend your hero for me, and we should have been more than quits."

She blushed so vividly that a sudden light burst upon me.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "he does have my eyes and beard; but you didn't see me. It isn't possible——"

"But it is," interrupted she, desperately. "With a mirror directly before me all the way from New York, do you suppose I could help seeing you! I'm sure you kept your eyes on me steadily enough to give me a good excuse."

I whistled rudely; whereat she looked offended, and we went on from one thing to another until we had got up a very respectable quarrel indeed. There is nothing more conducive to a thoroughly good understanding between persons of opposite sex than a genuine quarrel; and having reached the point where there was no alternative but to separate in anger or to apologize, we chose the latter course, and, having mutually humbled ourselves, after that got on capitally.

"It is my deliberate conviction," she observed, when we at length got upon a footing sufficiently familiar for jesting, "that this story is really mine, and that you purloined it from me by some mysterious clairvoyance."

"That may be," I admitted. "I once guessed that a man was a bartender by the way he

stirred his coffee at the steamer table, and that got me a very pretty reputation as a seer for a day or two; and very likely the truth is that I was all the time a mind-reader without knowing it."

She smiled good-naturedly—more good-naturedly, indeed, than the jest deserved; and from that moment our acquaintance got on famously. The story was far from advancing as rapidly, however. A very brief time sufficed to reduce both versions of "April's Lady" to hopeless confusion, but to build from the fragments a new and improved copy was a labor of much magnitude. Circumstances, moreover, conspired to hinder our work. It was necessary that we verify our impressions of material we had used, and to do this we were obliged to attend the theater together, to read together various poems, and together to hear a good deal of music. A little ingenuity, and a common inclination to prolong these investigations, effected so great a lengthening out that it was several months before we could even pretend to be ready to begin serious work upon the story; and even then we were far from agreeing in a number of important particulars.

"Agnes," I remarked, one February evening, when we were on our way home from a concert to which we had boldly gone without even a pretense that it was in the remotest way connected with our literary project, "I fear we are becoming demoralized, and it seems to me the only hope of our ever completing 'April's Lady' is to put everything else aside for the time being and give our minds to it. I can get my work arranged and you can finish those articles for 'The Quill' by the middle of March. Then we can be quietly married and go to some nice, old-fashioned place—say St. Augustine—for a couple of months and get this *magnum opus* on paper at last."

"As to being married," returned she sedately, "have you considered that we could not possibly make a living, since we should inevitably be always writing the same things?"

"Why, that is my chief reason," I retorted, "for proposing it. Think how awkward it is going to be if either of us marries somebody else, and then we write the same things. It is a good deal better to have our interests in common if our inventive faculty is to be so."

"There is something in what you say," Agnes assented; "and it would be especially awkward for you, since the invention is in my head."

"Then we will consider it all arranged."

"Oh, no, George; by no means. I couldn't think of it for a minute!"

Whether she did think of it for a minute is a point which may be left for the settling of

those versed in the ways of the female mind; certain it is that the programme was carried out—except in one trifling particular. We were quietly married, we did go to St. Augustine, but as for doing anything with the story, that was quite another thing. We did not finish it then, and we have not finished it yet, and I have ceased to have any very firm con-

fidence that we ever shall finish it; although, whenever arises one of those financial crises which are so painfully frequent in the family of a literary man, and we sit down to consider possible resources, one or the other of us is sure sooner or later to observe:

"And then there is 'April's Lady,' you know."

Arlo Bates.

TOY DOGS.



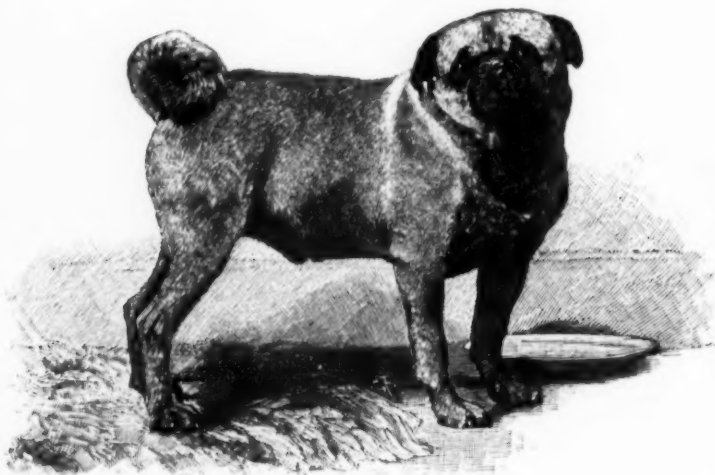
ENGLISH TOY TERRIER. (LIFE SIZE.)

UNDER the general term of toy dogs are classified all the smaller breeds kept as pets of the household. The date of the introduction of these diminutive specimens is as difficult to determine as the origin of the breeds. In the old book of John Caius on "Englishe Dogges," translated into English by Abraham Hening in 1576, he devotes the third section to the "delicate, neate, and pretty kind of dogges called the Spaniel gentle or the Comforter, in Latine Melitæus or Fotor." The Comforter is represented as having its

origin in the island of Malta. Fifty years ago the varieties of toy dogs were much more numerous than at present, as we read of the Italian greyhound, the Shock dog, the King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, the Comforter, the Maltese dog, the Lion dog, the Pug, the small Danish dog, the Roquet, the Mopsie, and the Artoise dog. Of those in the foregoing list which have disappeared, the Shock dog was said to have been a cross between the King Charles and small poodle, with long and slightly curled hair. The Comforter was a

white dog with black or brown patches, long ears, a broad forehead, sharp muzzle, and long hair. It was a very popular dog at the beginning of this present century. The Lion dog had long silky hair about the head, neck, and shoulders, and a tuft at the end of the tail, the body and legs being smooth. The small Danish, Roquet, Mopsie, and Artoise dogs were evidently local names for dogs allied to the pug. Buffon took upon himself the responsibility of subdividing them from their common progenitor the pug.

mitten to relieve it of squareness. Muzzle short and blunt, cut square down from the nose as if with a knife. The entire muzzle should be jet-black, the color extending to the eyes. The cheek-moles should stand out clear and distinct black spots, and the thumb-mark on the skull, together with the trace or line extending from the head to the tail down the middle of the back, should be as black and as distinctly drawn as possible. Color is very difficult to obtain. If the mask is light, the thumb-mark and trace as well as the black



ENGLISH PUG, "CHAMPION JOE."

THE PUG.

At the present date the old distinct types of Willoughby and Morrison pugs are no longer recognized. The dog is so plastic in the hands of the breeder that it takes but few years before a more perfect dog is produced, combining the best points of different strains. When fanciers can indulge in ecstasies over the beauty of a well-nigh perfect bull-dog, there is no reason why a pug should not be called good-looking. It is perhaps because there are so very few good pugs that many people fail to see anything attractive about the breed. The main point or what is known as the "type" or "character" of this breed is its compact shape. The pug must be broad-chested, thick-bodied, and stand squarely on good, straight legs. A leggy pug with a tucked-up loin, such as one sees every day on Fifth Avenue, is a pug only in name. The head should be large, but the skull must not be domed or "apple-headed," a gentle curve between the ears being all that is per-

toe-nails are apt to be missing; and if the latter are very dark, then we find the black of the muzzle extending up the forehead, and giving the dog a "dirty" face. The favorite way for the ears is to have them drop over in front like a fox-terrier's. This is known as "button" ears. Others throw their ears back like the bull-dog, and that is called "rose" ears. A neat button ear looks for all the world like a piece of fine black velvet on a well-wrinkled skull, the black lines of the wrinkles showing clear and distinct from the silver or fawn jacket, with the thumb-mark showing diamond-shaped in the center. The eyes are large, prominent, and have a soft, beseeching expression, except when the animal is excited, when they are bright and sparkling. Pugs are very subject to affections of the eyes, which if not cared for will result in blindness. It is a matter of no consequence on which side the tail is carried, so long as it is tightly curled and lies as flat as possible to the hip.



MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOG "ME TOO." (OWNED BY MRS. H. T. FOOTE.)

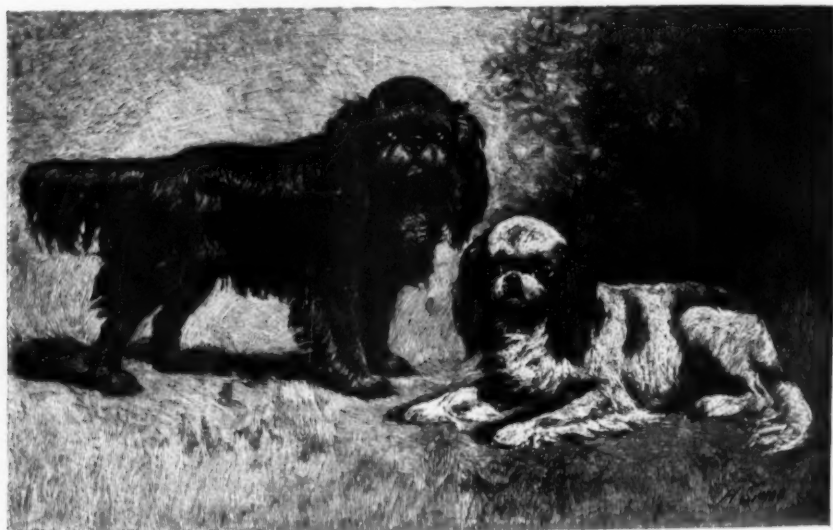
KING CHARLES SPANIELS.

As the name implies, this breed is an old and well-established one, having been fashionable in the time of King Charles II.; but since then the breed has undergone many changes. According to Vandyke, the toy spaniels of his day were liver and white, and Lely introduces a small white spaniel with brown spots in his portrait of Mary, the consort of James II. The court ladies of Charles the Second's time preferred the introduction of lambs in their portraits, and Nell Gwynne and the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth are so painted. It is not exactly clear how the present black-and-tan spaniel came by his name if the dogs of King Charles's time were of such a variety of colors as our authorities would have us believe. Sir William Jardine in 1843 says the King Charles spaniel was in general black and white, but he is a poor authority to refer to, as he fails to notice the Blenheim spaniels, spoken of in 1820 in the "Sportsman's Repository" as having been brought to a high degree of perfection by the Duke of Marlborough twenty years before. In Captain Thomas Brown's work published in 1829, he says: "This dog is found of all colors; but those which are black, with tanned cheeks and legs, are considered the purest breed." "Stonehenge," in his earlier editions, says: "The color is black and tan more or less

mixed with white, the less the better"; and in a later edition of "Dogs of the British Islands," he says: "A rich black and tan is demanded without white, the black, tan, and white variety being discarded. The Blenheims, on the other hand, must on no account be whole-colored." According to that it would be difficult to say where "Stonehenge" would place the all-red spaniel. On the other hand, the "Book of the Dog" says that white is a perfectly legitimate King Charles color, and laments the partial disappearance of the black, white, and tan dog. This authority also asserts that the red dog is a Blenheim, red being a Blenheim and not a King Charles color. It should be borne in mind, however, that a black-and-tan spaniel with white on its breast is not a tricolor. The latter should have a white muzzle and blaze running well up the skull, white chest and legs, and more or less white on the body, with tan spots above the eyes, and on the muzzle, cheeks, and under side of the tail and ears, and some have ticks on their legs. The black and tan should be of a rich glossy black and deep-red tan, the latter appearing on the muzzle, legs, and under side of the tail, with spots above the eyes and on the side of the cheek; in fact, the markings of a terrier or Gordon setter. The usual color fault is a washy or "clayey" tan, which the fancier corrects by a cross with the red spaniel. The

The shape of the toy spaniel is purely an arbitrary one, and the fancy dictates that the muzzle must be square and short, with a deep indentation or "stop" between the eyes, which must be large and prominent and dark in color. The skull is now required to be large and round, bulging out in front so as even to overhang the end of the nose, the muzzle seemingly driven back into the head. The ears should be set on the side of the head, low down on a level with the eyes, and they should be long and well clothed with long silken hair, as free from curl as possible. The coat should be soft and long and as flat, and straight as possible; a curly coat is a fault which is fur-

shire, and is pronounced as if spelt *Blen-em*. The general description of the King Charles spaniel applies to it, but it is seldom that it is seen with such profusion of coat, although, judging from the increased interest now being taken in the breed in England, they have doubtless improved much in quality. The color of the Blenheim is usually described as red and white, but the red is really more of an orange, and the white should be pearly white. A properly marked specimen should have a white muzzle slightly ticked with red, and a blaze running up the forehead and widening towards the top of the head, in the center of which is an orange spot about the



KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIM SPANIELS.

ther aggravated by repeated washings. Careful brushing is much better for the texture and lay of the coat. The legs and tail should be plentifully feathered, the hair growing out from between the toes, which makes the feet appear much larger than they really are. In shape the toy spaniel should be very cobby — short and thick — with a deep and wide chest, short, straight legs, and a short back. So long as the King Charles does not exceed ten pounds and is not too high on the legs, his shape is usually about right, and it can make but little difference in a breed in which fifty per cent. of the points is awarded to head properties and thirty to coat.

THE BLENHEIM SPANIEL.

THE name of the breed is obtained from the Duke of Marlborough's estate in Oxford-

shire, and is pronounced as if spelt *Blen-em*. The general description of the King Charles spaniel applies to it, but it is seldom that it is seen with such profusion of coat, although, judging from the increased interest now being taken in the breed in England, they have doubtless improved much in quality. The color of the Blenheim is usually described as red and white, but the red is really more of an orange, and the white should be pearly white. A properly marked specimen should have a white muzzle slightly ticked with red, and a blaze running up the forehead and widening towards the top of the head, in the center of which is an orange spot about the

THE JAPANESE SPANIEL.

THE dog-show nomenclature of this country has decided that the small black-and-white spaniel with the pug tail which comes from Japan and China shall be called the Japanese



JAPANESE PUG. (BY PERMISSION OF MME. DESNOYERS.)

spaniel, while in England it is sometimes called the Japanese pug. The best specimen I have ever seen was erroneously entered in the miscellaneous class of New York in 1882 as a Pekinese spaniel, it having been brought direct from Pekin. In some of the English papers reference has from time to time been made to Japanese "pugs" other than black and white, but I have never seen any of them. In the absence of any recognized standard, I consider the general characteristics of the toy spaniel ought to govern, and that we should have a much more compact dog with longer coat and more profuse feather than is to be usually seen at our shows. The dog referred to above was of that character, the feather on the fore-legs being at least three inches long, whereas usually it is not over an inch. The ears and tail of the Jap differ materially from the English spaniels, the former being small, V-shaped, and set more like a fox-terrier's. The tail, instead of being carried on a level with the back, as in the case of most spaniels, is tightly curled like a pug dog's. The forehead also is very protuberant, and it is claimed

that the Japanese spaniel has been used to produce the present abnormal head development of the English spaniels, a supposition which I take the liberty of questioning for several reasons which need not now be set forth.

THE ITALIAN GREYHOUND.

THERE is probably no more delicate dog than the Italian greyhound, and on account of the difficulty of rearing them they are extremely scarce. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, notorious as it is for the trying nature of its climate, should be the place where Italian greyhounds are the special fancy. The dogs exhibited at our shows during the last year or two as Italian greyhounds are simply monstrosities. The Italian greyhound should not exceed seven pounds in weight, and should be as much under that as possible; whereas the dogs which now win prizes are ten or twelve pounds weight and but little better than "whippets" or racing dogs. The general outline is that of the English greyhound, but as the

latter is nearly ten times as heavy, there is a marked difference between the two breeds. In the greyhound speed and strength are the characteristics, and in the Italian delicacy; hence, although very light, he is yet rather a tall dog. The smallness of his bones enables him to add inches to his height and enhance the fragility of his appearance. Unlike the toy spaniel, in which fifty per cent. of the standard points go to head properties, we find that forty-five per cent. of the scale for the Italian greyhound is taken up for color, symmetry, and size, and but fifteen per cent. for head. "Stonehenge" gives fifteen points for color, and regulates the color scale as follows: whole golden fawn, 15; whole dove fawn, 14; whole blue fawn, 13; whole stone fawn, 12; whole cream-colored or white

taking breeders of Huddersfield, Bradford, and the surrounding district in Yorkshire, England. Some of our authorities have attempted to throw a great deal of mystery about the origin of the Yorkshire terrier, where none in reality exists. If we consider that the mill operatives who originated the breed by careful selection of the best long-coated small terriers they could find were nearly all ignorant men, unaccustomed to imparting information for public use, we may see some reason why reliable facts have not been easily attained. These early writers show but little knowledge of the possibilities of selection. "Stonehenge," for instance, in his early editions speaks of it as being impossible for a dog with a three-inch coat and seven-inch beard to be



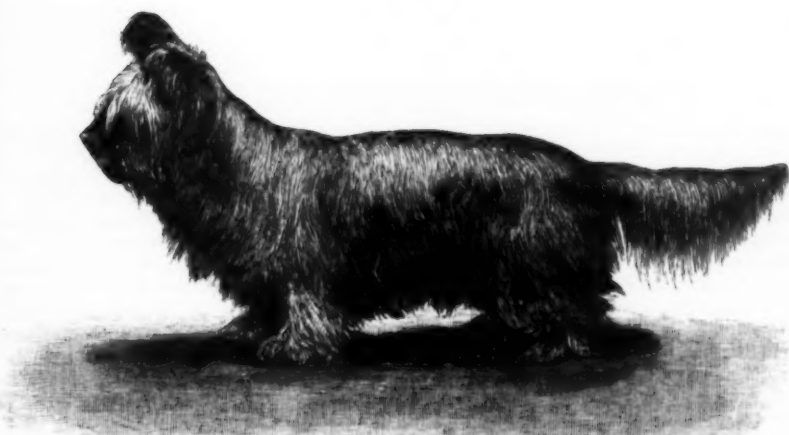
YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

with black tips, 10; whole red or yellow with black muzzle, 6; whole black, or plain red or yellow, 5; whole blue, 4; parti-colored, 0. It will not be altogether pleasant to owners who speak of the beautiful white ring around their favorite's neck, or his white chest and feet, to find that these markings deprive their favorite of any value on account of color. The ears should not be pricked, but thrown back,—“rose-eared,”—and they should be very fine in the leather. Mr. Mason imported two good specimens in 1881, but both are now dead; and although every effort has been made to secure a good specimen for illustration, the task had to be abandoned.

THE YORKSHIRE TERRIER.

By common consent the title of dandy of the dog world has been given to the little exquisite whose existence we owe to the pains-

a descendant of the soft-coated Scotch terrier without a cross of some kind. The absurdity of this is shown when within a few years of the date of his writing Yorkshire terriers were shown with twelve inches of coat. Then again he speaks of the King Charles spaniel as being employed to give the blue and tan, than which a more ridiculous statement could not have been penned. To get a blue and tan, long, straight, silky coat, breeders were not likely to employ a black-and-tan dog with a wide chest, tucked-up loin, a round bullet head, large protruding eyes, and heavy spaniel ears. The idea is too absurd to entertain for a moment. As arrayed against all the conjectures of theorists, I have in my possession a letter from Mrs. M. A. Foster, of Bradford, England, who in writing of her dog “Bradford Hero,” the winner of ninety-seven first prizes, says: “The pedigree of ‘Bradford Hero’ includes all the best dogs for thirty-five years



SANDERSON'S "JIM"—SKYE TERRIER.

back, and they were all originally bred from Scotch terriers, and shown as such until a few years back. The name Yorkshire terrier was given to them on account of their being improved so much in Yorkshire."

It is no easy task to keep a Yorkshire terrier in show condition; indeed, the show dog leads an unnatural existence. He must be fed from the hand with bread dipped in tea or a little gravy, and every care taken to prevent him from soiling his coat. His hind-feet are tied up in little linen boots so that he cannot scratch himself, and his life is spent in a small inclosure or wire cage, except when liberated for a little run. Before being sent to a show, he is carefully washed to take out of his coat the oil that has been applied to keep the hair from matting. The process of drying him after his bath is a most tedious one, as the comb and brush must be kept in operation till every individual hair is thoroughly dry down to the very root. The coat is then a light silken mass which the least puff of wind will raise up in a fleecy cloud. After the bath, it is usual to touch lightly with oil, but this requires to be very skillfully done, so as to avoid the least appearance of the foreign matter. The use of a brush which has been used on an oiled dog is commonly sufficient. The proper color of the Yorkshire terrier is a blue body, with fawn-colored face shading off into a tan on the legs. The ears, which are usually cropped, show darker than their surrounding head coat. The tail is docked and should be carried straight out, and is well feathered. Fashion ordains that blue and tan shall be the color, but the silver-bodied terrier is decidedly preferred by buyers of house pets here. Dealers are not

slow to take advantage of this, and the silvers which are comparatively worthless in England are imported in large numbers to satisfy the popular demand, and a handsome profit realized on them. It is almost unnecessary to state that when kept as a pet, with the free run of the house, the long silky coat of the Yorkshire terrier soon becomes broken and reduced in length, and the constant washings to which his fond mistress subjects him tend still further to curtail the dog's main beauty as well as to bleach out the blue of the body coat.

TOY TERRIERS.

At shows there are usually two classes given—one for rough-haired toys, and the other for smooths under seven pounds. The former is made up of a lot of little nondescripts, with sometimes a toy Skye terrier included, but for the main part they are mongrel Yorkshires or small broken-haired terriers. In the smooth class, the specimens are nearly all black-and-tan terriers, and it is these alone that require any attention. The neater and smaller the specimen the better, provided it is covered with hair. These diminutive inbred toys are apt to lose their hair, and are then only shivering monstrosities. In markings the toy black-and-tan should approach as nearly as possible the requirements of the large-sized black-and-tan terrier. The head should also approximate in shape to the large terrier, but with diminution in size of body it seems well-nigh impossible to retain the narrow, flat skull, which will run to the "apple-headed" order.

James Watson.

GLIMPSES OF LONGFELLOW IN SOCIAL LIFE.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

THIS sketch of Longfellow, done from life, will preserve, we trust, in spite of its unstudied lines, some features of the man which might be lost in a more labored or more important work. He was himself so simple in the plan and habit of his life that it is well to recall him as he lived and walked among us, before his statue is placed on the pedestal of his just fame.

From his early youth Longfellow was a scholar, and his acquisition of foreign languages was most unusual.

As his reputation widened, he was led to observe this to be a gift as well as an acquirement. It gave him the convenient and agreeable power of entertaining the foreigners who sought his society. He said one evening, late in life, that he could not help being struck with the little trouble it was to him to recall any language he had ever studied, even though he had not spoken it for years. He had found himself talking Spanish, for instance, with considerable ease a few days before. He said he could not recall having even read anything in Spanish for many years, and it was certainly thirty since he had given it any study. Also it was the same with German. "I cannot imagine," he continued, "what it would be to take up a language and try to master it at this period of my life. I cannot remember how or when I learned any of them;—to-night I have been speaking German, without finding the least difficulty."

Hawthorne once said in speaking of his own early life and the days at Bowdoin College, where he and Longfellow were in the same class, that no two young men could have been more unlike. Longfellow, he explained, was a tremendous student, and always carefully dressed, while he himself was extremely careless of his appearance, no student at all, and entirely incapable at that period of appreciating Longfellow. Later in life a warm friendship grew up between them, and I find a little note from Longfellow in which he says he has had a sad letter from Hawthorne, and adds: "I wish we could have a little dinner for him, of two sad authors and two jolly publishers, nobody else!"

Of Longfellow's student-days Mr. Fields once wrote: "I hope they keep bright the little room numbered twenty-seven in Maine Hall in Bowdoin College, for it was in that pleasant apartment, looking out on the pine

groves, that the young poet of nineteen wrote many of those beautiful earlier pieces, now collected in his works. These early poems were all composed in 1824 and 1825, during his last years in college, and were printed first in a periodical called 'The United States Literary Gazette,' the sapient editor of which magazine once kindly advised the ardent young scholar to give up poetry and buckle down to the study of law! 'No good can come of it,' he said; 'don't let him do such things; make him stick to prose!' But the pine-trees waving outside his window kept up a perpetual melody in his heart, and he could not choose but sing back to them."

One of the earliest pictures I find of the every-day life of Longfellow when a youth is a little anecdote told by him in humorous illustration of the woes of young authors. I quote from a brief diary.—"Longfellow amused us to-day by talking of his youth, and especially with a description of the first poem he ever wrote, called 'The Battle of Lovell's Pond.' It was printed in a Portland newspaper one morning, and the same evening he was invited to the house of the Chief Justice to meet his son, a rising poet just returned from Harvard. The Judge rose in a stately manner during the evening and said to his son: 'Did you see a poem in to-day's paper upon the Battle of Lovell's Pond?' 'No, sir,' said the boy, 'I did not.' 'Well, sir,' responded his father, 'it was a very stiff production. G—, get your own poem on the same subject, and I will read it to the company.' The poem was read aloud, while the perpetrator of the 'stiff production' sat, as he said, very still in a corner."

Nor did the young author find a speedy pecuniary value accorded to his labors. He amused his friends one day by confessing that Mr. Buckingham paid him one year's subscription of the "Boston Courier," for his translation of the "Coplas de Manrique," and several prose articles. After this he sent his poems to Messrs. Little and Brown, who presented him the volume in which they appeared and sundry other books as compensation.

What a singular contrast was this beginning to his future literary history. Late in life his publisher wrote: "I remember how instantaneously in the year 1839 'The Voices of the Night' sped triumphantly on its way! At

present Longfellow's currency in Europe is almost unparalleled. Twenty-four publishing houses in England have issued the whole or a part of his works. Many of his poems have been translated into Russian and Hebrew. 'Evangeline' has been translated three times into German, and 'Hiawatha' has not only gone into nearly all the modern languages, but can now be read in Latin. I have seen translations of all Longfellow's principal works, in prose and poetry, in French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish. The Emperor of Brazil has himself translated and published 'Robert of Sicily,' one of the poems in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' into his native tongue, and in China they use a fan which has become immensely popular on account of the 'Psalm of Life' being printed on it in the language of the Celestial Empire. Professor Kneeland, who went to the national millennial celebration in Iceland, told me that when he was leaving that far-away land, on the verge almost of the Arctic circle, the people said to him: 'Tell Longfellow that we love him; tell him we read and rejoice in his poems; tell him that Iceland knows him by heart.' To-day there is no disputing the fact that Longfellow is more popular in the best sense than any other living poet; that his books are more widely circulated, command greater attention, and bring more copyright money than those of any other author, not excepting Tennyson, now writing English verse!"

There was always a striking contrast between the perfect modesty and simplicity of Longfellow and the blare of popularity which beset him. Though naturally of a buoyant disposition and fond of pleasure, he lived as far as possible from the public eye, especially during the last twenty years of his life. The following note gives a hint of his natural gayety, and details one of the many excuses by which he always declined to speak in public; the one memorable exception being that beautiful occasion at Bowdoin, when he returned in age to the scenes of his youth and read to the crowd assembled there to do him reverence his poem entitled "Morituri Salutamus." After speaking of the reasons which must keep him from the Burns festival, he adds:

"I am very sorry not to be there. You will have a delightful supper, or dinner, whichever it is; and human breath enough expended to fill all the trumpets of Iskander for a month or more.

"I behold as in a vision a friend of ours, with his left hand under the tails of his coat, blowing away like mad; and, alas! I shall not be there to applaud. All this you must do for me; and also eat my part of the haggis, which I hear is to grace the feast. This shall be your duty and your reward."

The reference in this note to the trumpets of Iskander is the only one in his letters

regarding a poem which was a great favorite of his, by Leigh Hunt, called "The Trumpets of Doolkarnein." It is a poem worthy to make the reputation of a poet, and is almost a surprise even among the varied riches of Leigh Hunt. Many years after this note was written, Longfellow used to recall it to those lovers of poetry who had chanced to escape a knowledge of its beauty.

In spite of his dislike of grand occasions, he was a keen lover of the opera and theater. He was always the first to know when the opera season was to begin and to plan that we might have a box together. He was always ready to hear "Lucia" or "Don Giovanni," and to make a festival time at the coming of Salvini or Neilson. There is a tiny notelet among his letters, with a newspaper paragraph neatly cut out and pasted across the top, detailing the names of his party at a previous appearance at a theater, a kind of notoriety which he particularly shuddered at; but in order to prove his determination in spite of everything, he writes below:

"Now for 'Pinafore,' and another paragraph! Saturday afternoon would be a good time."

He easily caught the gayety of such occasions, and in the shadow of the box-curtains would join in the singing or the recitative of the lovely Italian words with a true poet's delight. The strange incidents of a life subject to the taskmaster Popularity are endless. One day he wrote:

"A stranger called here and asked if Shakspeare lived in this neighborhood. I told him I knew no such person. Do you?"

Day by day he was besieged by every possible form of interruption which the ingenuity of the human brain could devise; but his patience and kindness, his determination to accept the homage offered him in the spirit of the giver, whatever discomfort it might bring himself, was continually surprising to those who watched him year by year. Mr. Fields wrote: "In his modesty and benevolence I am reminded of what Pope said of his friend Garth: 'He is the best of Christians without knowing it.'"

In one of Longfellow's notes he alludes humorously to the autograph nuisance:

"Do you know how to apply properly for autographs? Here is a formula I have just received on a postal card:

"DEAR SIR: As I am getting a collection of the autographs of all honorable and worthy men, and think yours such, I hope you will forfeit by next mail. Yours, etc."

And of that other nuisance, sitting for a portrait, he laughingly wrote one day: "Two or three sittings"—that is the illusory phrase. Two or three sittings have become a standing

joke." And yet how seldom he declined when it was in his power to serve an artist! His generosity knew no bounds.

When a refusal of any kind was necessary, it was wonderful to see how gently it was expressed. A young person having written from a Western city to request him to write a poem for her class, he said: "I could not write it, but tried to say 'No' so softly that she would think it better than 'Yes.'"

He was distinguished by one grace which was almost peculiar to himself in the time in which he lived—his tenderness toward the undeveloped artist, the man or woman, youth or maid, whose heart was set upon some form of ideal expression, and who was living for that. Whether they possessed the power to distinguish themselves or not, to such persons he addressed himself with a sense of personal regard and kinship. When fame crowned the aspirant, no one recognized more keenly the perfection of the work, but he seldom turned aside to attract the successful to himself. To the unsuccessful he lent the sunshine and overflow of his own life, as if he tried to show every day afresh that he believed noble pursuit and not attainment to be the purpose of our existence.

In a letter written in 1860 Longfellow says:

"I have no end of poems sent me for candid judgment and opinion. Four cases on hand at this moment. A large folio came last night from a lady. It has been chasing me round the country; has been in East Cambridge and in West Cambridge, and finally came by the hands of Policeman S— to my house. I wish he had waived examination, and committed it (to memory). What shall I do? These poems weaken me very much. It is like so much water added to the Spirit of Poetry."

And again he writes:

"I received this morning a poem with the usual request to give 'my real opinion' of it. I give you one stanza."

After quoting the verse and giving the subject of the poem, he continues:

"In his letter the author says, 'I did so much better on poetry than I thought I could as a beginner, that I really have felt a little proud of my poems.' He also sends me his photograph 'at sixty-five years of age,' and asks for mine 'and a poem' in return. I had much rather send him these than my 'real opinion,' which I shall never make known to any man, except on compulsion and under the seal of secrecy."

His kindness and love of humor carried him through many a tedious interruption. He generously overlooked the fact of the subterfuges to which men and women resorted in order to get an interview, and to help them out made as much of their excuses as possible. Speaking one day of the people who came to see him at Nahant, he said: "One man, a perfect stranger, came with an omnibus full of ladies. He descended, introduced himself, then returning to the omnibus took out all

the ladies, one, two, three, four, and five, with a little girl, and brought them in. I entertained them to the best of my ability, and they staid an hour. They had scarcely gone when a forlorn woman in black came up to me on the piazza, and asked for a dipper of water. 'Certainly,' I replied, and went to fetch her a glass. When I brought it she said, 'There is another woman just by the fence who is tired and thirsty; I will carry this to her.' But she struck her head as she passed through the window and spilled the water on the piazza. 'Oh, what have I done!' she said. 'If I had a floor-cloth, I would wipe it up.' 'Oh, no matter about the water,' I said, 'if you have not hurt yourself.' Then I went and brought more water for them both, and sent them on their way, at last, refreshed and rejoicing." Once Longfellow drew out of his pocket a queer request for an autograph, saying "that the writer loved poetry in most any style, and would he please copy his 'Break, break, break' for the writer?" He also described in a note a little encounter in the street, on a windy day, with an elderly French gentleman in company with a young lady, who introduced them to each other. The Frenchman said:

"Monsieur, vous avez un fils qui fait de la peinture."

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Il a du mérite. Il a beaucoup d'avenir."

"Ah," said I, "c'est une belle chose que l'avenir."

The elderly French gentleman rolled up the whites of his eyes and answered:

"Oui, c'est une belle chose; mais vous et moi, nous n'en avons pas beaucoup!"

"Superfluous information!"

H. W. L."

It would be both an endless and unprofitable task to recall many more of the curious experiences which Longfellow's popularity brought down upon him. There is a passage among Mr. Fields's notes, however, in which he describes an incident during Longfellow's last visit to England, which should not be overlooked. Upon his arrival, the Queen sent a graceful message, and invited him to Windsor Castle, where she received him with all the honors; but he told me no foreign tribute touched him deeper than the words of an English hod-carrier, who came up to the carriage door at Harrow, and asked permission to take the hand of the man who had written the "Voices of the Night."

There are many letters belonging to the phase of Longfellow's life dwelt upon in this sketch, but they belong more properly to his biography. There is a brief note, however, written in 1849, which gives a pleasant idea of the close relation already existing between him and his publisher. He writes:

"MY DEAR FIELDS: I am extremely glad you like the new poems so well. What think you of the enclosed instead of the sad ending of 'The Ship'? Is it

better? . . . I send you also 'The Lighthouse' once more; I think it is improved by your suggestions. See if you can find anything more to retouch. And finally, here is a letter from Hirst. You see what he wants, but I do not like the idea of giving my 'Dedication' to the 'Courier.' Therefore I hereby give it to you, so that I can say it is disposed of.

"Am I right or wrong?"

There was no break nor any change in this friendship during the passing of the years; but in 1861 there is a note containing only a few words, which shows that a change had fallen upon Longfellow himself, a shadow which never could be lifted from his life. He writes:

"MY DEAR FIELDS: I am sorry to say No instead of Yes; but so it must be. I can neither write nor think; and I have nothing fit to send you but my love, which you cannot put into the magazine."

For ever after the death of his wife he was a different man. His friends suffered for him and with him, but he walked alone through the valley of the shadow of death. They were glad when he turned to his work again, and still more glad when he showed a desire for their interest in what he was doing.

It was not long before he began to busy himself continuously with his translation of the 'Divina Commedia,' and in the journal of 1863 I find:

"August.—A delightful day with Longfellow at Nahant. He read aloud the last part of his new volume of poems, in which each one of a party of friends tells a story. Ole Bull, Parsons, Monti, and several other characters are introduced."

"September 1st.—A cold storm by the seashore, but there was great pleasure in town in the afternoon. Longfellow, Paine, Dwight, and Fields went to hear Walcker play the great new organ in the Music Hall for the first time since its erection. Afterwards they all dined together. Longfellow comes in from Cambridge every day, and sometimes twice a day, to see George Sumner, who is dying at the Massachusetts General Hospital."

"September 10th.—Longfellow and his friend George W. Greene, Charles Sumner, and Dempster the singer, came in for an early dinner. A very cozy, pleasant little party. The afternoon was cool, and everybody was in kindly humor. Sumner shook his head sadly when the subject of the English iron-clads was mentioned. The talk prolonged itself upon the condition of the country. Longfellow's patriotism flamed. His feeling against England runs more deeply and strongly than he can find words to express. There is no prejudice nor childish partisanship, but it is hatred of the course she has pursued at this critical time. Later, in speaking of poetry and some of the less known and younger poets, Longfellow recalled some good passages in the

poems of Bessie Parkes and Jean Ingelow. As evening approached we left the table and came to the library. There in the twilight Dempster sat at the piano and sang to us, beginning with Longfellow's poem called 'Children,' which he gave with a delicacy and feeling that touched every one. Afterwards he sang the 'Bugle Song' and 'Turn, Fortune,' which he had shortly before leaving England sung to Tennyson; and then after a pause he turned once more to the instrument and sang 'Break, break, break.' It was very solemn, and no one spoke when he had finished, only a deep sob was heard from the corner where Longfellow sat. Again and again, each time more uncontrolled, we heard the heart-rending sounds. Presently the singer gave us another and less touching song, and before he ceased Longfellow rose and vanished from the room in the dim light without a word."

"September 27th.—Longfellow and Greene came in town in the evening for a walk and to see the moonlight in the streets, and afterwards to have supper. . . . He was very sad, and seemed to have grown an old man since a week ago. He was silent and absent-minded. On his previous visit he had borrowed Sidney's 'Arcadia' and Christina Rossetti's poems, but he had read neither of the books. He was overwhelmed with his grief, as if it were sometimes more than he could endure."

"Sunday, October.—Took five little children to drive in the afternoon, and stopped at Longfellow's. It was delightful to see their enjoyment and his. He took them out of the carriage in his arms and was touchingly kind to them. His love for children is not confined to his poetic expressions or to his own family; he is uncommonly tender and beautiful with them always."

I remember there was one little boy of whom he was very fond, and who came often to see him. One day the child looked earnestly at the long rows of books in the library, and at length said:

"Have you got 'Jack the Giant-Killer'?"

Longfellow was obliged to confess that his library did not contain that venerated volume. The little boy looked very sorry, and presently slipped down from his knee and went away; but early the next morning Longfellow saw him coming up the walk with something tightly clasped in his little fists. The child had brought him two cents with which he was to buy a "Jack the Giant-Killer" to be his own.

He did not escape the sad experiences of the war. His eldest son was severely wounded, and he also went, as did Dr. Holmes and other less famous but equally anxious parents, in search of his boy.

The diary continues:

"December 14th.—Went to pass the afternoon with Longfellow, and found his son able to walk about a little. He described his own arrival at a railway station south of Washington. He found no one there but a rough-looking officer, who was walking up and down the platform. At each turn he regarded Longfellow, and at length came up, and taking his hand said:

"Is this Professor Longfellow? It was I who translated 'Hiawatha' into Russian. I have come to this country to fight for the Union."

In the year 1865 began those Wednesday evenings devoted to reading the new translation of Dante. They were delightful occasions. Lowell, Norton, Greene, Howells, and such other Dante scholars or intimate friends as were accessible, made up the circle of kindly critics. Those evenings increased in interest as the work progressed, and when it was ended and the notes written and read, it was proposed to reread the whole rather than to give up the weekly visit to Longfellow's house. In 1866 he wrote to Mr. Fields:

"Greene is coming expressly to hear the last canto of 'Paradiso' to-morrow night, and will stay the rest of the week. I really hoped you would be here, but as you say nothing about it I begin to tremble. Perhaps, however, you are only making believe and will take us by surprise. So I shall keep your place for you."

"This is not to be the end of all things. I mean to begin again in September with the dubious and difficult passages; and if you are not in too much of a hurry to publish, there is still a long vista of pleasant evenings stretching out before us. We can pull them out like a spy-glass. I am shutting up now to recommend the operation."

In December of the same year he wrote:

"The first meeting of the Dante Club Redivivus is on Wednesday next. Come and be bored. Please not to mention the subject to any one yet awhile, as we are going to be very quiet about it."

"January, 1867.—Dante Club at Longfellow's again. They are revising the whole book with the minutest care. Lowell's accuracy is surprising and of great value to the work; also Norton's criticisms. Longfellow stands apart at his desk taking notes and making corrections, though of course no one can know yet what he accepts."

Longfellow's true life was that of a scholar and a dreamer; and everything besides was a duty, however pleasurable or beautiful the experience might become in his gentle acceptance. He was seldom stimulated to external expression by others. Such excitement as he could express again was always self-excitement; anything external rendered him at once a listener and an observer. For this reason it is peculiarly difficult to give any idea of his lovely presence and character to those who

have not known him. He did not speak in epigrams. It could not be said of him:

"His mouth he could not ope,
But out there flew a trope."

Yet there was an exquisite tenderness and effluence from his presence which was more humanizing and elevating than the eloquence of many others.

Speaking one day of his own reminiscences, Longfellow said, "that however interesting such things were in conversation, he thought they seldom contained legitimate matter for bookmaking; and —'s life of a poet, just then printed, was, he thought, peculiarly disagreeable, chiefly because of the unjustifiable things related of him by others. This strain of thought brought to his mind a call he once made with a letter of introduction, when a youth in Paris, upon Jules Janin. The servant said her master was at home, and he was ushered immediately into a small parlor, in one corner of which was a winding stairway leading into the room above. Here he waited a moment while the maid carried in his card, and then returned immediately to say he could go up. In the upper room sat Janin under the hands of a barber, his abundant locks shaken up in wild confusion, in spite of which he received his guest, quite undisturbed, as if it were a matter of course. There was no fire in the room, but the fire-place was heaped with letters and envelopes, and a trail of the same reached from his desk to the grate. After a brief visit Longfellow was about to withdraw, when Janin detained him, saying: 'What can I do for you in Paris? Whom would you like to see?'

"I should like to know Madame George Sand."

"Unfortunately that is impossible! I have just quarreled with Madame Sand!"

"Ah! then, Alexandre Dumas—I should like to take him by the hand!"

"I have quarreled with him also, but no matter! *Vous perdriez vos illusions.*"

"However, he invited me to dine the next day, and I had a singular experience; but I shall not soon forget the way in which he said, '*wous perdriez vos illusions.*'"

"When I arrived on the following day I found the company consisted of his wife and himself, a little red-haired man who was rather quiet and cynical, and myself. Janin was amusing and noisy, and carried the talk on swimmingly with much laughter. Presently he began to say hard things about women, when his wife looked up reproachfully and said, 'Déjà, Jules!' During dinner a dramatic author arrived with his play, and Janin ordered him to be shown in. He treated the poor fellow brutally, who in turn bowed low to the great power. He

did not even ask him to take a chair. Madame Janin did so, however, and kindly too. The author supplicated the critic to attend the first appearance of his play. Janin would not promise to go, but put him off indefinitely, and presently the poor man went away. Longfellow said he tingled all over with indignation at the treatment the man received, but Janin looked over to his wife, saying, 'Well, my dear, I treated this one pretty well, didn't I?'

"Better than sometimes, Jules," she answered."

Altogether it was a strange scene to the young American observer.

"July, 1867.—Passed the day at Nahant. As Longfellow sat on the piazza wrapped in his blue camlet cloak, he struck me for the first time as wearing a venerable aspect. Before dinner he gathered wild roses to adorn the table, and even gave a careful touch himself to the arrangement of the wines and fruits. He was in excellent spirits, full of wit and lively talk. Speaking of the use and misuse of words, he quoted Chateaubriand's mistake (afterwards corrected) in his translation of 'Paradise Lost,' when he rendered

'Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God'

as

'Le ruisseau de Siloa qui coulait rapidement.'"

In talking about natural differences in character and temperament, he said of his own children that he agreed with one of the old English divines who said, "Happy is that household wherein Martha still reproves Mary!"

In February, 1868, it was decided that Longfellow should go to Europe with his family. He said that the first time he went abroad it was to see places alone and not persons; the second time he saw a few persons, and so pleasantly combined the two; he thought once that on a third visit he should prefer to see people only; but all that was changed now. He had returned to the feeling of his youth. He was eager to seek out quiet places and wayside nooks, where he might rest in retirement and enjoy the beautiful country sights of Europe undisturbed.

The following year found him again in Cambridge, refreshed by his absence. The diary continues: "He has been trying to further the idea of buying some of the low lands in Cambridge for the colleges. If this can be done, it will save much future annoyance to the people from wretched hovels and bad odors, besides holding the land for a beautiful possession forever. He has given a good deal of money himself. This might be called 'his latest work.'"

"January, 1870.—Longfellow and Bayard Taylor came to dine. Longfellow talked of

translators and translating. He advanced the idea that the English from the insularity of their character were incapable of making a perfect translation. Americans, French, and Germans, he said, have much larger adaptability to and sympathy in the thought of others. He would not hear Chapman's Homer or anything else quoted on the other side, but was zealous in enforcing this argument. He anticipates much from Taylor's version of Faust. All this was strikingly interesting, as showing how his imagination wrought with him, because he was arguing from his own theory of the capacity of the races and in the face of his knowledge of the best actual translations existing to-day, the result of the scholarship of England.

"Longfellow speaks of difficulty in sleeping. In his college days and later he had the habit of studying until midnight and rising at six in the morning, finding his way as soon as possible to his books. Possibly this habit still prevents him from getting sufficient rest. However light may be the literature in which he indulges before going to bed, some chance thought may strike him as he goes up the stairs with the bedroom candle in his hand which will preclude all possibility of sleep until long after midnight.

"His account of Jules Janin during this last visit to Europe was an odd little drama. He had grown excessively fat, and could scarcely move. He did not attempt to rise from his chair as Longfellow entered, but motioned him to a seat by his side. Talking of Victor Hugo and Lamartine, 'Take them for all in all, which do you prefer?' asked Longfellow.

"Charlatan pour charlatan, je crois que je préfère Monsieur de Lamartine,' was the reply.

"Longfellow amused me by making two epigrams:

"What is autobiography?

It is what a biography ought to be.'

And again:

"When you ask one friend to dine,

Give him your best wine!

When you ask two,

The second best will do!'

"He brought in with him two poems translated from Platen's 'Night-Songs.' They are very beautiful.

"What dusky splendors of song there are in King Alfred's new volume,' he said. 'It is always a delight to get anything new from him. His "Holy Grail" and Lowell's "Cathedral" are enough for a holiday, and make this notable.'"

When Longfellow talked freely as at this dinner, it was difficult to remember that he was not really a talker. The natural reserve of his nature made it sometimes impossible for him to express himself in ordinary inter-

course. He never truly made a confidant of anybody except his Muse.

"I never thought," he wrote about this time, "that I should come back to this kind of work. It transports me to my happiest years, and the contrast is too painful to think of." And again in calmer mood: "The 'ruler of the inverted year' (whatever that may mean) has, you perceive, returned again, like a Bourbon from banishment, and is having it all his own way, and it is not a pleasant way. Very well, one can sit by the fire and read, and hear the wind roar in the chimney, and write to one's friends, and sign one's self 'yours faithfully,' or as in the present instance, 'yours always.'"

His sympathetic nature was ever ready to share and further the gayety of others. He wrote one evening:

"I have been kept at home by a little dancing-party to-night. . . . I write this arrayed in my dress-coat with a rose in my buttonhole, a circumstance, I think, worth mentioning. It reminds me of Buffon, who used to array himself in his full dress for writing 'Natural History.' Why should we not always do it when we write letters? We should, no doubt, be more courtly and polite, and perhaps say handsome things to each other. It was said of Villemain that when he spoke to a lady he seemed to be presenting her a bouquet. Allow me to present you this postscript in the same polite manner, to make good my theory of the rose in the buttonhole."

How delightful it is to catch the intoxication of the little festival in this way. In his endeavor to further the gayeties of his children he had received again a reflected light and life which his love for them had helped to create.

"December 14, 1870.—Taylor's 'Faust' is finished, and Longfellow is coming with other friends to dinner to celebrate the ending of the work. . . .

"A statuette of Goethe was on the table. Longfellow said Goethe never liked the statue of himself by Rauch, from which this copy was made. He preferred above all others a bust of himself by a Swiss sculptor, a copy of which Taylor owns. He could never understand, he continued, the story of that unpleasant interview between Napoleon and Goethe. Eckermann says Goethe liked it, but Longfellow thought the Emperor's manner of address had a touch of insolence in it. The haunts of Goethe in Weimar were pleasantly recalled by both Longfellow and Taylor, to whom they were familiar; also that strange portrait of him taken standing at a window, and looking out over Rome, in which nothing but his back can be seen.

"I find it impossible to recall what Longfellow said, but he scintillated all the evening. It was an occasion such as he loved best. His *jeux d'esprit* flew rapidly right and left, often setting the table in a roar of laughter, a most unusual thing with him."

There was evidently no such pleasure to Longfellow as that of doing kindnesses. One of many notes bearing on such subjects belongs to this year, and begins:

"A thousand thanks for your note and its inclosure. There goes a gleam of sunshine into a dark house, which is always pleasant to think of. I have not yet got the senator's sunbeam to add to it; but as soon as I do, both shall go shining on their way."

"January, 1871.—Dined at Longfellow's, and afterwards went upstairs to see an interesting collection of East Indian curiosities. Passing through his dressing-room, I was struck with the likeness of his private rooms to those of a German student or professor; a Goethean aspect of simplicity and space everywhere, with books put up in the nooks and corners and all over the walls. It is surely a most attractive house!"

Again I find a record of a dinner at Cambridge: "The day was spring-like, and the air full of the odors of fresh blossoms. As we came down over the picturesque old staircase, he was standing with a group of gentlemen near by, and I heard him say aloud unconsciously, in a way peculiar to himself, 'Ah, now we shall see the ladies come downstairs!' Nothing escapes his keen observation — as delicate as it is keen."

And in the same vein the journal rambles on:

"Friday.—Longfellow came in to luncheon at one o'clock. He was looking very well; . . . his beautiful eyes fairly shone. He had been at Manchester-by-the-Sea the day before to dine with the Curtises. Their truly romantic and lovely place had left a pleasant picture in his mind. Coming away by the train, he passed in Chelsea a new soldiers' monument which suggested an epigram to him that he said, laughingly, would suit any of the thousand of such monuments to be seen about the country. He began somewhat in this style:

"'The soldier asked for bread,
But they waited till he was dead,
And gave him a stone instead,
Sixty and one feet high!'

"We all returned to Cambridge together, and being early for our own appointment elsewhere, he carried us into his library and read aloud 'The Marriage of Lady Wentworth.' E—, with pretty girlish ways and eyes like his own, had let us into the old mansion by the side door, and then lingered to ask if she might be allowed to stay and hear the reading too. He, consenting, laughingly lighted a cigar and soon began. His voice in reading was sweet and melodious, and it was touched with tremulousness, although this was an easier poem to read aloud than many others, being strictly narrative. It is full of New England life and a beautiful addition to his works. He has a fancy for

making a volume, or getting some one else to do it, of his favorite ghost stories, 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Peter Rugg,' and a few others."

On another occasion the record says:

"Passed the evening at Longfellow's. As we lifted the latch and entered the hall-door, we saw him reading an old book by his study lamp. It was the 'Chansons d'Espagne,' which he had just purchased at what he called the massacre of the poets; in other words, at the sale that day of the library of William H. Prescott. He was rather melancholy, he said: first, on account of the sacrifice and separation of that fine library; also because he is doubtful about his new poem, the one on the life of our Saviour. He says he has never before felt so cast down.

"What an orderly man he is! Well-ordered, I should have written. Diary, accounts, scraps, books—everything where he can put his hand upon it in a moment."

"December, 1871.—Saturday Mr. Longfellow came in town and went with us to hear twelve hundred school children sing a welcome to the Russian Grand Duke in the Music Hall. It was a fine sight, and Dr. Holmes's hymn, written for the occasion, was noble and inspiring. Just before the Grand Duke came in I saw a smile creep over Longfellow's face. 'I can never get over the ludicrousness of it,' he said. 'All this array and fuss over one man!' He came home with us afterwards, and lingered awhile by the fire. He talked of Russian literature—its modernness, and said he had sent us a delightful novel by Tourguéneff, 'Liza,' in which we should find charming and vivid glimpses of landscape and life like those seen from a carriage window. We left him alone in the library for a while, and returning found him amusing himself over the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' He was reading the 'Coronation of Victoria,' and laughing over Count Froganoff, who could not get prog enough, and was found eating underneath the stairs. He wants to have a dinner for Bayard Taylor, whose coming is always the signal for a series of small festivities. His own 'Divine Tragedy' is just out, and everybody speaks of its simplicity and beauty."

"April.—In the evening Longfellow came in town for the purpose of hearing a German gentleman read an original poem, and he persuaded me to go with him. The reader twisted his face up into frightful knots, and delivered his poem with vast apparent satisfaction to himself if not to his audience. It was fortunate on the whole that the production was in a foreign tongue, because it gave us the occupation, at least, of trying to understand the words—the poem itself possessing not the remotest interest for either of us. It was in the old sentimental German style familiar to the readers

of that literature. Longfellow amused me as we walked home by imitating the sing-song voice we had been following all the evening. He also recited in the original that beautiful little poem by Platen, 'In der Nacht, in der Nacht,' in a most delightful manner. 'Ah,' he said, 'to translate a poem properly it must be done into the meter of the original, and Bryant's "Homer," fine as it is, has this great fault, that it does not give the music of the poem itself.' He came in and took a cigar before walking home over the bridge alone. . . .

"Emerson asked Longfellow at dinner about his last visit to England, of Ruskin and other celebrities. Longfellow is always reticent upon such subjects, but he was eager to tell us how very much he had enjoyed Mr. Ruskin. He said it was one of the most surprising things in the world to see the quiet, gentlemanly way in which Ruskin gave vent to his extreme opinions. It seems to be no effort to him, but as if it were a matter of course that every one should give expression to the faith that is in him in the same unvarnished way as he does himself, not looking for agreement, but for conversation and discussion. 'It is strange,' Ruskin said, 'being considered so much out of harmony with America as I am, that the two Americans I have known and loved best, you and Norton, should give me such a feeling of friendship and repose.' Longfellow then spoke of Mrs. Matthew Arnold, whom he liked very much—thought her, as he said, 'a most lovely person.' Also of the 'beautiful Lady Herbert,' as one of the most delightful of women. . . .

"Longfellow came in to an early dinner to meet Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. William Warren, and Dr. Holmes. He said he felt like one on a journey. He had left home early in the morning, had been sight-seeing in Boston all day, was to dine and go to the theater with us afterwards. The talk naturally turned upon the stage. Longfellow said he thought Mr. Charles Mathews was entirely unjust in his criticisms upon Mr. Forrest's *King Lear*. He considered Mr. Forrest's rendering of the part as very fine and close to nature. He could not understand why Mr. Mathews should under-rate it as he did. Longfellow showed us a book given him by Charles Sumner. In it was an old engraving (from a painting by Giulio Clovio) of the moon, in which Dante is walking with his companion. He said it was a most impressive picture to him. He knew it in the original; also there is a very good copy in the Cambridge Library among the copies of illuminated manuscripts."

There is a little note belonging to this period full of poetic feeling and giving more than a hint at the weariness of interrupting visitors:

"I send you the pleasant volume I promised you yesterday. It is a book for summer moods by the seaside, but will not be out of place on a winter night by the fireside. . . . You will find an allusion to the 'blue borage flowers' that flavor the claret-cup. I know where grows another kind of bore-age that embitters the goblet of life. I can spare you some of this herb, if you have room for it in your garden or your garret. It is warranted to destroy all peace of mind, and finally to produce softening of the brain and insanity.

"Better juice of vine
Than berry wine!
Fire! fire! steel, oh, steel!
Fire! fire! steel and fire!"

The following, written in the spring of the same year, gives a hint of what a festival season it was to him while the lilacs which surround his house were in bloom:

"Here is the poem, copied for you by your humble scribe. I found it impossible to crowd it into a page of note-paper. Come any pleasant morning, as soon after breakfast or before as you like, and we will go on with the 'Michael Angelical' manuscript. I shall not be likely to go to town while the lilacs are in bloom."

The rambling diary continues: "To-day Longfellow sent us half a dozen bottles of wine, and after them came a note saying he had sent them off without finding time to label them. 'They are wine of Avignon,' he added, 'and should bear this inscription from Redi:

"Benedetto
Quel claretto
Che si spilla in Avignone."

About this period Longfellow invited an old friend, who had fallen into extreme helplessness from ill health, to come and make him a visit. It was a great comfort to his friend, a scholar like himself, "to nurse the dwindling faculty of joy" in such companionship, and he lingered many weeks in the sunshine of the old house. Longfellow's patience and devoted care for this friend of his youth was a signal example of what a true and constant heart may do unconsciously, in giving expression and recognition to the bond of a sincere friendship. Long after his friend was unable to rise from his chair without assistance or go unaccompanied to his bedroom, Longfellow followed the lightest unexpressed wish with his sympathetic vision and performed the smallest offices unbidden. "Longfellow, will you turn down my coat-collar?" I have heard him say in a plaintive way, and it was a beautiful lesson to see the quick and cheerful response which would follow many a like suggestion.

In referring to this trait of his character, I find among the notes made by Mr. Fields on Longfellow: "One of the most occupied of all our literary men and scholars, he yet finds time for the small courtesies of existence, those minor attentions that are so often neglected. One day, seeing him employed in cutting something from a newspaper, I asked him

what he was about. 'Oh,' said he, 'here is a little paragraph speaking kindly of our poor old friend Blank; you know he seldom gets a word of praise, poor fellow, nowadays, and thinking he might not chance to see this paper, I am snipping out the paragraph to mail to him this afternoon. I know that even these few lines of recognition will make him happy for hours, and I could not bear to think he might perhaps miss seeing these pleasant words so kindly expressed.'"

"*May Day, 1876.*—Longfellow dined with us. He said during the dinner, when we heard a blast of wintry wind howling outside, 'This is Mayday enough; it does not matter to us how cold it is outside.' He was inclined to be silent, for there were other and brilliant talkers at the table, one of whom said to him in a pause of the conversation, 'Longfellow, tell us about yourself; you never talk about yourself.' 'No,' said Longfellow gently, 'I believe I never do.' 'And yet,' continued the first speaker eagerly, 'you confessed to me once——' 'No,' said Longfellow, laughing, 'I think I never did.'"

And here is a tiny note of compliment, graceful as a poet's note should be:

"I have just received your charming gift, your note and the stately lilies; but fear you may have gone from home before my thanks can reach you.

"How beautiful they are, these lilies of the field; and how like American women! Not because 'they neither toil nor spin,' but because they are elegant and 'born in the purple.'"

There is a brief record in 1879 of a visit to us in Manchester-by-the-Sea. Just before he left he said, "After I am gone to-day, I want you to read Schiller's poem of the 'Ring of Polycrates,' if you do not recall it too distinctly. You will know then how I feel about my visit." He repeated also some English hexameters he had essayed from the first book of the *Iliad*. He believes the work may be still more perfectly done than has ever yet been achieved. We drove to Gloucester wrapped in a warm sea-fog. His enjoyment of the green woods and the sea-breeze was delightful to watch. "Ay me! ay me! woods may decay," but who can dare believe such life shall cease from the fair world!

Seeing the Portland steamer pass one night, a speck on the horizon, bearing as he knew his daughter and her husband, he watched it long, then said, "Think of a part of yourself being on that moving speck."

The Sunday following that visit he wrote from Portland:

"Church-bells are ringing; clatter of church-going feet on the pavement; boys crying 'Boston Herald'; voices of passing men and women; these are the sounds that come to me at this upper window, looking down into the street.

"I contrast it all with last Sunday's silence at Man-

chester-by-the-Sea, and remember my delightful visit there. Then comes the thought of the moonlight and the music and Shelley's verses,

"As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown;"

and so on

"To some world far from ours,
Where moonlight and music and feeling
Are one."

"How beautiful this song would sound if set to music by Mrs. Bell, and chanted by her in the twilight."

Later he inclosed the song, which is as follows, and I venture to reprint it because it is seldom found among Shelley's poems:

AN ARIETTE FOR MUSIC.

To a lady singing to her accompaniment on the guitar.

As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night;
No leaf will be shaken,
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

He added:

"I find the song in my scrap-book, and send it to save you the trouble of hunting for it."

"H. W. L."

It was first reprinted in "The Waif," a thin volume of selections published by Longfellow many years ago. "The Waif" and "The Estray" preserved many a lovely poem from oblivion, till it should find its place at length among its fellows.

Already in 1875 we find Longfellow at work upon his latest collection of poems, which he called "Poems of Places." It was a much more laborious and unrewarding occupation than he had intended, and he was sometimes weary of his self-imposed task. He wrote at this period:

"No politician ever sought for Places with half the zeal that I do. Friend and Foe alike have to give Place to
Yours truly
"H. W. L."

Again he says:

"What evil demon moved me to make this collection of 'Poems of Places'? Could I have foreseen the time it would take, and the worry and annoyance it would bring with it, I never would have undertaken it. The worst of it is, I have to write pieces now and then to fill up gaps."

More and more his old friends grew dear to him as the years passed and "the goddess Neuralgia," as he called his malady, kept him chiefly at home. He wrote in 1877:

"When are you coming back from your Cottage on the Cliffs? The trees on the Common and the fountains are calling for you."

"Thee, Tityrus, even the pine trees,
The very fountains, the very
Copses are calling."

Perhaps also your creditors. At all events I am, who am your debtor."

The days were fast approaching when the old things must pass away. He wrote tenderly:

"I am sorry to hear that you are not quite well yourself. I sympathize with you, for I am somebody else. It is the two W's, Work and Weather, that are playing the mischief with us. . . . You must not open a book; you must not even look at an inkstand. These are both contraband articles, upon which we have to pay heavy duties. We cannot smuggle them in. Nature's custom-house officers are too much on the alert."

In 1880 he again wrote, describing the wedding of the daughter of an old friend:

"A beautiful wedding it was; an ideal village wedding, in a pretty church, and the Windmill Cottage of our friend resplendent with autumnal flowers. In one of the rooms there was a tea-kettle hanging on a crane in the fire-place."

"So begins a new household. But Miss Neilson's death has saddened me, and yesterday Mrs. Horsford came with letters from Norway, giving particulars of Ole Bull's last days, his death and burial. The account is very touching. All Bergen's flags at half-mast; telegrams from the King; funeral oration by Björnson. The dear old musician was carried from his island to the mainland in a steamer, followed by a long line of other steamers. No Viking ever had such a funeral."

And here the extracts from letters and journals must cease. It was a golden sunset, in spite of the increasing infirmities which beset him; for he could never lose his pleasure in making others happy, and only during the few last days did he lose his own happiness among his books and at his desk. The influence his presence gave out to others, of calm good cheer and tenderness, made those who knew him feel that he possessed, in larger measure than others, what Jean Paul Richter calls "a heavenly unfathomableness which makes man godlike, and love towards him infinite." Indeed this "heavenly unfathomableness" was a strong characteristic of his nature, and the gracious silence in which he often dwelt gave a rare sense of song without words. Therefore, perhaps on that day when we gathered around the form through which his voice was never again to utter itself, and heard his own words upon the air saying, "Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me. I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone, and you shall have another friend in heaven," it was impossible not to believe that he was with us still, the central spirit, comforting and uplifting the circle of those who were most dear to him.

Annie Fields.

SISTER TABEA.

TWO weather-beaten stone buildings at

Ephrata, in Pennsylvania, remain as monuments on this side of the water of the great pietistic movement in Germany in the early part of the eighteenth century. One of these was called "Bethany," the other "Sharon." A hundred and thirty or forty years ago there were other buildings with these, and the softening hand of time had not yet touched any of them. The doorways were then, as now, on the ground level, the passages were just as narrow and dusky, the cells had the same little square windows to let in the day. But the stones in that day had a hue that reminded one of the quarry, the mortar between them was fresh, the shingles in the roof had gathered no moss and very little weather-stain; the primeval forests were yet within the horizon, and there was everywhere an air of newness, of advancement, and of prosperity about the Dunkard Convent. One sees now neither monks nor nuns in these narrow hallways; monks and nuns are nowhere about Ephrata, except in the graveyard where all the brethren of Bethany, and all the sisters who once peopled Sharon, sleep together in the mold. But in the middle of the eighteenth century their bare feet shuffled upon the stairs as, clad in white hooded cloaks descending to the very ground, they glided in and out of the low doors, or assembled in the little chapel called "Zion" to attend service under the lead of their founder, Conrad Beissels. In the convent, where he reigned supreme, Beissels was known as Brother Friedensam; later he was reverently called Father Friedensam Gottrecht, a name that, like all their convent names, had plenty of mystical significance attached to it.

But monks and nuns are men and women; and neither cloister life, nor capuchin hoods and cloaks, nor bare feet, nor protracted midnight services, can prevent heart-burnings and rivalries, nor can all of these together put down—what is most to be dreaded in a monastery—the growth of affection between man and woman. What could be done to tame human nature into submission, to bring it to rejoice only in unearthly meditations, and a contented round of self-denial and psalm-singing, Brother Friedensam had tried on his followers with the unsparing hand of a religious enthusiast. He had forbidden all animal food. Not only was meat of evil tendency, but milk, he said, made the spirit heavy and narrow; butter and cheese pro-

duced similar disabilities; eggs excited the passions; honey made the eyes bright and the heart cheerful, but did not clear the voice for music. So he approved chiefly of those plain things that sprang direct from the earth, particularly of potatoes, turnips, and other roots, with a little bread-soup and such-like ghostly diet. For drink he would have nothing but what he called "innocent clear water," just as it flowed from the spring.

But even a dish of potatoes and turnips and beets and carrots, eaten from wooden trenchers, without milk or butter or meat, was not sufficient to make the affections and passions of men and women as ethereal as Friedensam wished. He wedded his people in mystic marriage to "the Chaste Lamb," to borrow his frequent phrase. They sang ecstatically of a mystical city of brotherly and sisterly affection which they, in common with other dreamers of the time, called Philadelphia, and they rejoiced in a divine creature called in their mystical jargon *Sophia*, which I suppose meant wisdom, wisdom divorced from common sense. These anchorites did not eschew social enjoyment, but held little love-feasts to which the sisters now invited the brethren, and next the brethren entertained the sisters—with unbuttered parsnips and draughts of innocent clear water, no doubt.

That which was most remarkable at Ephrata, and that out of which grows my story, was the music. Brother Friedensam, besides his cares of organization, finance, and administration, and his mystical theological speculations, was also a poet. Most of the songs sung in the little building called "Zion" were written by him—songs about "the lonesome turtle-dove in the wilderness," that is, the church; songs in praise of the mystical marriage of virgins with the chaste Lamb; songs about the Philadelphian brotherhood of saints, about the divine *Sophia*, and about many other things which no man can understand, I am sure, until he has first purified himself from the gross humors of the flesh by a heavenly diet of turnips and spring water. To the brethren and sisters who believed their little community in the Pennsylvania woods to be "the Woman in the Wilderness" seen by St. John, these words represented the only substantial and valuable things in the wide universe; and they sang the songs of Conrad Beissels with as much fervor as they could have sung the songs of heaven itself.

Beissels — the Friedsam of the brotherhood — was not only the poet but the composer of the choral songs, and a composer of rare merit. The music he wrote is preserved as it was copied out with great painstaking by the brethren and sisters. In looking over the wonderful old manuscript note-book, the first impression is one of delight with the quaint symbolic illuminations wrought by the nuns of Ephrata upon the margins. But those who know music declare that the melodies are lovely, and that the whole structure of the harmonies is masterful, and worthy of the fame they had in the days when monks and nuns performed them under the lead of Brother Friedsam himself. In the gallery of Zionhouse, but concealed from the view of the brethren, sat the sisterhood, like a company of saints in spotless robes. Below, the brethren, likewise in white, answered to the choir above in antiphonal singing of the loveliest and most faultless sort. Strangers journeyed from afar over rough country roads to hear this wonderful chorus, and were moved in the depths of their souls with the indescribable sweetness and loftiness of the music, and with the charm and expressiveness of its rendering by these pale-faced other-worldly singers.

But their perfection of execution was attained at a cost almost too great. Brother Friedsam was a fanatic, and he was also an artist. He obliged the brethren and sisters to submit to the most rigorous training. In this, as in religion, he subordinated them to his ideals. He would fain tune their very souls to his own key; and he exacted a precision that was difficult of attainment by men and women of average fallibility and carelessness. The men singers were divided into five choruses of five persons each; the sisters were classified, according to the pitch of their voices, into three divisions, each of which sang or kept silent, according to the duty assigned to it in the note-book. At the love-feasts these choruses sat side by side at the table, so as to be ready to sing together with perfect precision whenever a song should be announced. At the singing-school Brother Friedsam could not abide the least defect; he rated roundly the brother or sister who made any mistake; he scourged their lagging aspirations toward perfection. If it is ever necessary to account for bad temper in musicians, one might suggest that the water-gruel diet had impaired his temper and theirs; certain it is that out of the production of so much heavenly harmony there sprang discord. The brethren and sisters grew daily more and more indignant at the severity of the director, whom they revered as a religious guide, but against whom, as a musical conductor, they rebelled in their hearts.

The sisters were the first to act in this crisis. At their knitting and their sewing they talked about it, in the kitchen they discussed it, until their hearts burned within them. Even in illuminating the note-book with pretty billing turtle-doves, and emblematic flowers such as must have grown in paradise, since nothing of the sort was ever known in any earthly garden — even in painting these, some of the nuns came near to spoiling their colors and their page with tears.

Only Margaretha Thome, who was known in the convent as "Sister Tabea," shed no tears. She worked with pen and brush, and heard the others talk; now and then, when some severe word of Brother Friedsam was repeated, she would look up with a significant flash of the eye.

"The Hofcavalier doesn't talk," said Sister Thecla. This Thecla had given the nickname of "Hofcavalier," *noble courtier*, to Tabea at her first arrival in the convent on account of her magnificent figure and high carriage.

"You shouldn't give nicknames, Sister Thecla."

The last speaker was a sister with an austere face and gray eyes which had no end of cold-blooded religious enthusiasm in them.

"I need not give you a nickname," retorted Thecla to the last speaker; "Brother Friedsam did that when he called you Jael. You are just the kind of a person to drive a tent-nail through a man's head."

"If he were the enemy of the Church of God," said Jael, in a voice as hard as it was sincere.

Then the talk drifted back to the singing-school and Brother Friedsam's severity.

"But why doesn't the Hofcavalier speak?" again persisted Thecla.

"When the Hofcavalier speaks, it will be to Brother Friedsam himself," answered Tabea.

The temerity of this proposition took Thecla's breath, but it set the storm a-going more vigorously than before among the sisterhood, who, having found somebody ready to bell the cat, grew eager to have the cat belled. Only Sister Jael, who for lack of voice was not included in either of the three choruses of the sisterhood, stoutly defended Brother Friedsam, thinking, perhaps, that it was not a bad thing to have the conceit of the singers reduced; indeed, she was especially pleased that Tabea, the unsurpassed singer of the sisters' gallery, should have suffered rebuke.

At length it was agreed that Tabea should tell Brother Friedsam that the sisters did not intend to go to singing-school again.

Then Tabea lifted up her dark head and regarded the circle of women in white garments about her.

"You are all brave now, but when Brother Friedsam shakes his finger at you, you will every one of you submit as though you were a set of redemptioners bought with his money. When I tell Brother Friedsam that I shall not come to singing-school, I shall stick to it. He may get his music performed by some one else. He will not call me a 'ninny' again."

"There spoke the Hofcavalier," giggled Thecla.

"Sister Tabea," said Jael, "if you go on as you are going, you will end by leaving the convent and breaking your vows. Mark my words."

"I am going to finish this turtle-dove first, though," said Tabea, gayly.

It was finally agreed that if Tabea would speak to the Director on behalf of the sisterhood, the sisters would resolutely stand by their threat, and that they would absent themselves from Brother Friedsam's music-drills long enough to have him understand that they were not to be treated like children. To the surprise of all, Tabea left her work at once, covered up her head with the hood attached to her gown, and sought the lodge of Brother Friedsam, which stood between Bethany and Sharon.

When Tabea was admitted to the cell, and stood before the revered Friedsam, she felt an unexpected palpitation. Nor was Beissels any more composed. He could never speak to this girl without some mental disturbance.

"Brother Friedsam," she said, "I am sent by the sisters to say that they are very indignant at your treatment of them in the rehearsals, and that they are not going to attend them hereafter."

Beissels's sensitive lips quivered a moment; this sudden rebellion surprised him, and he did not at first see how to meet it.

"You suggested this course to them, I suppose?" he said after a pause.

"No, Brother Friedsam, I had nothing to do with it until now. But I think they are right, and I hope they will keep to their word. You have been altogether too hard on us."

The Director made no reply, but wearily leaned his pale, refined face upon his hand and looked up at Tabea. This look of inquiry had something of unhappiness in it that touched the nun's heart, and she was half sorry that she had spoken so sharply. She fumbled for the wooden latch of the door presently, and went out with a sense of inward defeat and annoyance.

"The Hofcavalier does not come back with head in the air," murmured Thecla. "A bad sign."

"I gave the message," said Sister Tabea, "and Brother Friedsam did not say whether the four parts sung by the men would be suffi-

cient or not. But I know very well what he will do; he will coax you all back within a week."

"And you will leave the convent and break your vows; mark my words," said Sister Jael, with sharpness.

"It will be after I get this page finished, I tell you," said Tabea. But she did not seem in haste to finish the page, for, not choosing to show how much she had been discomposed by Brother Friedsam's wistful and inquiring look, she gathered up her brush, her colors, and the note-book page on which she had been at work, and went up the stairs alongside the great chimney, shutting herself in her cell.

Once there, the picture of Friedsam's face came vividly before her. She recalled her first meeting with him at her mother's house on the Wissahickon, and how her heart had gone out to the only man she had ever met whose character was out of the common. I do not say that she had consciously loved him as she listened to him, sitting there on the home-made stool in her mother's cabin, and talking of things beyond comprehension. But she could have loved him, and she did worship him. It was the personal fascination of Brother Friedsam and her own vigorous hatred of commonplace that had led her three years before to join the sisterhood in the Sharon house. She did not know to what degree a desire for Beissels's companionship had drawn her to accept his speculations concerning the mystical Sophia and the Philadelphia fellowship. But the convent had proved a disappointment. She had seen little of the great Brother Friedsam, and he had given her, instead of friendly notice and approval, only a school-master's scolding now and then for slight faults committed in singing a new piece.

As she sat there in gloomy meditation Jael's evil prediction entered her mind, and she amused herself with dreams of what might take place if she should leave the convent and go out into the world again.

In putting away her papers a little note fell out.

"The goose at it again," she said.

She had that day received some blank paper from the paper-mill of the community, and Daniel Scheible had put this little love-letter into the package of which he was the bearer. He had sent such letters before, and Tabea, though she had not answered them, had kept them, partly because she did not wish to inform those in authority of this breach of rule, partly because so much defiance of the law of the place gave a little zest to a monotonous life, and partly because she was a young woman, and therefore not displeased with affection, even from a youth in whom she had no more than a friendly interest.

Scheible's parents had been Dunkards, persecuted in Europe, who had sought refuge from their troubles by the bad expedient of taking ship for Philadelphia, with an understanding that they were, according to custom, to be sold for a term of years to pay the fare. Among a multitude who died on the passage from the overcrowding and bad food were Daniel's father and mother, and the little lad was sold for the rest of his minority to pay his own fare as well as that of the dead members of his family. As a promising boy, he had been bought by the Ephrata brotherhood and bred into the fraternity. With the audacity of youth he had conceived a great passion for Tabea, and now that his apprenticeship was about to expire he amused her with surreptitious notes. To-day, for the first time, Tabea began to think of the possibility of marrying Scheible, chiefly, perhaps, from a vague desire to escape from the convent, which could not but be irksome to one of her spirit. Scheible was ambitious, and it was his plan, as she knew, to go to Philadelphia to make his fortune; and she and he together, what might they not do? Then she laughed at herself for such a day-dream, and went out to do her share of household duties, singing mellifluously, as she trod barefoot through the passages, a mystic song of hope and renunciation:

"Welt, packe dich;
Ich sehne mich
Nur nach dem Himmel.
Denn droben ist Lachen und Lieben und Leben;
Hier unten ist Alles dem Eiteln ergeben."

Which rendered may read:

"World, get you gone;
I strive alone
To attain Heaven.
There above is laughter, life, and love;
Here below one must all vanity forego."

But though to-day she sang of the laughter that is above, she was less unworldly on the morrow. Brother Friedsam, as she had foreseen, began to break down the rebellion about the singing-school. He was too good a strategist to attack the strong point of the insurrection first. He began with good-natured Thecla, who could laugh away yesterday's vexations, and so one by one he conquered the opposition in detail. He shrank from assailing the Hofcavalier until he should win the others, knowing well the obstinacy of her resolution. And when all the rest had yielded he still said nothing to Tabea, either because he deemed it of no use, or because he thought neglect might do her rebellious spirit good. But if this last were his plan, he had miscalculated the vigor of her determination.

"Do you know," said the good-hearted, gossipy little Sister Persida, coming into

Tabea's cell two or three days later, "that the sisters have all yielded to Brother Friedsam? He coaxed and managed them so, you know. Has he talked to you?"

"No."

"You'll have to give up when he does. Nobody can resist Brother Friedsam."

"I can."

"You always scare me so, Sister Tabea; I wouldn't dare hold up my head as you do."

But when Persida had gone out, the high head of the Hofcavalier went down a little. She felt that the man whom she in some sort worshiped had put upon her a public slight. He did not account it worth his while to invite her to return. She had missed her chance to refuse. Just what connection Brother Friedsam's slight had with Daniel Scheible's love-letters I leave the reader to determine. But in her anger she fished these notes out of a basket used to hold her changes of white raiment, and read them all over slowly, line by line, and for the first time with a lively interest in their contents. They were very ingenious; and they very cleverly pictured to her the joys of a home of her own with a devoted husband. She found evidences of very amiable traits in the writer. But why should I trace in detail the curious but familiar process by which a girl endows a man with all the qualities she wishes him to possess?

The very next day Scheible, who had been melancholy ever since he began to send to Tabea letters that brought no answer, was observed to be in a mood so gleeful that his companions in the paper-mill doubted his sanity. The fountain of this joy was a note from Tabea stowed away in the pocket of his gown. She had not signed it with her convent title, but with the initials M. T., for her proper name, Margaretha Thome. There were many fluctuations in Tabea's mind and many persuasive notes from Scheible before the nun at length promised to forsake the convent, now grown bitter to her, for the joys of a home. Even then Daniel could not help feeling insecure in regard to a piece of good fortune so dazzling, and he sent note after note to urge her to have the day for the wedding fixed.

Meantime the young man created but little sensation by leaving the mill, as his term of apprenticeship had expired, and he had never professed much attachment to the brotherhood.

Sister Tabea had persistently omitted the rehearsals, and so the grand chorals were now given on the Sabbaths without her voice, and Jael had felt no little exultation at this state of things. At length, after much wavering, Tabea made a final resolution to leave the convent, and to accept the love of the ad-

venturous youth who had shown so persistent an affection for her.

As soon as the day of the wedding was arranged by means of the surreptitious notes which she continued to exchange with Scheible, she prepared to leave Sharon and Ephrata. But nothing could be farther from her plans than the project proposed by her lover that she should elope with him at night. Tabea meant to march out with all her colors flying.

First of all she went to see the sinister prophetess, Sister Jael.

"I've finished that turtle-dove, Sister Jael, and now I am going to leave the sisterhood, and marry Daniel Scheible."

Nothing is so surprising to a prophet as the fulfillment of his most confident prediction. Jael looked all aghast, and her face splintered into the most contradictory lines in the effort to give expression to the most conflicting emotions.

"I'm astonished at you," she said reprovingly, when she got breath.

"Why, I thought you expected it," replied Tabea.

"Will you break your vow?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't a woman break a vow made by a girl? And so, good-bye, Sister Jael. Can't you wish me much joy?"

But Jael turned sharply away in a horror that could find no utterance.

Thecla laughed as was her wont, and wished Tabea happiness, but intimated that Daniel was a bold man to undertake to subdue the Hofcavalier. Sister Persida's woman's heart was set all a-flutter, and she quite forgot that she was trying to be a nun, and that she belonged to the solitary and forsaken turtle-dove in the wilderness. She whispered in Tabea's ear: "You'll look so nice when you're married, dear, and Daniel will be so pleased, and the young men will steal your slipper off your foot at the dinner-table, and how I wish I could be there to see you married. But oh, Tabea! I don't see how you dare to face them all. I'd just run away with all my might if I were in your place."

And so each one took the startling intelligence according to her character, and soon all work was suspended, and every inmate of Sharon was gathered in unwonted excitement in the halls and the common room.

When Tabea passed out of the low-barred door of Sharon she met the radiant face of Scheible, who had tied his two saddle-horses a little way off.

"Come quickly, Tabea," he said with impatience.

"No, Daniel; it won't do to be rude. I must tell Brother Friedsam good-bye."

"No, don't," said Daniel, turning pale with

terror. "If you go in to see the Director, you will never come with me."

"Why won't I?" laughed the defiant girl.

"He's a wizard, and has charms that he gets out of his great books. Don't go in there; you'll never get away."

Daniel held to the Pennsylvania Dutch superstitions, but Tabea only laughed and said, "I am not afraid of wizards." She looked the Hofcavalier more than ever as she left the trembling fellow and went up to the door of Brother Friedsam's lodge.

"She isn't afraid of the devil," muttered Scheible.

Tabea knocked at the door.

"Come in and welcome, whoever thou art," said the Director within.

But when she had lifted the latch and pushed back the door, squeaking on its wooden hinges, Tabea found that Friedsam was engaged in some business with the Prior of the convent, the learned Dr. Peter Miller, known at Ephrata as Brother Jabez. Friedsam did not at first look up. The delay embarrassed her; she had time to see, with painful clearness, all the little articles in the slenderly furnished room. She noticed that the billet of wood which lay for a pillow, according to the Ephrata custom, on a bare bench used for a bed, was worn upon one side with long use; she saw how the bell-rope by means of which Friedsam called the brethren and sisters to prayers at any hour in the night, hung dangling near the bench, so that the bell might be pulled on a sudden inspiration even while the Director was rising from his wooden couch; she noted the big books; and then a great reverence for his piety and learning fell upon her, and a homesick regret; and Scheible and the wedding frolic did not seem so attractive after all. Nevertheless she held up her head like a defiant Hofcavalier.

After a time Brother Jabez with a kind greeting passed her, and the Director, looking up, said very gently:

"I wish you a very good day, Sister Tabea."

"I am no longer Sister Tabea, but Margaretha Thome. I have said adieu to all in Sharon, and now I come to say good-bye to Brother Friedsam. I am going to lay aside these garments and marry Daniel Scheible."

She held out her hand, but Friedsam was too much stunned to see it.

"You have broken your vow! You have denied the Lord!"

There was no severity in his despondent rebuke; it had the vibration of an involuntary cry of surprise and pain.

Tabea was not prepared for this. Severity she could have defied; but this cry of a prophet awakened her own conscience, and

she trembled as though she was in the light of a clear-seeing divine judgment.

"You can speak so, Brother Friedsam, for you have no human weaknesses. I am not suited to a convent; I never can be happy here. I am not submissive. I want to be necessary to somebody. Nobody cares for me here. You do not mind whether I sing in the chorals or not, and you will be better pleased to have me away, *and I am going.*" Then, finding that the Director remained silent, she said, with emotion: "Brother Friedsam, I have a great reverence for you, but I wish you knew something of the infirmities of a heart that wants to love and to be loved by somebody, and then maybe you would not think so very hardly of Tabea after she has gone."

There was a tone of beseeching in these last words which Tabea had not been wont to use.

The Director looked more numb now than ever. Tabea's words had given him a rude blow, and he could not at once recover. His lips moved without speaking, and his face assumed a look betokening inward suffering.

"Great God of wisdom, must I then tell her?" said Friedsam when he got breath. He stood up and gazed out of the square window in indecision.

"Tabea," he said presently, turning full upon her and looking in her now pale face upturned to the light, "I thought my secret would die in my breast, but you wring it from me. You say that I have no infirmities — no desire for companionship like other men or women. It is the voice of Sophia, the wisdom of the Almighty, that bids me humble myself before you this day."

Here he paused in visible but suppressed emotion. "These things," he said, pointing to his wooden couch, "these hardships of the body, these self-denials of my vocation, give me no trouble. I have one great soul-affliction, and that is what you reproach me for lacking; namely, the longing to love and to be loved. And that trial you laid upon me the first time I saw your face and heard your words in your mother's house on the Wissahickon. Oh, Tabea, you are not like the rest! you are not like the rest! Even when you go wrong, it is not like the rest. It is the vision of the life I might have led with such a woman as you that troubles my dreams in the night-time, when, across the impassable gulf of my irrevocable vow, I have stretched out my hands in entreaty to you."

This declaration changed instantly the color of Tabea's thoughts of life. Daniel Scheible and his little love-scrawls seemed to her lofty spirit as nothing, now that she saw herself in the light thrown upon her by the love of the

great master whose spirit had evoked Ephrata, and whose genius uttered itself in angelic harmonies. She loathed the little life that now opened before her. There seemed nothing in heaven or earth so desirable as to possess the esteem of Friedsam. But she stood silent and condemned.

"I have had one comfort," proceeded Brother Friedsam after a while. "When I have perceived your strength of character, when I have heard your exquisite voice uttering the melodies with which I am inspired, I have thought my work was sweeter because Tabea shared it, and I have hoped that you would yet more and more share it as years and discipline should ripen your spirit."

The Director felt faint; he sat down and looked dejectedly into the corner of the room farthest away from where Tabea stood. He roused himself in a few moments, and turned about again, to find Tabea kneeling on the flagstones before him.

"I have denied the Lord!" she moaned, for her judgment had now come completely round to Friedsam's stand-point. His condemnation seemed bitterer than death. "Brother Friedsam, I have denied the Lord!"

Friedsam regarded the kneeling figure for a moment, and then he reached out his hands, solemnly placing them on her head with a motherly tenderness, while a tremor went through his frame.

"Thou, dear child, shalt do thy first work over again," he said. "Thou shalt take a new vow, and when thou art converted then shalt thou, like Peter, strengthen the others." And withdrawing his hands, he said: "I will pray for you, Tabea, every night of my life when I hear the cock crow."

Tabea rose up slowly and went out at the door, walking no longer like a Hofcavalier, but like one in a trance. Dimly she saw the sisters standing without the door of Sharon; there was Thecla, with half-amused face, and there was Persida, curious as ever; there were Sister Petronella and Sister Blandina and others, and behind all the straight, tall form of austere Jael. Without turning to the right or left, Tabea directed her steps to the group at the door of Sharon.

"No! no! come, dear Tabea!" It was the voice of Daniel Scheible, whose existence she had almost forgotten.

"Poor Daniel!" she said, pausing and looking at him with pity.

"Don't say 'Poor Daniel,' but *come.*"

"Poor boy!" said Tabea.

"*You are bewitched,*" he cried, seizing her and drawing her away. "I knew Friedsam would put a charm on you."

She absently allowed him to lead her a few

steps; then, with another look full of tender pity and regret at his agitated face, she extricated herself from his embrace, and walked rapidly to the door. Quickening her steps to escape his pursuing grasp, she pushed through the group of sisters and fled along the hallway, and up the stairs, closing the door of her cell and fastening down the latch.

Scheible, sure that she was under some evil spell, rushed after her, shook himself loose from the grip of Sister Jael, who sought to stop him, and reached the door of Tabea's cell. But all his knocking brought not one word of answer, and after a while Brother Jabez came in, and led the poor fellow out, to the great grief of Sister Persida, who in her heart thought it a pity to spoil a wedding.

The sisters who came to call Tabea to supper that evening also failed to elicit any response. Late in the night, when she had become calm, Tabea heard the crowing of a cock, and her heart was deeply touched at the thought that Friedsam, the revered Friedsam, now more than ever the beloved of her soul, was at that moment going to prayer for the disciple who had broken her vow. She rose from her bench and fell on her knees; and if she mistook the mingled feelings of penitence and human passion for pure devotion, she made the commonest mistake of enthusiastic spirits.

But she was not left long to doubt that Friedsam had remembered her; by the time that the cock had crowed the second time, the sound of the monastery bell, the rope of which hung just by Friedsam's bedside, broke abruptly into the death-like stillness, calling the monks and nuns of Ephrata to a solemn night-service. Tabea felt sure that Friedsam

had called the meeting at this moment by way of assuring her of his remembrance.

Daniel Scheible, who had wandered back to the neighborhood in the aimlessness of disappointment, heard the monastery bell waking all the reverberations of the forest, and saw light after light twinkle from the little square windows of Bethany and Sharon; then he saw the monks and nuns come out of Bethany and Sharon, each carrying a small paper lantern as they hastened to Zion. The bell ceased, and Zion, which before had been wrapped in night, shone with light from every window, and there rose upon the silence the voices of the choruses chanting an antiphonal song; and disconsolate Scheible cursed Friedsam and Ephrata, and went off into outer darkness.

When the first strophe had been sung below, and the sweet-voiced sisters caught up the antistrophe, Brother Friedsam, sitting in the midst, listened with painful attention, vainly trying to detect the sound of Tabea's voice. But when the second strophe had been sung, and the sisters began their second response, a thrill of excitement went through all as the long-silent voice of Sister Tabea rose distinctly above all, with even more of its old fervor and expression.

And the next Saturday, for the seventh day was the Ephrata Sabbath, Tabea took a new, solemn, and irrevocable vow; and from that time until the day of her death she was called Sister Anastasia — the name signifying that she had been reestablished. What source of consolation Anastasia had the rest never divined. How should they guess that alongside her religious fervor a human love grew ethereally like an air-plant?

Much of this little story is fact. I have supplied details, dialogue, and passion. For the facts which constitute the groundwork I am chiefly indebted to Dr. Oswald W. Seidensticker's very valuable monograph,

entitled "Ephrata, eine amerikanische Klosterschichte." The reader will find a briefer account of the monastery from the same learned and able writer, in THE CENTURY magazine for December, 1881.

Edward Eggleston.

YOUNG LOVE IS LORD.

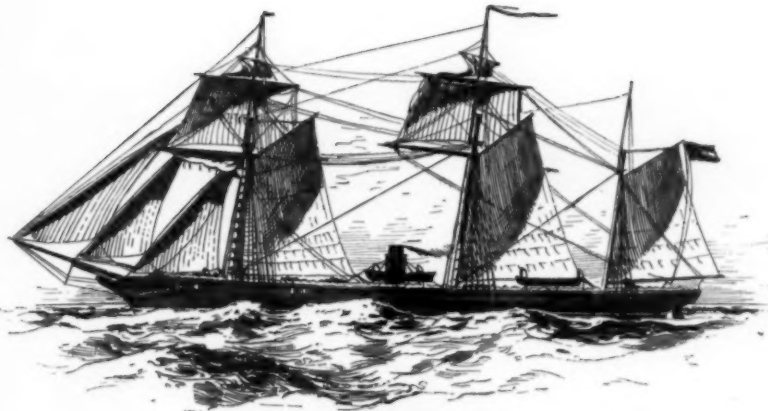
IT is the fairies' time o' year,
Grim Winter's over, they are here;
Their finger tips the alders tinge,
Rimming the runs with frailest fringe,
While willows from their slumbers shaken,
In leafy fountains playing, waken.

It is the fairies' time o' year,
The skies recede and mountains near;
Each shadow startles, as it passes,
The shy emergence of the grasses;
The Fays are busy: brown and gray—
Behold! they're spirited away!

Young Love is Lord o' earth and air,
Keeps, day and night, his trystings there;
A quickening touch, a vital thrill
Links field to field, and hill to hill:
With downward look th' impassioned hours
Call softly to the coming flow'rs.

John Vance Cheney.

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THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER "ALABAMA."

This sketch was made from a photograph (of a drawing) which Captain Semmes gave to a friend, with the remark that it was a correct picture of his ship. On the stocks, and until she went into commission, the *Alabama* was known as "No. 290," that being her number on the list of ships built by the Lairds. According to the volume, "Our Cruise in the Confederate States' War Steamer Alabama," she was a bark-rigged wooden propeller, of 1040 tons register; length of keel, 210 feet; length over all, 320; beam, 32; depth, 17. She carried two horizontal engines, each of 300 horse-power; she had stowage for 350 tons of coal. All her standing rigging was of wire. She had a double wheel placed just before the mizzen-mast, and on it was inscribed the motto, "*Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera*."

The bridge was in the center, just before the funnel. She carried five boats: cutter and launch amidships, gig and whale-boat between the main and mizzen mast, and dingey astern. The main deck was pierced for twelve guns. She was elliptic stem; billet head; high bulwarks; cabin accommodations first-class; ward-room furnished with a handsome suite of state-rooms; the starboard steerage was for midshipmen, the port for engineers. Next came the engine-room, coal-bunkers, etc.; then the berth-deck, capable of accommodating 150 men. Under the ward-room were store-rooms; and under the steerage were shell-rooms; just forward of the fire-casns came the hold; next, the magazines; and forward of all, the boatswain's and sail-maker's store-rooms; the hold was all under the berth-deck.—EDITOR.

LIFE ON THE "ALABAMA."

BY ONE OF THE CREW.



SHIP ABOARD!

ON the 3d of July, 1862, I signed in Liverpool the articles that made me one of the crew of the "290"—afterwards the *Alabama*. The shipping agent, Campbell, warned me against Yankee spies, and assured me

After a day's delay we sailed round the north coast of Ireland, and in thirteen days arrived at Terceira, one of the Azore Islands. The "290" was by no means as fast as I had expected from report; she did not make over ten knots during her first trip, and had a fashion of burying herself when driven to speed, that set everything afloat. Of course her crew, in the "berth-deck," were none the more comfortable for this.

In a few days we were joined by an English bark, loaded with guns and war material, and went to work laying platforms for the heavy guns, and mounting the pivot-guns, one a very fine Blakely rifled hundred-pounder, and the other an eight-inch sixty-eight-pounder, smooth bore. As the Portuguese governor had ordered us out of the harbor, we had to do our work in a rolling sea, three miles from an anchorage. Before we had finished the steamer *Bahama* came in, bringing Captain Semmes and the remainder of the crew, also more guns, and, it was said, a large sum of money.

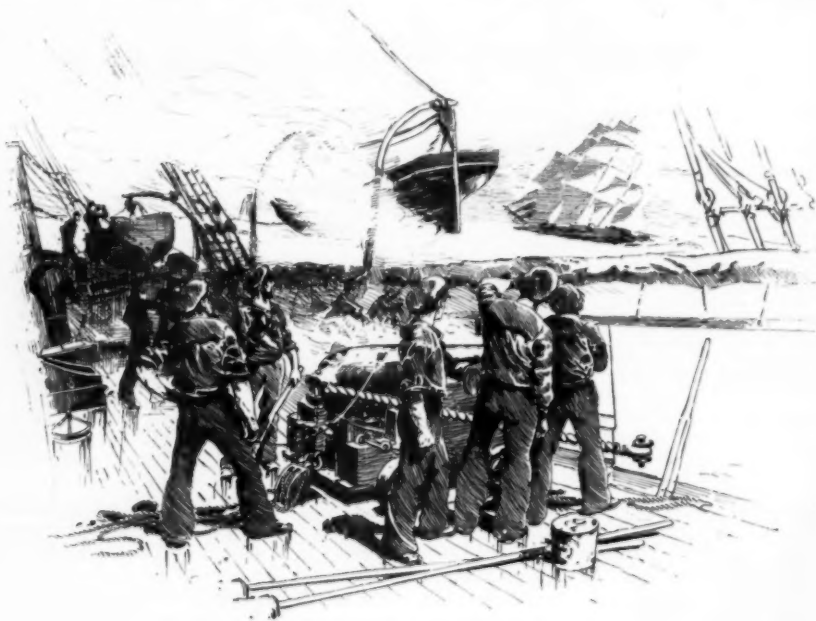
We all got liberty and went ashore. Familiar as I was with sailors' antics, this surpassed everything. The few policemen of the town were seized and mounted on the men's backs; the authorities were defied, and although no serious outrage was committed, the Portuguese

that in three months Great Britain would declare war against the United States. Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Everything, to a practiced eye, indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the places for the pivot-guns were plainly marked; her magazines were finished and shot-boxes were lying about.

On the 28th of July, the *Alabama* passed out of the Mersey, on a supposed trial-trip, and anchored in a bay on the Welsh coast, where she was joined by most of her crew. We had about one hundred men, half of them sailors, the others being coal-passers, etc.

officials remonstrated with Semmes for turning such a gang loose on them. Most of these men had not yet signed articles, and of course the officers of the *Alabama* could not control them. When the time came for signing they were told they could stay or go; they "quit backing and filling," and came forward at once and were sent on board. The ship was "all adrift" like a midshipman's chest, and the

laughed at him, and suggested that "Chucks, the marine," had been at his tricks. Chucks is the "Robin Goodfellow" on board an English man-o'-war, who bears the blame of all mischief that can't be found out. I had been looking over the crew, and made up my mind that, on the whole, I had never been on a ship with such a bad lot. They were all sailors from clew to earing,—no haymakers



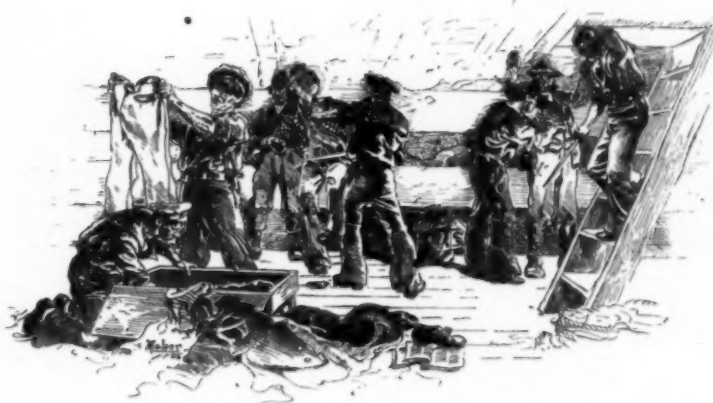
INVITATION TO "HEAVE TO."

boatswain's pipe was going all the time. We worked hard to clean the ship, and got her in order in two days. The crew were now divided into watches, and the routine life of a man-o'-war commenced.

We left Angra on a bright Sunday morning in company with the *Bahama*. Our officers came out in "full fig"; the scratch band played "Dixie"; all hands were mustered, and we saw the flag we were to fight under, for the first time, and heard the first of Captain Semmes's exhortations. He told us among other things that Providence would bless our endeavors to free the South from the Yankees, etc. A boatswain's mate behind me growled, "Yass, Providence likely to bless this yer crew!" During the night some one ornamented a bread-bag with a terrific skull and cross-bones and managed to fasten it to one of the mizzen-braces. In the morning the master-at-arms was hunting for the delinquent, but the men only

among them,—but they were mostly of that class, found in seaport towns all over the world, that ship for the "run" (from port to port), and not for the voyage, and are always a rough, mutinous set. They did not seem to care for the ship's officers, and were determined to stand no "man-o'-war dickey" from them.

When off watch the men began to overhaul each other's log, and to tell lies about their voyages. I was pleased to find that I had not an old shipmate aboard. The best man in the port watch, to which I belonged, was a Scotchman named Gill. He was about forty, very powerful, and could hold an ordinary man at arm's length clear of the deck. He was saturated with Calvinism, and could quote Scripture and sermons by the hour, but was, all the same, a daring, dangerous ruffian. According to his own account, he had been in numerous mutinies, in one case taking a Span-



LOOTING A PRIZE. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

ish brig, killing the officers, beaching her on the Deseada Key, in the Leeward Islands, and getting to Porto Rico in the launch with the plunder. This man's influence was bad, and he was the cause of much of the insubordination that took place on board.

I hadn't a great deal of admiration for our officers, First Officer Kell being the best; but the truth is, the only officer that sailors respect is a sharp, resolute, driving one. Fear is the best basis for discipline on a ship. The men got it into their heads that our captain had been a parson; and knowing the versatility of the average American, I would not have been surprised, as I had once sailed under an officer who had been an editor, school-master, Baptist preacher, had been in the legislature, and I believe in the penitentiary for slave-trading, and was withal a first-rate sailor. This did not raise Captain Semmes in the regard of the crew, who cursed him for a psalm-singer, and a "jury captain"; but the fact that with such a company he cruised nearly two years and kept his ship, shows that he had both judgment and resolution.

On the 3d of September we took our first prize, a whaling schooner, and for the first time in my life I saw a burning vessel. When the boat returned with the pris-

oners, there was some excitement, but it soon became a commonplace matter. The prisoners were placed on deck under a spar-rigged sail, and fared badly in stormy weather. Our berth-deck was so crowded that the hammocks touched all over, and this gave opportunities to the rough to annoy their quieter shipmates. My hammock was cut down three times in one night, the knittles being rendered useless, and I had to finish my "turn in" on the deck. As soon as our watch was called I waited for the guilty man at the forward companion-way, and nearly battered the life out of him. I was duly reported and lost my "grog" for ten days, but I was not "dumped" any more.

We were now taking prizes rapidly, being not over four hundred miles from New York, in the "rolling forties" directly in the track of American commerce. The treatment of the prisoners was fairly good and they were



DIVERSION ON DECK.



CHRISTMAS AT ARCAS KEYS. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

not ill-used on board, but the conduct of the boarding-crews was shameful; the officer in charge of the boat had no control over them, and they rushed below like a gang of pirates, breaking open the sailors' chests and taking from the persons of the prisoners everything that took their fancy. I never saw them in-

jure prisoners or use their weapons except to frighten their victims, but the wanton destruction of the clothes and effects of captured sailors was simply disgraceful. This sort of thing seriously affected the *morale* of the men, and had we then met an enemy of equal force, but of the usual standard of man-o'-



QUELLING A RIOT ON THE "ALABAMA." (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR. SEE PAGE 906.)

war discipline, we should have made a very poor show. The prisoners were of all nationalities, but their officers all seemed to be Americans by birth and were mostly a fine, gentlemanly lot. The old sea-dog element so common among English skippers in the East does not seem to exist among the American officers of the merchant marine; they might easily be mistaken for clerks, or even professors. Not so the old sailors in command of the "tea wagons" and East Indian ships,—their walk and lingo proclaim them sailors, and nothing else. One of the mates of a whaling-ship we took and burnt was a parson-like man and preached and prayed to his fellows. He was long and lanky, and two of our roughs began to haze him: but they mistook their calling, and in two minutes were so mauled and manhandled that it was reported aft; but the first officer said it served them right, much to the satisfaction of the honest man between decks.

On one of the prizes a man named George Forest was found. He had deserted from the Confederate service on the *Sumter*, and was recognized and put in irons. The same day the *Tonarwanda* was taken; she was bonded and not burned. Forest was tried by court-martial, and lost his pay, etc.; then he was sent forward and put in our watch, where he at once fraternized with the Scotchman Gill and began to organize opposition. George Forest was a Yankee Irishman, born on Long Island. He was a first-class sailor, and had he possessed an education would have made his mark. He was tall, powerful, and had considerable manly beauty, and could talk to sailors better than any man I ever knew. He was a born mutineer, but was not as dangerous as old Gill, who could hold his tongue, which Forest could not. Having, as he said, nothing to lose but his life, as his pay was confiscated, he was openly insolent and defiant, and constantly in trouble, while the petty officers were afraid of him and his set. On a regular man-o'-war he would soon have ended his career; but, as Gill argued ingenuously, the *Alabama* had never been in a Southern port and was outside of the law, and it would be no mutiny to take the ship. There must have been something in this, or the officers would never have permitted what they did. In truth the expulsion of a dozen men would have made the captain secure in his authority, and I never could understand his forbearance. One means of maintaining discipline and subordination was wanting on the *Alabama*, and that was constant work. Where officers are enabled to command obedience to orders this is never neglected. "Teasing time" is well understood by merchant skippers, and

consists in overhauling the rigging, restowing stores, frequent mustering, and inspecting bags and hammocks. But we were so heavily manned, and so full of stores (a prime necessity in the case of a ship that could not command a port when needed), that we had barely room to swing our hammocks; in fact we could scarcely move without tumbling over somebody. The monotony was dreadful. After we had swept the ocean of prizes we had no excitement, and we cast about in every way to amuse ourselves. The ruffianly por-



AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

tion of the crew found their pleasure in hazing and ill-treating their duller and less resolute shipmates, and there were some fearful examples of this kind of work. We had sparring matches and single-stick playing, in both of which I excelled. Spinning yarns and singing songs were resources that never failed. The starboard watch made every man sing in turn under penalty of a pannikin of salt water, and our poets were kept busy in composing new ditties. One man had a splendid tenor voice; he was well educated and had been, he said, an officer in the Royal Navy, and was, like all disrated gentlemen that I have ever met, a "vicious and irreclaimable blackguard." How strange to hear him sing "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," and "My Mary in Heaven" with taste and feeling, and the next moment disgust even his rude associates by a burst of obscene blasphemy. One sailor, a wonderful story-teller, who generally prefaced his yarns

with "When I sailed in the *Taprobane*, East Ingyman," was known as "Top-robbin." His imagination was prolific of horrors, and his grim and sepulchral visage aided in producing an effect on his hearers. His tales were of phantom ships, that sailed in the teeth of wind and current, and of ghastly women that came aboard in the height of storms, etc., and so realistic and impressive was his delivery that some of the worst ruffians in the watch sought their hammocks in fear and trembling. But the poor fellow came to grief in this wise. It was remarked that he had always missed his "tip" in the singing and had rather avoided the tuneful choir. He was on this particular night ordered to "pipe up" and no more temporizing about it. He put on a look of intense misery, and commenced:

"How Jerry Lee was hung at sea
For stabbing of his messmate true,
And his body did swing, a horrible thing,
At the sport of the wild sea-mew."

What a voice!—it was at once a squeaky treble and a hoarse bass. With one accord the men yelled to him to stop. He was assured "If you ever sing again in this ere watch while we're off soundings, we'll fire you through a lee port. Such a voice as that would raise a harrycane." Poor Top-robbin seemed glad to quit, remarking that he didn't sing for his own "diversion," and we all agreed with him.

Most of the songs would not look well in print, but they were nearly all squibs on the "Captain and his officers," and were bawled out without mitigation of voice, and no doubt heard in the mess-room aft. The belief that Captain Semmes had been a parson inspired many of these ditties, one of which ran as follows:

"Oh, our captain said, 'When my fortune's made,
I'll buy a church to preach in,
And fill it full of toots and horns,
And have a jolly Methodee screechin."

"And I'll pray the Lord from night to morn
To weather Old Yankee Doodle—
And I'll run a hinfant Sunday-school
With part of the Yankee's hoodle."

The following was the last effort of the Muse and was sung the Saturday night before we left Cherbourg:

"We're homeward bound, we're homeward bound,
And soon shall land on English ground;
But ere that English land we see,
We first must lick the *Kersar-gee*."

But we didn't lick the *Kersar-gee*, and the poor poet realized the alternative, for I saw him crushed and mangled under a gun, just before I went over the side.

October 17th we struck a spell of bad weather, lasting five days. At one time I thought we should founder. The weather

main-brace parted, losing us the main-yard, fore-top and stay-sail. At one time the vessel was fairly on her beam-ends, and the decks were straight up and down. The ship was well handled, but was not, in my opinion, a weatherly craft, and I came to the conclusion that if we ran across one of the fast Yankee cruisers our career would come to an end.

November 18th we arrived at Martinique, and had an "ovation"; the exultation of the French over the disasters to Yankee commerce impressed me. A French corvette lying there gave a dinner to the officers. Gill licked two of the Frenchman's petty officers nearly to death, as his share of the entertainment, and our liberty was stopped in consequence. Forest swam on shore that night, and eluding sharks and lookouts, was hauled into one of the berth-deck ports with five gallons of the worst liquor I ever drank. It set the entire watch crazy. Forest kept comparatively sober, but old Gill "bowed up his jib" until he could scarcely stand. Such an uproar I never heard; the lanterns were lit in defiance, and when the watch was called, the officer of the deck was saluted with all manner of "skrim-shander." The boatswain was knocked down and hurt by a blow from a belaying-pin, and everything loose was fired aft. The officers and marines, with the sober portion of the crew, now charged forward, and a terrible *mêlée* ensued. Gill knocked a gunner's mate's jaw out of place, and was laid out by a capstan-bar, and finally the drunken men were secured. Forest was identified by a port guard from shore, as the man who got the liquor, and as defiant as ever, was placed in double irons and under guard.

We now heard that a Yankee cruiser, the *San Jacinto*, was outside awaiting us. The general sentiment of the crew was to fight. We were tired of the monotony of hunting merchantmen and, win or lose, wanted a change. But our officers thought otherwise, and by the open and undisguised assistance of the French naval officers and shore authorities, signals were set to mislead the Yankee commander, and a pilot took us out by a route that enabled us to leave the island far astern by daybreak. On the 27th of November we arrived at the island of Blanquilla and coaled. We were about one hundred miles from the coast of South America. Forest was here sentenced to be sent ashore, to lose his pay and to be dismissed the service in disgrace. He snapped his fingers and swore to be even with the officers. We made up eighty dollars for him, and one of the boatmen took it ashore to him. I thought it a good riddance, but kept my opinion to myself.

After looking into Porto Rico we went

through the Mona passage, on the lookout for California steamers, and on the 27th of December we captured the *Ariel*. She was boldly sailed, and only came to, after a shot from our Blakely rifle had barely missed hulling her. As she was full of passengers, she was bonded and let go. We had up to this time taken nineteen prizes. December 24th, we came to the Arcas Keys, desolate sandbanks on the Caribbean Sea. Here we were to coal, and spend our Christmas-day, at liberty on shore. "Liberty on Christmas, the mean pirate!" sang out one of the port watch. "Well, here's for a quiet life—I can lick anything in the starboard watch!" In five minutes the whole front of the island was covered with combatants. Every one hit everybody else, and when the officer of the day sent a guard and boats to bring the men off, they had their hands full. Some of the men were badly hurt, and we had cause to remember our Christmas festivities at Arcas.

Sunday was our busy day. Half our prizes were taken on that day, and now our first action was to take place on Sunday, January 11, 1863. We knew from the orders given that we were in an enemy's vicinity and, accordingly, were at the guns when we saw through the dusk the bows of a small steamer, coming towards us. Her officers had no need to be taken unawares, as any good seaman would have seen that we were at quarters, guns manned. But she came within one hundred yards of us before hailing. We answered: "This is Her Britannic Majesty's steamer *Petrel*!" The answer came back, "This is the United States steamer *Hatteras*!" At the same moment we answered: "This is the Confederate steamer *Alabama*!" In fact, before they could well make out the hail, we gave her the whole broadside of our starboard batteries. We were not more than fifty yards away, and we heard the crash of the shot. She at once returned our fire—but it was evident her armament was light. After ten minutes' rapid firing some one called out, "The enemy is sinking," and we were ordered to stop firing, as the vessel had surrendered. Boats were manned, and in a few strokes of the oars we were alongside. Her bow was in the air, and she was going down stern foremost. In a few minutes her men and wounded were in the boats, and giving a wallow, the *Hatteras* went down. To me she looked more like a flimsy river steamer than a war vessel. Indeed, most Yankee cruisers look slim and slight compared with the more sturdy build of the English men-o'-war.

Much was said of our victory until we learned that the armament of the *Hatteras* had been four thirty-two-pounders, and that

we had only killed and wounded five of her crew. With our weight of guns we should have done more harm; but the truth is, that we had but few skilled gunners on board, and they were not at the heavy guns. Our gun drills were farcical, in my opinion. In fact, we never came within distance of man-o'-war drill or discipline.

We now sailed for Jamaica, going into Port Royal, and had a pleasant time. Here something occurred that few knew of. An Irishman called "King-post," from his build, being short and thick, was suspected of giving the officers information of the plans of Forest and his mates. He was closely watched and he knew it, but was on his guard. He took his liberty with the others, and of course got drunk. Seeing Gill and another man leading a third and going toward the suburbs, I followed and made out the third man to be King-post. I missed them, and as I knew that Gill was well acquainted with the Port, I at once conjectured, that he had seen me following them, and had changed his course. An hour after both men came back, and I joined them. I asked where the Irishman was. Gill looked at me with his hard gray eyes, and significantly said: "I dunna know, laddie, but he'll haud his tongue noo; and ye had better say naithing, yir a wise fallou." King-post never came back and was supposed to have deserted; but no doubt he fell a victim to those two ruffians. The crew broke all bounds here and nearly all the petty officers were disrated, much to their satisfaction, as they had no respect from the crew and were responsible for them to their officers. I could have been quartermaster, but declined.

We were now on the coast of San Domingo, a lovely view of wooded mountains and tropical vegetation. On the 2d of July the cry of fire was raised, and after much confusion all was made right. It came from the spirit-room, where one of the petty officers had entered with a naked light. We were making prizes now and then, and burning them, but to-day we were fairly beaten by a sailing vessel. When the lookout saw her it was toward sunset, and we set the English ensign, our usual ruse to deceive Uncle Sam; but this captain was wideawake, and piling on canvas he kept the weather-gauge. We could see that he was using every device that a good sailor knew to beat us. Our boatswain was an old clipper sailor and I asked him whether we were gaining on the chase. "Not an inch, and we are doing our best." The wind freshened and we tried long shot with our rifle-gun, but it was no use. The chase was a cloud of canvas, and was beautifully handled, and in my heart I wished her success. It

was now getting dark, and several times we saw a light and felt assured that we were forereaching on the ship, when our lookout on the yard sang out, "That's a floating light." Our Yankee had fooled us by this old device, for we saw no more of him.

It was a very common thing for the crews that boarded a prize to bring liquor back with them. Once some fifteen bottles of brandy were smuggled aboard, and all hands partook. As usual, there was a terrible time between decks. One petty officer was so badly hurt that it was thought he would die. Many of the men had grape-shot in a netted bag fastened to the wrist by a lanyard, and many a coward blow was given with these.

We hailed a large ship, June 30th, and fired a gun, which was at once returned, when we found that we were trying to bring to a British man-of-war, the *Diomedé*. She did not answer our ensign, but kept on her way in apparent disdain. We now left the South American coast and made for the Cape of Good Hope, taking a few prizes on the way, and late in July anchored in Saldanha Bay, about one hundred miles north of Cape Town. Here one of the engineers shot himself by accident and was buried. We sailed for Cape Town and many of the crew deserted. At Simon's Town the entire crew broke away, petty officers and all, and the quartermaster and twelve men left us.

We now sailed for the Eastern seas, and making captures here and there, arrived at Singapore December 22. We had one long chase after a fine clipper ship, the *Contest*, that but for our guns would have outsailed us. Her mate was an Englishman, and was put in irons after knocking down one of the officers and offering to fight any "pirate" on board. At one small island near the Straits of Sunda, garrisoned by Frenchmen, we had a stand-up fight with a gang of large baboons, and two of our men were badly bitten. I had my jacket taken clean off, at one clutch, and was glad to escape so easily. They threw stones and clubs like Tipperary men.

We sailed from Singapore for Table Bay, the weather being fearfully hot, and got there March 13th. I was approached in the middle watch by a man known as "Shakings," from his bushy yellow hair. He was a great crony of Gill's and told me that if I would stand in, they would make a rush aft, on the next night, and that we could easily take the ship; that the American consul would guarantee us one hundred thousand dollars, and see that no harm would come to us. I asked him who were with him, and he said four of the petty officers, and some twenty of the crew. I did not like this man, he had a bad eye, and I said I would think of it. I knew

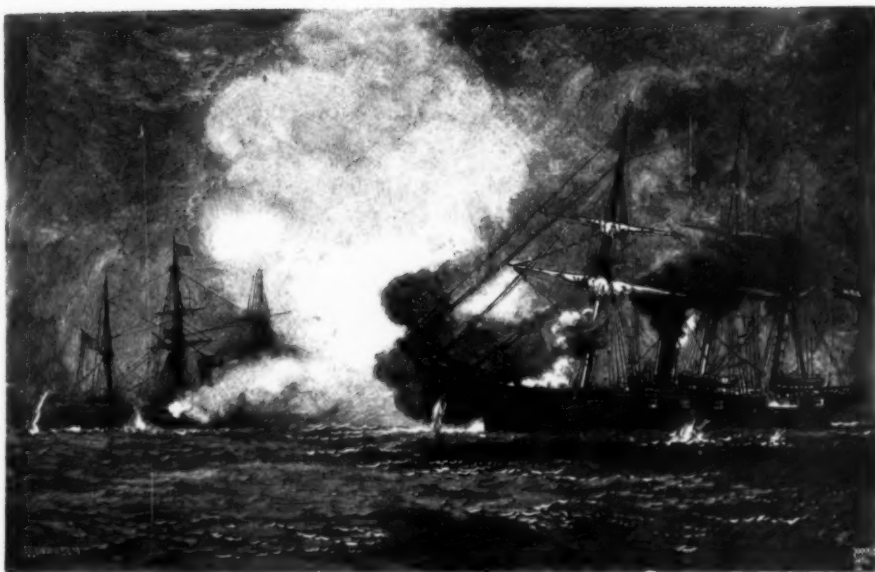
Gill, bad as he was, could be trusted, and I spoke to him. He assured me that we would not be opposed by the petty officers, and one determined rush would do it! I told him that I was sure the officers were on the alert and that as we were going to England soon, it would scarce pay—and that the American consul would repudiate the whole affair and we would bring ourselves in the grip of English law. If we could run her into a Yankee port, it would be different. I thought of the wretched man at Port Royal and kept my own counsel.

We were told that our course was now for England and this had a good effect on the men. The Yankee flag seemed to become a stranger on the seas, and we had a dull time after leaving the African coast. We were off Lizard Point June 8th, with England dim and misty on the port bow. We took a pilot aboard and made Cherbourg on the 13th of June. There is no doubt that the ship needed repairs. She forged through the water, showing that her copper was stripping and that she had become a very tub in sailing. Her engines were out of order, and there was a constant thumping and fizzing in the engine-room. It was generally understood that in all probability her cruising would come to an end, for if she ventured into an English port that would be the last of her, as the English Government would stop her going out again. I do not think that I was ever so glad to get ashore in my life. On shore we soon heard of the U. S. steamer *Kearsarge*, and we were glad that we would have an opportunity of trying our guns on something like our match. The police in Cherbourg being well organized, our men behaved fairly well.

On the 15th of June at an early hour, it was told through the ship that the *Kearsarge* was coming through the east end of the harbor. From the berth-deck ports we had a fair look at her. She seemed low in the water, but was evidently in fighting trim. She steamed past us, at the rate of about nine knots, and out of the west opening. We heard from the gossip of the ward-room servants that Semmes had challenged the American consul. The men who worked the guns had no confidence in any but the Blakely rifle."

We got everything ship-shape and left Cherbourg for our last cruise on a bright Sunday morning, June 19th. We were escorted by a French armored vessel, and when we got outside we could see the *Kearsarge* awaiting us, about four miles away. Captain Semmes made us a short speech which was well received, though it seemed odd to me that an American should appeal to an Englishman's love of glory to animate him to fight the

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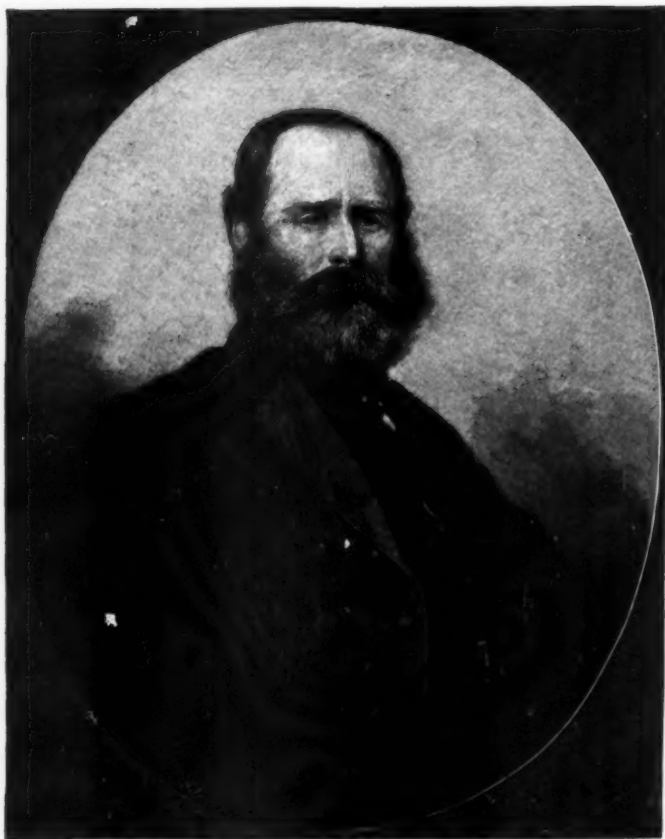


"THE FIRST SHOT THAT STRUCK US MADE THE SHIP REEL."

speaker's own countrymen. But we cheered, and the French ship leaving us, we steamed straight for the *Kearsarge*. There is no doubt that Semmes was flurried and commenced firing too soon. We were, I should say, nearly a mile away, and I do not think a single shot told. The enemy circled around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards and then she let us have it. The first shot that struck us made the ship reel and shake all over. I was serving on one of the thirty-two-pounders, and my sponger was an old man-o'-war's man, who remarked after a look out of the port, "We might as well fire batter puddens as these pop-guns; a few more biffs like that last and we may turn turtle." He had scarcely spoken when a shell burst under our pivot-gun, tilting it out of range and killing five of the crew. "What is wrong with the rifle-gun?" was asked. "We don't seem to be doing the enemy any harm," while with slow precision came the crash of the heavy shell of the Yankee. One missile that seemed as big as a haystack whizzed over our heads, taking a section of the port bulwarks away, fortunately missing a man that was handling shot. He only remarked that he believed the Yankee was firing "steam-b'ilers" at us. Another shell struck us amidships, causing the ship to list to port so that our gun weighing three tons raced in, pinning one poor fellow against the port-sill. He died before we could get him clear. This was the missile that sunk the *Alabama*. "She's going down!" was the

cry, and all was confusion. Another shell struck about the water-line, and the vessel reeled like a drunken man. The dead and wounded were lying about the deck, which was red with blood. Our officers did their duty and the men at once began to get up the wounded. The cutter and launch were in the water, and the officers were trying to keep the men back till the wounded were all in; but certainly many of them were left, for I saw several on the berth-deck when I went below, and the boats were then full and pushing off. When it was certain that the ship was sinking, all order was at an end. I had £10 and a watch in a locker between decks, and I ran below, but they were gone.

"All hands on deck — ship's going down!" was called, and I had just got on the upper step of the forward companion-way when the water, entering the berth-deck ports, forced the air up and almost carried me off my legs. I cast my eyes around for a moment. Old Gill, with his head crushed under the carriage of the eight-inch gun, was lying there, his brawny hands clinching the breast of his jumper. Just as the water came over the stern I went over the port bulwarks. I was a good swimmer, and had not been in the water five minutes when a French pilot-boat came running past, and a brawny fellow in petticoats and top-boots dragged me out of the water. Three of our crew were on board and two more were picked up. One of the men told me that he had been hailed by the doctor to aid him in



CAPTAIN JOHN MCINTOSH KELL, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "ALABAMA."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN SOUTHAMPTON IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FIGHT.)

bringing a man from the lower deck, but did not wait, as the water was then coming into the lower deck ports. I had seen an officer at the after companion-way just before going over the side, and this was no doubt Dr. Llewellyn, who was drowned.

A steam-yacht was passing westward, which I recognized as the *Deerhound*, having seen her at Cherbourg. I had a good look at the *Kearsarge*, whose boats were approaching, but she did not seem injured in the least. Our French lugger bore away for Cherbourg, landing us about four in the afternoon. I had deposited £90 with a French money-changer before the action, so I was not badly off. We were beset with questions by Englishmen staying there, and I was amazed at their desire to belittle the victory of the *Kearsarge*. One grim old tar, who had been quartermaster in the Royal Navy and was saved with me, said

to the point, "We was whipped because she was a better ship, better manned; had better guns, better served; that's about the size of it," and he walked away. The next day I induced an English fishing-smack to take me to England, landing at Portsmouth.

We had inflicted great loss on private owners, but I am sure we did not aid the cause we fought for, in the least. I have seen somewhere an account of the taking of the *Hatteras*, that made it a daring achievement. To sneak up to an enemy under a false hail, and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return — surely, no English sailor will see anything to the national credit in this. The poor show we made with the *Kearsarge* however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenseless merchantmen; and the "meteor flag," that Captain Semmes was so proud of, came down with a run.

P. D. Haywood.

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CRUISE AND COMBATS OF THE "ALABAMA."

BY HER EXECUTIVE OFFICER.



THE *Alabama* was built by the Lairds, of Birkenhead, England, for the Confederate States Government, and in violation of no law. In the House of Commons these senior partner of the constructors stated "that she left Liverpool a perfectly legitimate transaction." Captain James D. Bulloch, as agent for the Confederacy, superintended her construction. As a "ruse" she was sent on a trial trip,

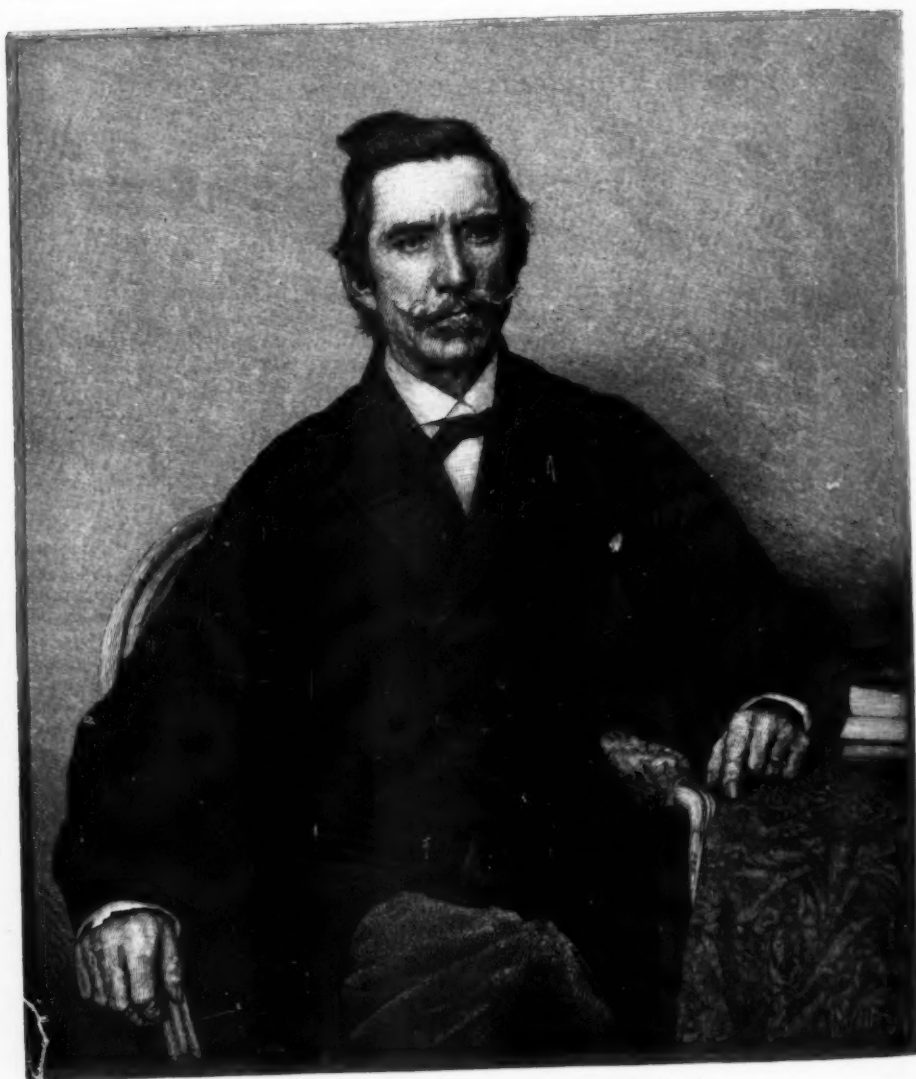
with a large party of ladies and gentlemen. A tug met the ship in the channel, and took off the guests, while the two hundred and ninetyeth ship built in the Laird yard proceeded on her voyage to the island of Terceira, among the Azores, whither a transport had preceded her with war material. Captain Raphael Semmes, with his officers, carried by the *Bahama*, met her there. Under the lee of the island, outside the marine league, we lashed our ships together, and made the transfer of armament and stores.

Arriving on Wednesday, August 20th, 1862, by Saturday night we had completed the transfer, and on Sunday morning, under a cloudless sky, upon the broad Atlantic, a common heritage, we put in commission the *Alabama*, by authority of the Confederate States Government. Thus empowered, we proceeded to ship such men from the crews of the several ships as were willing to sign the articles. Eighty men signed, and these formed the nucleus of our crew, the full complement being soon made up from the crews of our prizes. From the above date we commenced our cruise of twenty-two months, which was the most successful accomplishment of the work for which she was constructed of any single ship of any nation in any age.

The *Alabama* was built for speed rather than battle. Her lines were symmetrical and

fine; her material of the best. In fifteen minutes her propeller could be hoisted, and she could go through every evolution under sail without any impediment. In less time her propeller could be lowered; with sails furled, and yards braced within two points of a headwind, she was a perfect steamer. Her speed, independent, was from ten to twelve knots; combined, and under favorable circumstances, she could make fifteen knots. When ready for sea she drew fifteen feet of water. She was barkentine rigged, with long lower masts, which enabled her to carry an immense spread of lower canvas, and to lay close to the wind. Her engines were three hundred horse-power, with a condensing apparatus that was indispensable. Since we lived principally upon provisions taken from our prizes, their water-supply was never sufficient. Our condenser enabled us to keep the sea for long periods, we having to seek a port only for coals.

Our armament consisted of eight guns: one Blakely hundred-pounder rifled gun, pivoted forward; one eight-inch solid-shot gun, pivoted abaft the mainmast; and six thirty-two pounders in broadside. Our crew numbered about one hundred and twenty men and twenty-four officers. Captain Semmes, an officer of high standing in the old navy, had studied law, paying particular attention to the international branch, and was admitted to the bar in Alabama, of which State he was a citizen. Thus he was eminently qualified for the position he was now called upon to assume. During the Mexican war he commanded the brig *Somers* in the blockade of Vera Cruz, and lost that unfortunate vessel in chase, during a norther, and narrowly escaped drowning. He afterwards accompanied the army to the city of Mexico, ever foremost in the path of duty and daring heroism. The writer, his executive officer, had served twenty years in the old navy, and had had the good fortune to accompany every expedition of a warlike nature fitted out by the United States during that period. In the Mexican war, on the coast of California, I served ashore and afloat; then with the gallant Commodore Perry, in his expedition to Japan, and again in the Paraguay expedition. Our second lieutenant, R. F. Armstrong, from Georgia, and third lieutenant, J. D. Wilson, from Florida, came out with us in the *Sumter*.



REAR-ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, CAPTAIN OF THE "ALABAMA."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF MRS. J. MCINTOSH KELL; TAKEN IN ENGLAND AFTER THE LOSS OF HIS SHIP.)

They were just from Annapolis, each having resigned on the secession of their respective States. Both the father and grandfather of our fourth lieutenant, Arthur Sinclair, Jr., of Virginia, had been captains in the United States Navy. Our fifth lieutenant, John Lowe, of Georgia, had seen some service, and was a most efficient officer; our Acting Master I. D. Bulloch, of Georgia, was a younger brother of Captain James D. Bulloch. It will thus be

seen that the watch-officers of the ward-room were not ordinary material. A few months' experience in active service gave them confidence, and it may safely be affirmed that older heads could not have filled their places with greater efficiency. The remainder of our ward-room mess was made up of our surgeon, Dr. F. L. Galt, of Virginia, also of the old service; Dr. D. H. Llewellyn, of Wiltshire, England, who, as surgeon, came out in the ship when

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under English colors, and joined us as assistant surgeon. First Lieutenant B. K. Howell, of the Marine Corps, brother-in-law to President Davis, was from Mississippi, and Mr. Miles J. Freeman, our chief engineer, had been with us in the *Sumter*. The steerage mess was made up of three midshipmen — E. M. Anderson of Georgia; E. A. Maffit of North Carolina, the son of the captain of the Confederate States steamer *Florida*; and George T. Sinclair of Virginia. The latter was afterwards detached from the *Alabama*, and made executive officer to Lieutenant Lowe on the *Tuscaloosa*, a tender that we commissioned. The *Tuscaloosa* had been the bark *Conrad* of Philadelphia, captured by us June 21, 1863. Upon our arrival at Cherbourg, Sinclair came at once to join his old ship, having heard of the contemplated engagement. Accompanying him came also Lieutenant William C. Whittle, Jr., of Virginia, a gallant young son of Commodore W. C. Whittle of the old navy, and Lieutenant John Grimbail, a South Carolinian, offering their services for any position during the engagement. They were not permitted to join us, on the ground that it would be a violation of French neutrality. The remainder of the steerage mess was made up of young master's mates and engineers, most of whom had come out with us in the *Sumter*.

The eleventh day after going into commission we captured our first prize, not one hundred miles from where we hoisted our flag. After working round the Azores for some weeks, with fine breezes, we shaped our course for Sandy Hook. But we encountered frequent gales off the Newfoundland banks, and on the 16th of October lost our main-yard in a cyclone. Being considerably shaken up, we decided to seek a milder latitude. Running down to the Windward Islands, we entered the Caribbean Sea. Our prizes gave us regularly the mails from the United States, from which we gathered the fitting out of the army under General Banks for the attack on Galveston and the invasion of Texas, and the day on which the fleet would sail. Whereupon, Captain Semmes calculated about the time they would arrive, and shaped his course accordingly, coaling and refitting ship at the Arcas Keys. He informed me of his plan of attack, which was to sight the shipping off Galveston about the time that General Banks was due with his large fleet of transports, under the convoy perhaps of a few vessels of war. The entire fleet would anchor in the outer roadstead, as there is only sufficient water on the bar for light-drafts. All attention at such a time would be given to the disembarkation of the army, as there were no enemy's cruisers to molest them; our presence in

the Gulf was not even known. We were to take the bearing of the fleet, and after the mid watch was set and all quieted down, we would silently steam among them with both batteries in action, slowly steam through their midst, pouring in a continuous discharge of shell to fire and sink as we went, and before the convoys could move we expected to accomplish our work and be off on another cruise.

But instead of sighting General Banks's fleet of transports we sighted five vessels of war at anchor, and soon after, our lookout reported a steamer standing out for us. We were then under topsails, only, with a light breeze, heading off shore, and gradually drawing our pursuer from the squadron. About dark she came up with us, and in an action of thirteen minutes we had sunk the *Hatteras*! She carried a larger crew than our own, and every living man on board of her was saved. General Banks, as it proved, had gone up the Mississippi with his fleet of transports. Knowing that the squadron would soon be upon us, every light on board ship was put under cover and we shaped our course for broader waters. During the night one of those fearful northerners came sweeping after us, and under the circumstances was a welcome gale. Hoisting our propeller, we crowded all the sail she could bear, and soon were out of harm's way. As Captain Blake of the *Hatteras* (whom I had known in the old service) came on deck, he remarked upon the speed we were making, and gracefully saluted me with, "Fortune favors the brave, sir!" I wished him a pleasant voyage with us; and I am sure he, with his officers and men, received every attention while on board the *Alabama*.

We paroled them at Kingston, Jamaica, and after repairing a few shot-holes and coaling ship, we passed on to our work in the South Atlantic, taking our position at the cross-roads of the homeward-bound East India and Pacific trade, as pointed out by Commodore Matthew F. Maury, whose wind and current charts have marked the highways of commerce on the ocean as plainly as do the mile-posts on our public roads. After a few weeks of good work in that locality and along the coast of Brazil, we crossed over to the Cape of Good Hope, where we played "hide and seek" with the United States steamer *Vanderbilt*, whose commander, Captain Baldwin, had generously explained to Sir Baldwin Walker, the English admiral of the station at Simon's Town, "that he did not intend to fire a gun at the *Alabama*, but to run her down and sink her." We were not disposed to try issues with the *Vanderbilt*; so one night about eleven o'clock, while it blew a gale of wind from the south-east, we hove anchor



CHART OF THE CRUISE OF THE "ALABAMA."

NOTE: of the 66 captures, given on this chart, 59 were released on bond, namely, the *Emily Farnum*, *Tinianunda*, *Baron De Castine*, *Union*, *Ariel*, *Washington*, *Bethia*, *Thayer*, *Purjeah*, *Morning Star*, and *Jurina*; 2 of the 4 not accounted for above, the *Haitezeu* was sunk in action; the *Conrad* was burned; the *Martha* and *John* were captured and released; the *Martha* was sold to the *Martha* *Hesselt* captured in neutral waters, was released.

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and steamed out of Simon's Bay. By morning we had made a good offing, and, setting what sail she could carry, hoisted our propeller and made a due south course. We ran down to the fortieth degree south latitude, where we fell in with westerly gales and bowled along nearly due east, until we shaped our course for the Straits of Java. Our long stretch across the Indian Ocean placed us in the China Sea, where we were least expected, and where we soon fell in with the China trade. In a few weeks we had so paralyzed the enemy's commerce that their ships were absolutely locked up in port, and neutrals doing all the carrying trade. Having thus virtually cleared the sea of the United States flag, we ran down to Singapore, coaled ship, and then turned westward through the Straits of Malacca, across to India, thence to the east coast of Africa. Passing through the Mozambique channel, we again touched in at the Cape of Good Hope, and thence crossed to the coast of Brazil.

Among the many prizes we captured and destroyed, we necessarily saw many varieties of the *genus homo* in the guise of the Yankee skipper. While taking the burning of their ships very philosophically as among the fortunes of war, some clung to "creature comforts" regardless of heavier losses. Upon one occasion, going aboard a fine ship, I told the captain "he might bring away his personal effects." He made a most ludicrous scene by earnestly appealing to me "to grant him one request," that he "might be permitted to take with him 'Spurgeon's Sermons' and a keg of very fine whisky." The sermons I granted, but told him the whisky must go overboard. The prisoners on board of the *Alabama* as a general practice were *not* put in irons, but were simply confined to an allotted space with a guard over them. The prisoners of the first half-dozen prizes taken were put in irons, including the captains and mates, at which the captains were very indignant, and remonstrated with Captain Semmes that their position should entitle them to different treatment. Captain Semmes replied that he confined them in irons in retaliation for the manner in which the agents of the U. S. Government had treated the purser of the C. S. steamer *Sunter*. The purser, under orders, was *en route* from Gibraltar to Cadiz in a French merchant steamer. Stopping at Tangier to put off and take on passengers and cargo, the purser walked on shore, and was there, in a neutral country, seized by the U. S. consul at the head of an armed force of Moorish soldiers, and brutally imprisoned, with heavy manacles. From there he was taken in irons by the U. S. armed vessel *Ino*,

and finally sent to New York in irons. The purser was a gentleman of unimpeachable character and high position. Again, there were occasions during the cruise when the number of prisoners warranted placing some in irons, but never were captains put in irons after that first measure of retaliation.

Our little ship was now showing signs of the active work she had been doing. Her boilers were burned out, and her machinery sadly in want of repairs. She was loose at every joint, her seams were open, and the copper on her bottom was in rolls. Captain Semmes decided to seek a port in Europe, and to go into dock.

One pleasant day, on the coast of Brazil, we captured a prize, and Captain Semmes said to me, "We will make a target of her. Up to this time we have carried out the instructions of the Department, destroying the enemy's commerce and driving it from every sea we have visited, while avoiding their cruisers. Should we now fall in with a cruiser not too heavy for us, we will give her battle." I at once called all hands to general quarters, and, taking convenient distance from our prize, practiced principally with shell to see the effect. Many of our fuses proved defective. Upon visiting the target I found that one of the hundred-pound s' ls had exploded on the quarter-deck, and I counted fifteen marks from its missiles, which justifies me in asserting that had the hundred-pound shell which we placed in the stern-post of the *Kearsarge* exploded, it would have changed the result of the fight. I at once examined every fuse and cap, discarding the apparently defective, and at the same time made a thorough overhauling of the magazine, as I thought, but the action with the *Kearsarge* proved that our entire supply of powder was damaged. The report from the *Kearsarge's* battery was clear and sharp, the powder burning like thin vapor, while our guns gave out a dull report, with thick and heavy vapor.

We now set our course for Europe, and on the 11th day of June, 1864, entered the port of Cherbourg, and at once applied for permission to go into dock. There being none but national docks, the Emperor had first to be communicated with before permission could be granted, and he was absent from Paris. It was during this interval of waiting, on the third day after our arrival, that the *Kearsarge* steamed into the harbor, for the purpose, as we learned, of taking on board the prisoners we had landed from our two last prizes. Captain Semmes, however, objected to this on the ground that the *Kearsarge* was adding to her crew in a neutral port. The



A CLIPPER ESCAPING FROM THE "ALABAMA." (SEE PAGE 907.)

authorities conceding this objection valid, the *Kearsarge* steamed out of the harbor, without anchoring. During her stay we examined her closely with our glasses, but she was keeping on the opposite side of the harbor, out of the reach of a very close scrutiny, which accounts for our not detecting the boxing to her chain

armor. After she left the harbor Captain Semmes sent for me to his cabin, and said: "I am going out to fight the *Kearsarge*; what do you think of it?" We discussed the battery and especially the advantage the *Kearsarge* had over us in her eleven-inch guns. She was built for a vessel of war, and we for

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speed, and though she carried one gun less, her battery was more effective at point-blank range. While the *Alabama* carried one more gun, the *Kearsarge* threw more metal at a broadside; and while our heavy guns were more effective at a long range, her eleven-inch guns gave her greatly the advantage at close range. She also had a slight advantage in her crew, she carrying one hundred and sixty-two all told, while we carried one hundred and forty-nine. Considering well these advantages, we nevertheless decided to engage her as soon as we could coal ship.

Captain Semmes communicated through our agent to the U. S. consul that if Captain Winslow would wait outside the harbor he would fight him as soon as we could coal ship. I at once proceeded to get everything snug for action, and by Saturday night we had finished taking in coals, and had scrubbed the decks. I reported to Captain Semmes that the ship was ready for battle.

The next morning, Sunday, June 19th, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, we weighed anchor, and stood out of the western entrance of the harbor, the French iron-clad frigate *Couronne* following us. The day was bright and beautiful, with a light breeze blowing. Our men were neatly dressed, and our officers in full uniform. The report of our going out to fight the *Kearsarge* had been circulated, and many persons from Paris and the surrounding country had come down to witness the engagement. They, with a large number of the inhabitants of Cherbourg, collected on every prominent point of the shore that would afford a view seaward. As we rounded the breakwater we discovered the *Kearsarge* about seven miles to the northward and eastward. We immediately shaped our course for her, called all hands to quarters, and cast loose the starboard battery. Upon reporting to the captain that the ship was ready for action, he directed me to send all hands aft, and mounting a gun-carriage, he made the following address:

"OFFICERS AND SEAMEN OF THE 'ALABAMA': You have at length another opportunity of meeting the enemy—the first that has been presented to you since you sunk the *Hatteras*! In the mean time you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed, and driven for protection under neutral flags, one-half of the enemy's commerce, which at the beginning of the war covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends! Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Re-

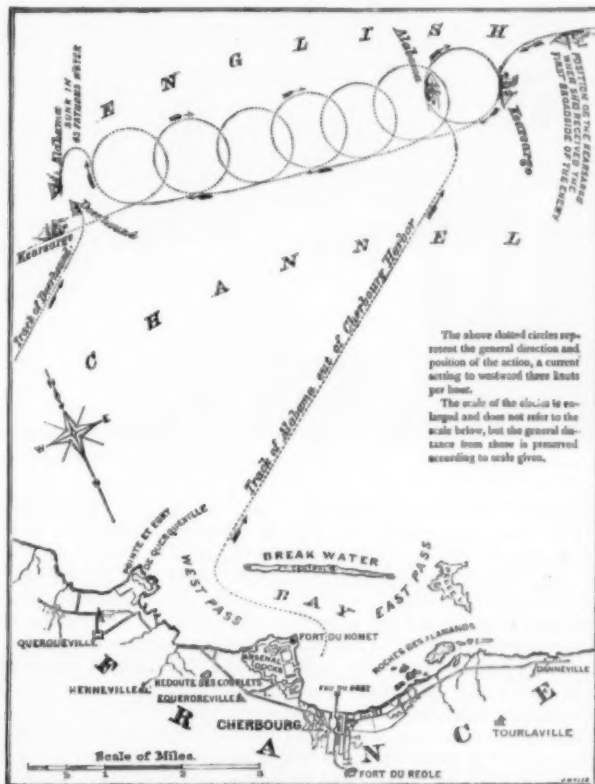
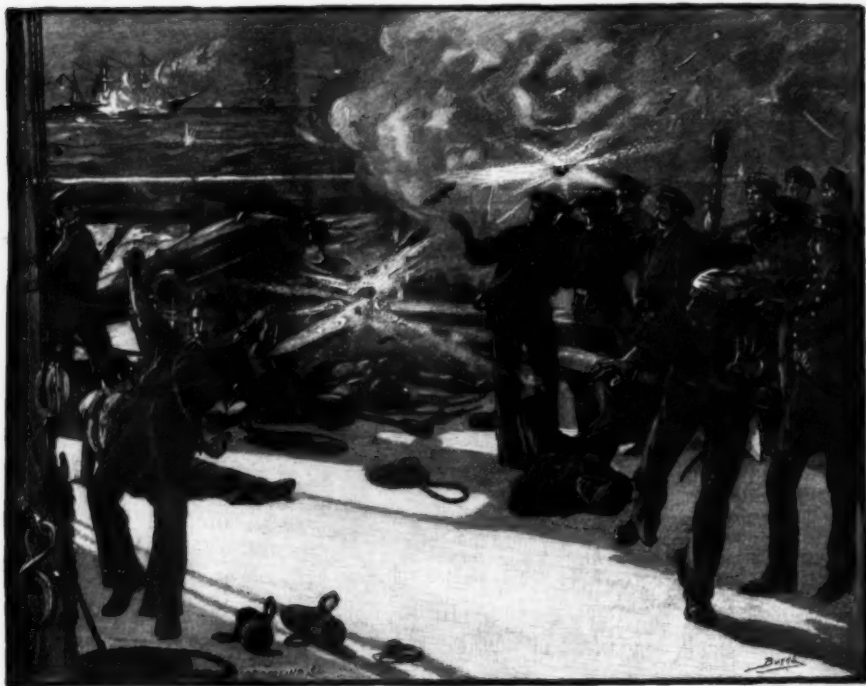


CHART OF THE ACTION.

member that you are in the English Channel, the theater of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young Republic, which bids defiance to her enemy's whenever and wherever found! Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters."

In about forty-five minutes we were somewhat over a mile from the *Kearsarge*, when she headed for us, presenting her starboard bow. At a distance of a mile, we commenced the action with our one-hundred pounder



AN ELEVEN-INCH SHELL BURSTING ON THE "ALABAMA."

pivot-gun from our starboard bow. Both ships were now approaching each other at high speed, and soon the action became general with broadside batteries at a distance of about five hundred yards. To prevent passing, each ship used a strong port helm. Thus the action was fought around a common center, gradually drawing in the circle. At this range we used shell upon the enemy. Captain Semmes, standing on the horse-block abreast the mizzen-mast with his glass in hand, observed the effect of our shell. He called to me and said: "Mr. Kell, use solid shot; our shell strike the enemy's side and fall into the water." We were not at this time aware of the chain armor of the enemy, and attributed the failure of our shell to our defective ammunition. After using solid shot for some time, we alternated shell and shot. The enemy's eleven-inch shells were now doing severe execution upon our quarter-deck section. Three of them successively entered our eight-inch pivot-gun port: the first swept off the forward part of the gun's crew; the second killed one man and wounded several others; and the third struck the breast of the gun-carriage, and spun around on the deck, till

one of the men picked it up and threw it overboard. Our decks were now covered with the dead and the wounded, and the ship was careening heavily to starboard from the effects of the shot-holes on her water-line.

Captain Semmes ordered me to be ready to make all sail possible when the circuit of fight should put our head to the coast of France; then he would notify me at the same time to pivot to port and continue the action with the port battery, hoping thus to right the ship and enable us to reach the coast of France. The evolution was performed beautifully, righting the helm, hoisting the head-sails, hauling aft the fore try-sail sheet, and pivoting to port, the action continuing almost without cessation.

This evolution exposed us to a raking fire, but, strange to say, the *Kearsarge* did not take advantage of it. The port side of the quarter-deck was so encumbered with the mangled trunks of the dead that I had to have them thrown overboard, in order to fight the after pivot-gun. I abandoned the after thirty-two-pounder, and transferred the men to fill up the vacancies to the pivot-gun under the charge of young Midshipman Anderson, who

in the midst of the carnage filled his place like a veteran. At this moment the chief engineer came on deck and reported the fires put out, and that he could no longer work the engines. Captain Semmes said to me, "Go below, sir, and see how long the ship can float." As I entered the ward-room the sight was indeed appalling. There stood Assistant-Surgeon Llewellyn at his post, but the table and the patient upon it were swept away from him by an eleven-inch shell, which opened in the side of the ship an aperture that was fast filling the ship with water.

It took me but a moment to return to the deck and report to the captain that "we could not float ten minutes." He replied to me, "Then, sir, cease firing, shorten sail, and haul down the colors; it will never do in this nineteenth century for us to go down, and the decks covered with our gallant wounded." The order was promptly executed, after which the *Kearsarge* deliberately fired into us five shot.* I ordered the men to stand to their quarters, and not flinch from the shot of the enemy; they stood every man to his post most

* This unwarranted conduct of Captain Winslow's was evidently the result of a misapprehension on his part, which cannot be admitted as a reasonable excuse. In his letter (dated Cherbourg, June 21, 1864) to the Secretary of the Navy, he says: "Towards the close of the action between the *Alabama* and this vessel, all available sail was made on the former for the purpose of again reaching Cherbourg. When the object was apparent the *Kearsarge* was steered across the bow of the *Alabama* for a raking fire; but before reaching this point the *Alabama* struck. Uncertain whether Captain Semmes was using some ruse, the *Kearsarge* was stopped"—and continued his fire, for by his own words he thought Captain Semmes was making some ruse. The report that the *Alabama* fired her guns after the colors were down and she had shortened sail is not correct. There was a cessation in the firing of



ASSISTANT-SURGEON DAVID HERBERT LLEWELLYN.
(FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE LONDON "ILLUSTRATED NEWS.")

heroically. With the first shot fired upon us after our colors were down, the quartermaster was ordered to show a white flag over the stern, which order was executed in my pres-

our guns when we shifted our battery to port, after which we renewed the action. Almost immediately afterward the engineer reported the fires put out, when we ceased firing, hauled down the colors, and shortened sail. There was no gun fired from the *Alabama* after that. Captain Winslow may have thought we had surrendered when we ceased firing and were in the act of shifting the battery; but the idle report that junior officers had taken upon themselves to continue the action after the order had been given to cease firing is not worthy of notice. I did not hear after-firing, and the discipline of the *Alabama* would not have permitted it.—J. M. K.

In the letter from which Captain Kell quotes Captain Winslow does not speak of "continuing his fire." But in his detailed report (dated July 30, 1864) Captain Winslow says of the *Alabama*, after she had winded and set sail: "Her port broadside was presented to us, with only two guns bearing, not having been able, as I learned afterward, to shift over but one. I saw now that she was at our mercy, and a few more guns well directed brought down her flag. I was unable to ascertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away; but a white flag having been displayed over the stern our fire was reserved. Two minutes had not more than elapsed before she again opened on us with the two guns on the port side. This drew our fire again, and the *Kearsarge* was immediately steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking. The white flag was still flying, and our fire was again reserved. Shortly after this her boats were seen to be lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside and informed us the ship had surrendered and was fast sinking."—EDITOR.



RETURNING FOR THE WOUNDED.



SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA."

ence. When the firing ceased, Captain Semmes ordered me to dispatch an officer to the *Kearsarge* to say that our ship was sinking, and to ask that they send boats to save our wounded, as our boats were disabled. The dingey, our smallest boat, had escaped damage. I dispatched Master's-mate Fullam with the request. No boats appearing, I had one of our quarter boats lowered, which was slightly injured, and I ordered the wounded placed in her. Dr. Galt, the surgeon who was in charge of the magazine and shell-room division, came on deck at this moment and was at once put in charge of the boat, with orders to "take the wounded to the *Kearsarge*." They shoved off just in time to save the poor fellows from going down in the ship.

I now gave the order for "every man to jump overboard with a spar and save himself from the sinking ship." To enforce the order, I walked forward and urged the men overboard. As soon as the decks were cleared, save of the bodies of the dead, I returned to the stern-port, where stood Captain Semmes with one or two of the men and his faithful steward, who, poor fellow! was doomed to a watery grave, as he could not swim. The *Alabama's* stern-port was now almost to the water's edge. Partly undressing, we plunged into the sea, and made an offing from the sinking ship, Captain Semmes with a life-preserver and I on a grating.

The *Alabama* settled stern foremost, launch-

ing her bows high in the air. Graceful even in her death-struggle, she in a moment disappeared from the face of the waters. The sea now presented a mass of living heads, striving for their lives. Many poor fellows sank for the want of timely aid. Near me I saw a float of empty shell-boxes, and called to one of the men, a good swimmer, to examine it; he did so and replied, "It is the doctor, sir, dead." Poor Llewellyn! he perished almost in sight of his home. The young Midshipman Maffit swam to me and offered his life-preserver. My grating was not proving a very buoyant float, and the white caps breaking over my head were distressingly uncomfortable, to say the least. Maffit said: "Mr. Kell, take my life-preserver, sir; you are almost exhausted." The gallant boy did not consider his own condition, but his pallid face told me that his heroism was superior to his bodily suffering, and I refused it. After twenty minutes or more I heard near me some one call out, "There is our first lieutenant," and the next moment I was pulled into a boat, in which was Captain Semmes, stretched out in the stern-sheets, as pallid as death. He had received during the action a slight contusion on the hand, and the struggle in the water had almost exhausted him. There were also several of our crew in the boat, and in a few moments we were alongside a little steam-yacht, which had come among our floating men, and by throwing them ropes saved many lives. Upon

reaching her deck, I ascertained for the first time that she was the yacht *Deerhound*, owned by Mr. John Lancaster, of England. In looking round I saw two French pilot-boats engaged in saving our crew, and finally two boats from the *Kearsarge*. To my surprise I found on the yacht Mr. Fullam, whom I had dispatched in the dingey to ask that boats be sent to save our wounded. He reported to me that our shot had literally torn the casing from the chain armor of the *Kearsarge*, indenting the chain in many places, which explained satisfactorily Captain Semmes's observation of the effect of our shell upon the enemy, "that they struck the sides and fell into the water."

Captain Winslow, in his report, I think, states "that his ship was struck *twenty-eight* times!" and I doubt if the *Alabama* was struck a greater number of times. I may not, therefore, be bold in asserting that had not the *Kearsarge* been protected by her iron cables, the result of the fight would have been different. Captain Semmes felt the more keenly the delusion to which he fell a victim (not knowing that the *Kearsarge* was chain-clad) from the fact that he was exceeding his instructions in seeking an action with the enemy; but to seek a fight with an iron-clad he conceived to be an unpardonable error. However, he had the satisfaction of knowing she was classed as a wooden gun-boat by the Federal Government; also that he had inspected her with most excellent glasses, and so far as outward appearances showed she displayed no chain armor. At the same time it must be admitted that Captain Winslow had the right unquestionably to protect his ship and crew. In justice to Captain Semmes I will state that the battle would never have been fought had he known that the *Kearsarge* wore an armor of chain beneath her outer covering. Thus was the *Alabama* lost by an error, if you please, but, it must be admitted, a most pardonable one, and not until "Father Neptune" claimed her as his own did she lower her colors.

The eleven-inch shells of the *Kearsarge* did fearful work, and her guns were served beautifully, being aimed with precision, and deliberate in fire. She came into action magnificently. Having the speed of us, she took her own position and fought gallantly. But she tarnished her glory when she fired upon a fallen foe. It was high noon of a bright, beautiful day, with a moderate breeze blowing to waft the smoke of battle clear, and nothing to obstruct the view at five hundred yards. The very fact of the *Alabama* ceasing to fire, shortening sail, and hauling down her colors simultaneously, must have attracted the attention of the officer in command

of the *Kearsarge*. Again, there is no reason given, why the *Kearsarge* did not steam immediately into the midst of the crew of the *Alabama*, after their ship had been sunk, and like a brave and generous foe, save the lives of her enemies, who had fought so nobly as long as they had a plank to stand upon. Were it not for the timely presence of the kind-hearted Englishman and the two French pilot-boats, who can tell the number of us that would have rested with our gallant little ship beneath the waters of the English Channel. I quote the following from Mr. John Lancaster's letter to the London "Daily News": "I presume it was because he *would* not or could not save them himself. The fact is that if the captain and crew of the *Alabama* had depended for safety altogether upon Captain Winslow, not one half of them would have been saved." *

* In his report of June 21, 1864, Captain Winslow said: "It was seen shortly afterwards that the *Alabama* was lowering her boats, and an officer came alongside in one of them to say that they had surrendered and were fast sinking, and begging that boats would be dispatched immediately for the saving of life. The two boats not disabled were at once lowered, and as it was apparent the *Alabama* was settling, this officer was permitted to leave in his boat to afford assistance. An English yacht, the *Deerhound*, had approached near the *Kearsarge* at this time, when I hailed and begged the commander to run down to the



"THE 'ALABAMA' SETTLED STERN FOREMOST, LAUNCHING HER BOWS HIGH IN THE AIR."

When Mr. Lancaster approached Captain Semmes, and said, "I think every man has been picked up; where shall I land you?" Captain Semmes replied, "I am now under the English colors, and the sooner you put me with my officers and men on English soil, the better." The little yacht moved rapidly away at once, under a press of steam, for Southampton. Armstrong, our second lieutenant, and some of our men who were saved by the French pilot-boats, were taken into Cherbourg. Our loss was nine killed, twenty-one wounded, and ten drowned.

It has been charged that an arrangement had been entered into between Mr. Lancaster and Captain Semmes, previous to our leaving Cherbourg, that in the event of the *Alabama* being sunk the *Deerhound* would come to our rescue. Captain Semmes and myself met Mr. Lancaster for the first time when rescued by him, and he related to us the circumstances that occasioned his coming out to see the fight. Having his family on board, his intention was to attend church with his wife and children, when the gathering of the spectators on the shore attracted their attention, the re-

port having been widely circulated that the *Alabama* was to go out that morning and give battle to the *Kearsarge*. The boys were clamorous to see the fight, and after a family discussion as to the propriety of going out on the Sabbath to witness a naval combat, Mr. Lancaster agreed to put the question to vote at the breakfast table, where the youngsters carried their point by a majority. Thus many of us were indebted for our lives to that inherent trait in the English character, the desire to witness a "passage at arms."

That evening we landed in Southampton, and were received by the people with every demonstration of sympathy and kindly feeling. Thrown upon their shores by the chances of war, we were taken to their hearts and homes with that generous hospitality which brought to mind with tenderest feeling our own dear Southern homes in ante-bellum times. To the Rev. F. W. Tremlett, of Belsize Park, London, and his household, I am indebted for a picture of English home life that time cannot efface, and the memory of which will be a lasting pleasure till life's end.

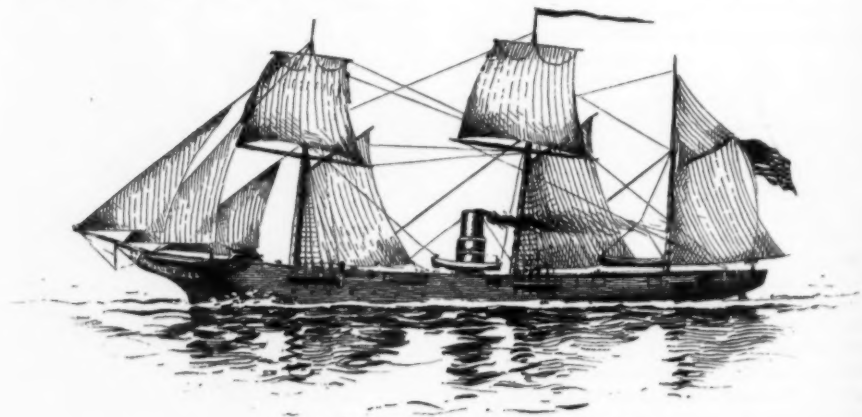
Jno. McIntosh Kell.

SUNNY SIDE, GA., April 16, 1885.

Alabama, as she was fast sinking and we had but two boats, and assist in picking up the men. He answered affirmatively and steamed towards the *Alabama*, but the latter sank almost immediately."

The following is an extract from Mr. John Lancaster's log, dated "Steam-yacht *Deerhound*, off Cowes:" "Sunday, June 19th, nine a. m. Got up steam, and proceeded out of Cherbourg harbor. Half-past ten, observed the *Alabama* steaming out of the harbor toward the Federal steamer *Kearsarge*. Ten minutes past eleven, the *Alabama* commenced firing with her starboard battery, the distance between the contending vessels being about one mile. The *Kearsarge* immediately replied with her starboard guns. A very sharp, spirited firing was kept up, shot sometimes

being varied by shells. In manœuvring, both vessels made seven complete circles at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile. At twelve a slight intermission was observed in the *Alabama's* firing, the *Alabama* making head-sail, and shaping her course for the land, distant about nine miles. At half-past twelve, observed the *Alabama* to be disabled and in a sinking state. We immediately made toward her, and in passing the *Kearsarge* were requested to assist in saving the *Alabama's* crew. At fifty minutes past twelve, when within a distance of two hundred yards, the *Alabama* sunk. We then lowered our two boats, and with the assistance of the *Alabama's* whale-boat and dingey, succeeded in saving about forty men, including Captain Semmes and thirteen officers. At one p. m. we steered for Southampton."—EDITOR.

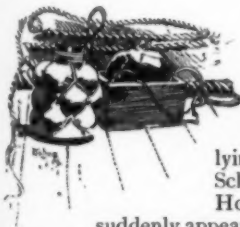


THE UNITED STATES SCREW-SLOOP "KEARSARGE" AT THE TIME OF THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE "ALABAMA."

When the *Kearsarge* was at the Azores, a few months before the fight with the *Alabama*, Midshipman Edward E. Preble made a mathematically correct drawing of the ship, of a photograph of which the above is a sketch copy. After the fight alterations were made in the *Kearsarge* which considerably changed her appearance.—EDITOR.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE "ALABAMA" AND THE "KEARSARGE."

BY THE SURGEON OF THE "KEARSARGE."



ON Sunday, the 12th of June, 1864, the *Kearsarge*, Captain John A. Winslow, was lying at anchor in the Scheldt, off Flushing, Holland. The cornet

suddenly appeared at the fore, and a gun was fired. These were unexpected signals that compelled absent officers and men to return to the ship. Steam was raised, and as soon as we were off, and all hands called, Captain Winslow gave the welcome news of a telegram from Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, announcing that the *Alabama* had arrived the day previous at Cherbourg; hence, the urgency of departure, the probability of an encounter, and the expectation of her capture or destruction. The crew responded with cheers. The succeeding day witnessed the arrival of the *Kearsarge* at Dover, for dispatches; and the day after (Tuesday) her appearance off Cherbourg, where we saw the Confederate flag flying within the breakwater. Approaching nearer, officers and men gathered in groups on deck and looked intently at the "daring rover," that had been able for two years to escape numerous foes and to inflict immense damage on our commerce. She was a beautiful specimen of naval architecture. The surgeon went on shore and obtained *pratique* (permission to visit the port) for boats. Owing to the neutrality limitation which would not allow us to remain in the harbor longer than twenty-four hours, it was inexpedient to enter the port. We placed a vigilant watch by turns at each of the harbor entrances, and continued it to the moment of the engagement.

On Wednesday Captain Winslow paid an official visit to the French admiral commanding the maritime district, and to the U. S. commercial agent, bringing on his return the unanticipated news that Captain Semmes had declared his intention to fight. At first the assertion was barely credited, the policy of the *Alabama* being regarded as opposed to a conflict, and to escape rather than to be exposed to injury, perhaps destruction; but the doubters were half convinced when the so-called challenge was known to read as follows:

"C. S. S. 'ALABAMA,' CHERBOURG, June 14, 1864.
"To A. BONFILS, Esq., CHERBOURG.

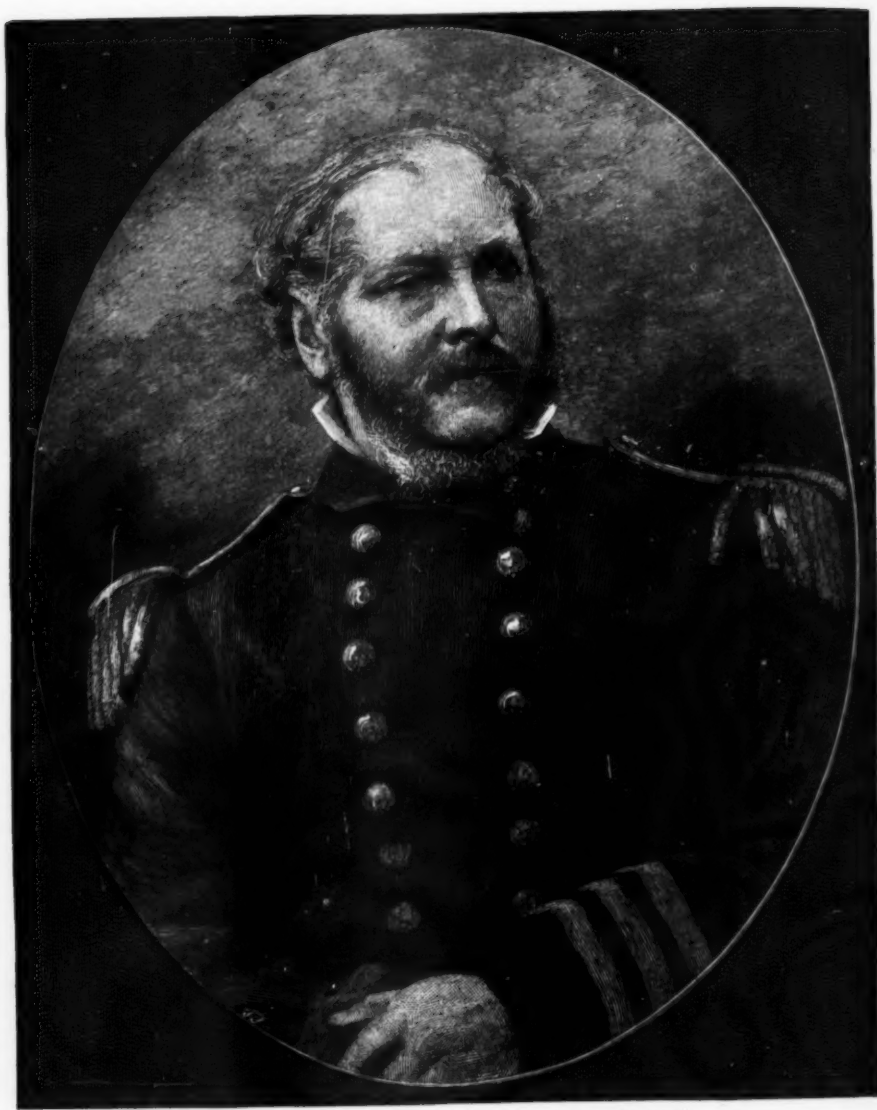
"SIR: I hear that you were informed by the U. S. Consul that the *Kearsarge* was to come to this port solely for the prisoners landed by me, and that she was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire you to say to the U. S. Consul that my intention is to fight the *Kearsarge*, as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope these will not detain me more than until to-morrow evening, or after the morrow morning at furthest. I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out.

I have the honor to be very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. SEMMES, Captain."

This communication was sent by Mr. Bonfils, the Confederate States commercial agent, to Mr. Liais, the United States commercial agent, with a request that the latter would furnish a copy to Captain Winslow for his guidance. There was no other challenge to combat. The letter that passed between the commercial agents was the challenge about which so much has been said. Captain Semmes informed Captain Winslow through Mr. Bonfils of his intention to fight; Captain Winslow informed Captain Semmes through Mr. Liais that he came to Cherbourg to fight, and had no intention of leaving. He made no other reply.

Captain Winslow assembled the officers and discussed the expected battle. It was probable the two ships would engage on parallel lines, and the *Alabama* would seek neutral waters in event of defeat; hence the necessity of beginning the action several miles from the breakwater. It was determined not to surrender, but to fight until the last, and, if need be, to go down with colors flying. Why Captain Semmes should imperil his ship was not understood, since he would risk all, and expose the cause of which he was a selected champion to a needless disaster, while the *Kearsarge*, if taken or destroyed, could be replaced. It was therefore concluded he would fight because he thought he should be the victor.

Preparations were made for battle, with no relaxation of the watch. Thursday passed; Friday came; the *Kearsarge* waited with ports down, guns pivoted to starboard, the whole battery loaded, and shell, grape and canister ready to use in any mode of attack or defense; yet no *Alabama* appeared. French pilots came on board and told of unusual arrangements made by the enemy, such as the hurried taking of coals, the transmission of valuable articles to the shore, such



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN A. WINSLOW, CAPTAIN OF THE "KEARSARGE."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE FIGHT, IN POSSESSION OF PAYMASTER-GENERAL J. A. SMITH, U. S. N.)

as captured chronometers, specie, and the bills of ransomed vessels; and the sharpening of swords, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes. It was reported that Captain Semmes had been advised not to give battle. He replied he would prove to the world that his ship was not a privateer, intended only for attack upon merchant vessels, but a true man-of-war; further, he had consulted French officers, who all as-

serted that in his situation they would fight. Certain newspapers declared that he ought to improve the opportunity afforded by the presence of the enemy to show that his ship was not a "corsair," to prey upon defenseless merchantmen, but a real ship-of-war, able and willing to fight the "Federal" waiting outside the harbor. It was said the *Alabama* was swift, with a superior crew, and it was known that the

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ship, guns, and ammunition were of English make.

A surprise by night was suggested, and precautionary means were taken; everything was well planned and ready for action, but still no *Alabama* came. Meanwhile the *Kearsarge* was cruising to and fro off the breakwater. A message was brought from Mr. Dayton, our minister at Paris, by his son, who with difficulty had obtained permission from the French admiral to visit the *Kearsarge*. Communication with either ship was prohibited, but the permission was given upon the promise of Mr. Dayton to return on shore directly after the delivery of the message. Mr. Dayton expressed the opinion that Captain Semmes would not fight, though acknowledging the prevalence of a contrary belief in Cherbourg. He was told that in the event of battle, if we were successful, the colors would be displayed at the mizzen, as the flag of victory. He went on shore with the intention of leaving for Paris without delay. In taking leave of the French admiral, the latter advised Mr. Dayton to remain over night, and mentioned the fixed purpose of Captain Semmes to fight on the following day, Sunday; and he gave the intelligence that there could be no further communication with the *Kearsarge*. Mr. Dayton passed a part of Saturday night trying to procure a boat to send off the acquired information, but the vigilance along the coast made his efforts useless. He remained, witnessed the battle, telegraphed the result to Paris, and was one of the first to go on board and offer congratulations.

At a supper in Cherbourg on Saturday night, several officers of the *Alabama* met sympathizing friends, the coming battle being the chief topic of conversation. Confident of victory, they proclaimed the intent to sink the "Federal" or gain a "corsair." They rose with promises to meet the following night to repeat the festivity as victors, were escorted to the boat, and separated with cheers and best wishes for a successful return.*

Sunday the 19th came; a fine day, atmosphere somewhat hazy, little sea, light westerly wind. At ten o'clock the *Kearsarge* was near the buoy marking the line of shoals to the eastward of Cherbourg, at a distance of about

three miles from the entrance. The decks had been holystoned, the bright work cleaned, the guns polished, and the crew were dressed in Sunday suit. They were inspected at quarters and dismissed to attend divine service. Seemingly no one thought of the enemy; so long awaited and not appearing, speculation as to her coming had nearly ceased. At 10:20 the officer of the deck reported a steamer approaching from Cherbourg,—a frequent occurrence, and consequently it created no surprise. The bell was tolling for service when some one shouted, "She's coming, and heading straight for us!" Soon, by the aid of a glass, the officer of the deck made out the enemy and shouted, "The *Alabama*!" and calling down the ward-room hatch repeated the cry, "The *Alabama*!" The drum beat to general quarters; Captain Winslow put aside the prayer-book, seized the trumpet, ordered the ship about and headed seaward. The ship was cleared for action, with the battery pivoted to starboard.

The *Alabama* approached from the western entrance, escorted by the French iron-clad frigate *Couronne*, flying the pennant of the commandant of the port, followed in her wake by a small fore-and-aft-rigged steamer,

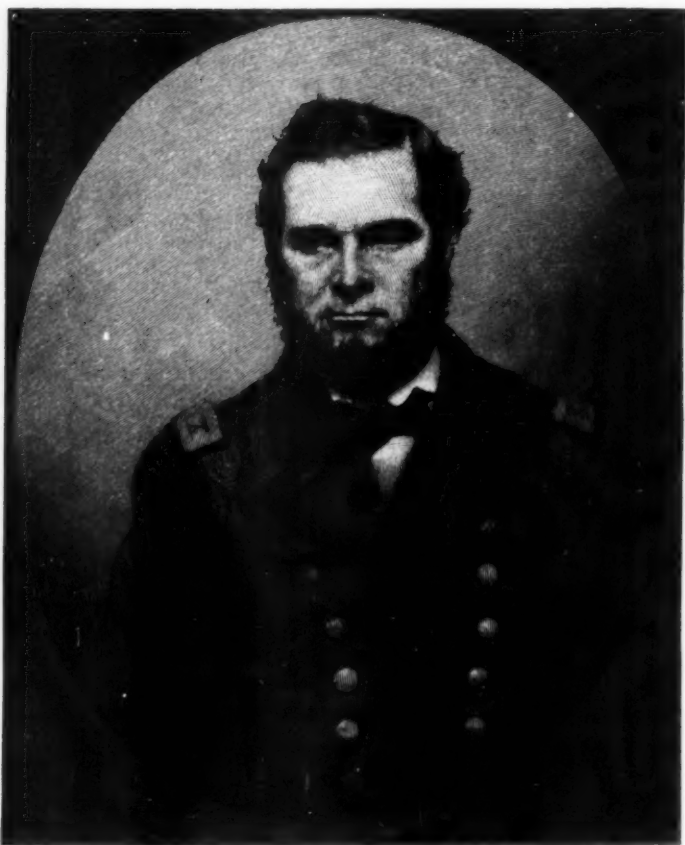


THE CREW OF THE "KEARSARGE" AT QUARTERS.

the *Deerhound*, flying the flag of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. The commander of the frigate had informed Captain Semmes that his ship would escort him to the limit of the French waters. The frigate having convoyed the *Alabama* three marine miles from the coast, put down her helm, and steamed back into port without delay. The steam-yacht continued on, and remained near the scene of action.

Captain Winslow had assured the French admiral that in the event of an engagement

* This incident, and others pertaining to the *Alabama*, were told the writer by the officers who were taken prisoners.—J. M. B.



CAPTAIN JAMES B. THORNTON, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "KEARSARGE."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864.)

the position of the ship should be far enough from shore to prevent a violation of the law of nations. To avoid a question of jurisdiction and to avert an escape to neutral waters in case of retreat, the *Kearsarge* steamed to sea, followed by the enemy, giving the appearance of running away and being pursued. Between six and seven miles from the shore the *Kearsarge*, thoroughly ready, at 10:50 wheeled, at a distance of one and a quarter miles from her opponent, presented the starboard battery, and steered directly for her with design to close, or to run her down. The *Alabama* sheered and presented the starboard battery. More speed was ordered, the *Kearsarge* advanced rapidly and at 10:57 received a broadside of solid shot at a range of about eighteen hundred yards. This broadside cut away a little of the rigging, but the shot mostly passed over or fell short. It was apparent that Captain Semmes intended to fight at long range.

The *Kearsarge* advanced with increased speed, receiving a second and part of a third broadside, with similar effect. Captain Winslow wished to get at short range, as the guns were loaded with five-seconds shell. Arrived within nine hundred yards, the *Kearsarge*, fearing a fourth broadside with apprehended raking results, sheered, and broke her silence with the starboard battery. Each ship was now pressed under a full head of steam, the position being broadside and broadside, both employing the starboard guns.

Captain Winslow, fearful that the enemy would make for the shore, determined with a port helm to run under the *Alabama's* stern for raking, but was prevented by her sheering and keeping her broadside to the *Kearsarge*, which forced the fighting on a circular track, each ship, with a strong port helm, steaming around a common center, from a quarter to half a mile apart, and pouring its

fire into its opponent. There was a current setting to westward three knots an hour.

The action was now fairly begun. The *Alabama* changed from solid shot to shell. A shot from an early broadside of the *Kearsarge* carried away the spanker-gaff of the enemy, and caused his ensign to come down by the run. This incident was regarded as a favorable omen by the men, who cheered and went with increased confidence to their work. The fallen ensign reappeared at the mizzen. The *Alabama* returned to solid shot, and soon after fired both shot and shell to the end. The firing of the *Alabama* was rapid and wild, getting better near the close; that of the *Kearsarge* was deliberate, accurate, and almost from the beginning productive of dismay, destruction, and death.* The *Kearsarge* gunners had been cautioned against firing without direct aim, and had been advised to point the heavy guns below rather than above the water-line, and to clear the deck of the enemy with the lighter ones. Though subjected to an incessant storm of shot and shell, they kept their stations and obeyed instructions.

The effect upon the enemy was readily perceived, and nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of our men. Cheer succeeded cheer; caps were thrown in the air or overboard; jackets were discarded; sanguine of victory, the men were shouting as each projectile took effect: "That is a good one!" "Down, boys!" "Give her another like the last!" "Now we have her!" and so on, cheering and shouting to the end.

After exposure to an uninterrupted cannonade for eighteen minutes without casualties, a sixty-eight-pounder Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks below the main rigging, exploded upon the quarter-deck, and wounded three of the crew of the after pivot-gun. With these exceptions, not an officer or man received serious injury. The three unfortunates were speedily taken below, and so quietly was the act done, that at the termination of the fight a large number of the men were unaware that any of their comrades were wounded. Two shots entered the ports occupied by the thirty-twos, where several men were stationed, one taking effect in the hammock-netting, the other going through the opposite port, yet none were hit. A shell exploded in the hammock-netting and set the ship on fire; the alarm calling for fire-quarters was sounded, and men detailed for such an emergency put out the fire, while the rest staid at the guns.

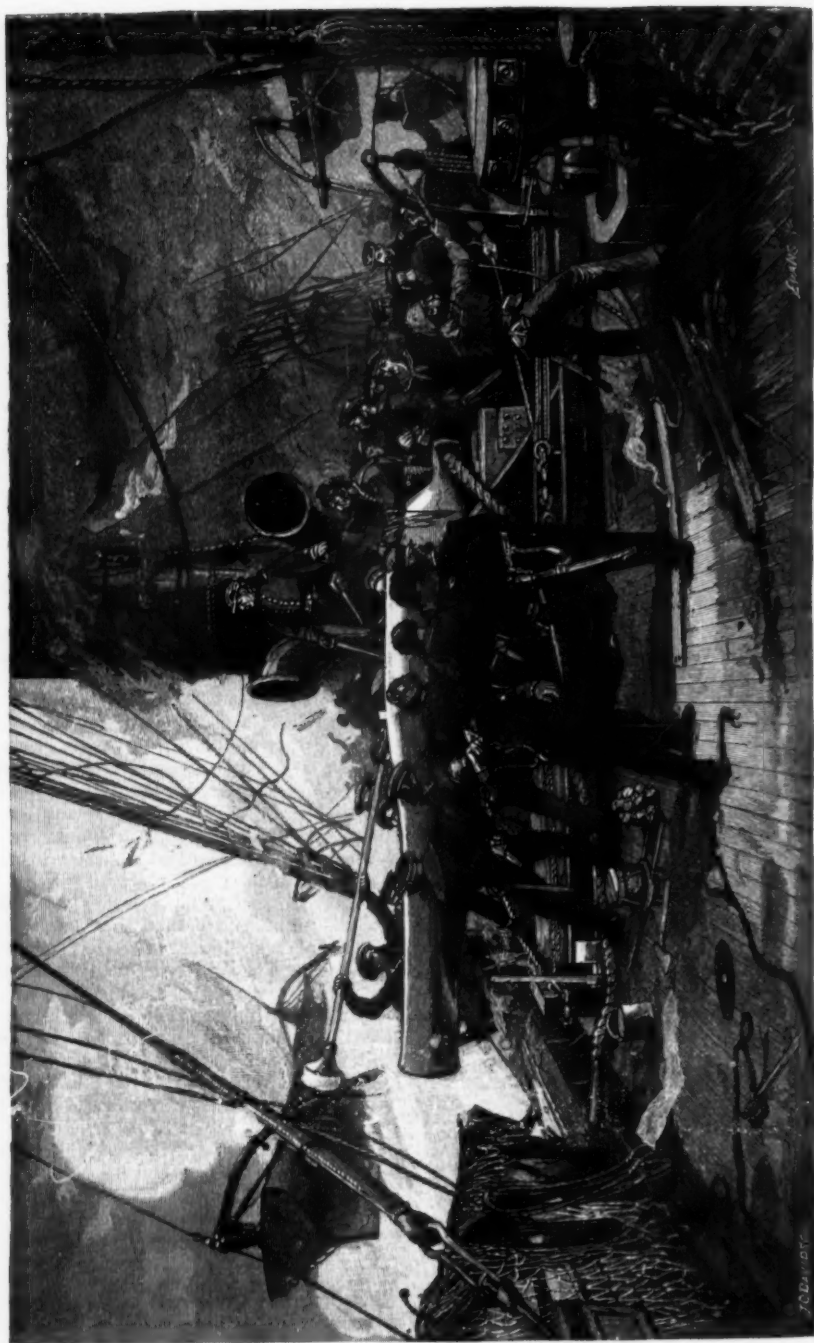
It is wonderful that so few casualties oc-

curred on board the *Kearsarge*, considering the number on the *Alabama*—the former having fired one hundred and seventy-three shot and shell, and the latter nearly double that number. The *Kearsarge* concentrated her fire and poured in the eleven-inch shells with deadly effect. One penetrated the coal-bunker of the *Alabama*, and a dense cloud of coal-dust arose. Others struck near the water-line between the main and mizzen masts, exploded within board, or passing through burst beyond. Crippled and torn, the *Alabama* moved less quickly and began to settle by the stern, yet did not slacken her fire, but returned successive broadsides without disastrous result to us.

Captain Semmes witnessed the havoc made by the shells, especially by those of our after pivot-gun, and offered a reward for its silence. Soon his battery was turned upon this particular offending gun for the purpose of silencing it. It was in vain, for the work of destruction went on. We had completed the seventh rotation on the circular track and begun the eighth; the *Alabama*, now settling, sought to escape by setting all available sail (fore-try-sail and two jibs), left the circle, amid a shower of shot and shell, and headed for the French waters; but to no purpose. In winding the *Alabama* presented the port battery with only two guns bearing, and showed gaping sides through which the water washed. The *Kearsarge* pursued, keeping on a line nearer the shore, and with a few well-directed shots hastened the sinking condition. Then the *Alabama* was at our mercy. Her colors were struck and the *Kearsarge* ceased firing. Two of the junior officers, so I was told by our prisoners, swore they would never surrender, and in a mutinous spirit rushed to the two port guns and opened fire upon the *Kearsarge* [see page 919]. Captain Winslow, amazed at this extraordinary conduct of an enemy who had hauled down his flag in token of surrender, exclaimed, "He is playing us a trick; give him another broadside." Again the shot and shell went crashing through her sides, and the *Alabama* continued to settle by the stern. The *Kearsarge* was laid across her bows for raking, and in position to use grape and canister.

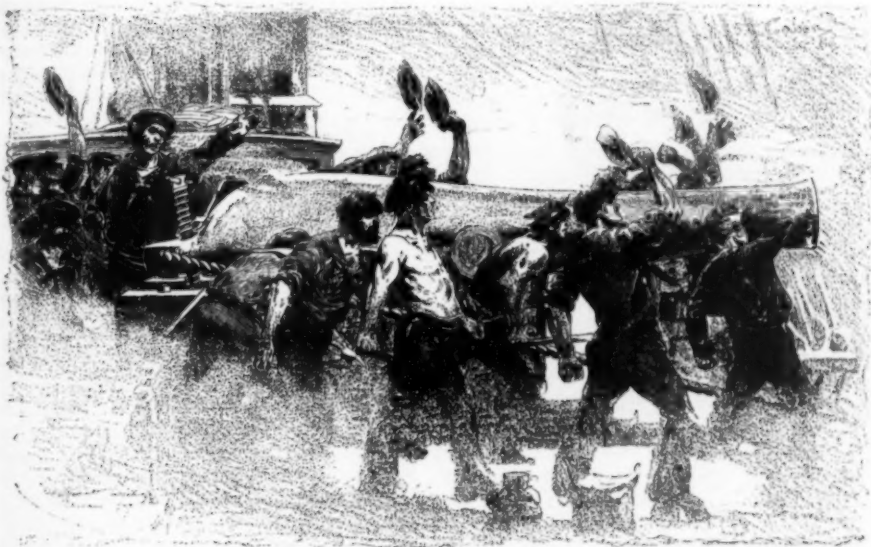
Over the stern of the *Alabama* a white flag was shown, and her ensign was half-masted, union down. Captain Winslow for the second time gave orders to cease firing. Thus ended the fight after a duration of one hour and two minutes. Captain Semmes in his report says: "Although we were now but four hundred yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck.

* Captain Semmes in his official report says: "The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship."—J. M. B.



THE ELEVEN-INCH FORWARD PIVOT-GUN IN ACTION ON THE "REARSARGE."

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ON THE "KEARSARGE"—A TELLING SHOT.

It is charitable to suppose that a ship-of-war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally." He is silent as to the renewal by the *Alabama* of the fight after his surrender, an act which, in Christian warfare, would have justified the *Kearsarge* in continuing to fire until the *Alabama* had sunk beneath the waters.

Boats were now lowered from the *Alabama*. Her master's-mate, Fullam, an Englishman, came alongside the *Kearsarge* with a few of the wounded, reported the disabled and sinking condition of his ship, and asked for assistance. Captain Winslow inquired, "Does Captain Semmes surrender his ship?" "Yes," was the reply. Fullam then solicited permission to return with his boat and crew to assist in rescuing the drowning, pledging his word of honor that when this was done he would come on board and surrender. Captain Winslow granted the request. With less generosity he could have detained the officer and men, supplied their places in the boat from his ship's company, secured more prisoners, and afforded equal aid to the distressed. The generosity was abused, as the sequel shows. Fullam pulled to the midst of the drowning, rescued several officers, went to the yacht *Deerhound*, and cast his boat adrift, leaving a number of men struggling in the water.

It was now seen that the *Alabama* was settling fast. The wounded, and boys who could not swim, were sent away in the quarter boats, the waist boats having been destroyed. Cap-

tain Semmes dropped his sword into the sea and jumped overboard with the remaining officers and men.

Coming under the stern of the *Kearsarge* from the windward, the *Deerhound* was hailed, and her commander requested by Captain Winslow to run down and assist in picking up the men of the sinking ship. Or, as her owner, Mr. John Lancaster, reported: "The fact is, that when we passed the *Kearsarge* the captain cried out, 'For God's sake, do what you can to save them': and that was my warrant for interfering in any way for the aid and succor of his enemies." The *Deerhound* was built by the Lairds at the same time and in the same yard with the *Alabama*. Throughout the action she kept about a mile to the windward of the contestants. After being hailed she steamed towards the *Alabama*, which sunk almost immediately after. This was at 12:24. The *Alabama* sunk in forty-five fathoms of water, at a distance of about four and a half miles from the breakwater, off the west entrance. She was severely hulled between the main and mizzen masts, and settled by the stern; the mainmast, pierced by a shot at the very last, broke off near the head and went over the side, the bow lifted high from the water, and then came the end. Suddenly assuming a perpendicular position, caused by the falling aft of the battery and stores, straight as a plumb-line, stern first, she went down, the jib-boom being the last to appear above water. Down sank the terror of merchantmen, riddled through and through,



JAMES R. WHEELER, ACTING MASTER OF THE "KEARSARGE"
AND CAPTAIN OF THE FORWARD PIVOT-GUN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OFFICERS TAKEN IN 1864.)

and as she disappeared to her last resting-place there was no cheer; all were silent.

The yacht lowered her two boats, rescued Captain Semmes (wounded in the hand by broken iron rigging), First-Lieutenant Kell, twelve officers, and twenty-six men, leaving the rest of the survivors to the two boats of the *Kearsarge*. Apparently aware that the forty persons he had rescued would be claimed, Mr. Lancaster steamed away as fast as he could directly for Southampton, without waiting for such surgical assistance as the *Kearsarge* might render. Captain Winslow permitted the yacht to secure his prisoners, anticipating their subsequent surrender. Again his confidence was misplaced, and he afterward wrote: "It was my mistake at the moment that I could not recognize an enemy who, under the garb of a friend, was affording assistance." The aid of the yacht, it is presumed, was asked in a spirit of chivalry, for the *Kearsarge*, comparatively uninjured, with but three wounded, and a full head of steam, was in condition to engage a second enemy. Instead of remaining at a distance of about four hundred yards from the *Alabama*, and from this position sending two boats, the other boats being injured, the *Kearsarge* by steaming close to the settling ship, and in the midst of the defeated, could have captured all — Semmes, officers, and men. Captain Semmes says: "There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy after the ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht *Deerhound*, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England, Mr. John Lancaster, who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my

drowning men, and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time the *Kearsarge* sent one, and then, tardily, another boat."

This imputation of inhumanity is contradicted by Mr. Lancaster's assertion that he was requested to do what he could to save "the poor fellows who were struggling in the water for their lives."

The *Deerhound* edged to the leeward and steamed rapidly away. An officer approached Captain Winslow and reported the presence of Captain Semmes and many officers on board the English yacht. Believing the information authentic, as it was obtained from the prisoners, he suggested the expediency of firing a shot to bring her to, and asked permission. Captain Winslow declined, saying "it was impossible, the yacht was simply coming round." Meanwhile the *Deerhound* increased the distance from the *Kearsarge*; another officer spoke to him in similar language, but with more positiveness. Captain Winslow replied that no Englishman who carried the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron could so act. The *Deerhound* continued her flight, and yet another officer urged the necessity of firing a shot. With undiminished confidence, Captain Winslow refused, saying the yacht was "simply coming round," and would not go away without communicating. Without this trust Captain Winslow might have arrested the yacht in her



WILLIAM SMITH, QUARTERMASTER OF THE "KEARSARGE" AND
CAPTAIN OF THE AFTER PIVOT-GUN, WHICH IT WAS SAID
INFLECTED THE MOST DAMAGE ON THE "ALABAMA."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OFFICERS TAKEN IN 1864.)

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flight, if only as a politic measure, reserving final action as to the seizure of the fugitives when time had afforded reflection. Had he regarded the wishes of his officers, he would have done so. The escape of the yacht and

clothes, supper, and grog with them. The conduct of the *Alabama's* Assistant-Surgeon Llewellyn, son of a British rector, deserves mention. He was unremitting in attention to the wounded during battle, and after the surrender superin-



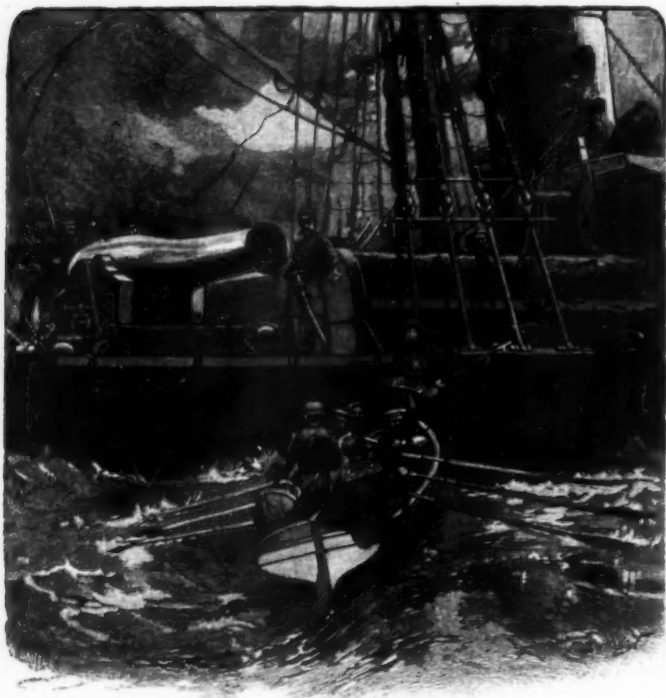
CLOSE OF THE COMBAT—THE "KEARSARGE" GETTING INTO POSITION TO RAKE THE "ALABAMA."

her coveted prize was manifestly regretted. The bitterness of the regret was clear. The famed *Alabama*, "a formidable ship, the terror of American commerce, well armed, well manned, well handled," was destroyed, "sent to the bottom in an hour," but her commander had escaped; the victory seemed already lessened. It was held by the Navy Department that Captain Semmes violated the usages of war in surrendering to Captain Winslow through the agency of one of his officers, and then effecting an escape during the execution of the commission; that he was a prisoner of the United States Government from the moment he sent the officer to make the surrender.

The wounded of the survivors were brought on board the *Kearsarge* for surgical attendance. Seventy men, including five officers (Surgeon F. L. Galt, acting paymaster, Second Lieutenant J. D. Wilson, First Assistant-Engineer M. J. Freeman, Third Assistant-Engineer Pundt, and Boatswain McCloskey), were saved by the *Kearsarge's* boats and a French pilot-boat. Another pilot-boat saved Second Lieutenant Armstrong and some men who were landed at Cherbourg. Lieutenant Wilson was the only officer who delivered up his sword. He refused to go on board the *Deerhound*, and because of his honorable conduct Captain Winslow on taking his parole gave him a letter of recommendation. Our crew fraternized with their prisoners, and shared their

tended their removal to the boats, refusing to leave the ship while one remained. This duty performed, being unable to swim, he attached two empty shell-boxes to his waist, as a life-preserver, and jumped overboard. Nevertheless, he was unable to keep his head above water.

When the *Kearsarge* was cleared for action every man on the sick-list went to his station. The *Kearsarge* had three wounded, of whom one died in the hospital a few days after the fight. This was William Gowin, ordinary seaman, whose behavior, during and after battle, was worthy of the highest praise. Stationed at the after pivot-gun, he was seriously wounded in the leg by the explosion of a shell; in agony, and exhausted from the loss of blood, he dragged himself to the forward hatch, concealing the severity of his injury so that his comrades might not leave their stations for his assistance; fainting, he was lowered to the care of the surgeon, and when he revived he greeted the surgeon with a smile, saying, "Doctor, I can fight no more, and so come to you, but it is all right; I am satisfied, for we are whipping the *Alabama*"; and afterwards, "I will willingly lose my leg or my life if it is necessary." Lying upon his mattress, he paid attention to the progress of the fight, so far as could be known by the sounds on deck, his face showing satisfaction whenever the cheers of his shipmates were heard; with difficulty he waved his hand over his head, and joined in each cheer with a feeble voice. When a wounded



THE BOAT FROM THE "ALABAMA" ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER AND ASKING FOR ASSISTANCE.

The picture shows shot-marks in the thin deal covering of the chain armor amidships.

shipmate on either side of him complained, he reproved him, saying, "Am I not worse hurt than you? and I am satisfied, for we are whipping the *Alabama*." Directly after the enemy's wounded were brought on board he desired the surgeon to give him no further attention, for he was "doing well," requesting that all aid be given to "the poor fellows of the *Alabama*." In the hospital he was patient and resigned, and happy in speaking of the victory. "This man, so very interesting by his courage and resignation," wrote the French surgeon-in-chief, received general sympathy; all desired his recovery and lamented his death. At a dinner given by loyal Americans in Paris to Captain Winslow and two of his officers, a telegram was received announcing the death of Gowin. His name was honorably mentioned, his behavior eulogized, and his memory drunk in silence.

At 3:10 P. M. the *Kearsarge* anchored in Cherbourg harbor close by the ship-of-war *Napoléon*, and was soon surrounded by boats of every description filled with excited and inquisitive people. Ambulances, by order of

the French admiral, were sent to the landing to receive the wounded, and thence they were taken to the Hôpital de la Marine, where arrangements had been made for their reception. Dr. Galt and all the prisoners except four officers were paroled and set on shore before sunset, at which Secretary Welles soon after expressed his disapprobation.

An incident that occasioned gratification was the coincidence of the lowering of the enemy's colors by an early shot from the *Kearsarge* already mentioned, and the unfolding of the victorious flag—a shot from the *Alabama*. The *Kearsarge's* colors were "stopped" at the mizzen, that they might be displayed if the ensign was carried away, and to serve as the emblem of victory in case of success. A shot from the last broadside of the *Alabama* passed high over the *Kearsarge*, carried away the halyards of the colors stopped at the mizzen, and in so doing pulled sufficiently to break the stop, and thereby unfurled the triumphant flag.

The *Kearsarge* received twenty-eight shot and shell, of which thirteen were in the hull,

the most efficient being abaft the main-mast. A hundred-pounder rifle shell entered at the starboard quarter and lodged in the stern-post. The blow shook the ship from stem to stern. Luckily it did not explode; otherwise the result would have been serious, if not fatal. A thirty-two-pounder shell entered forward of the forward pivot port, crushing the waterways, raising the gun and carriage, and lodged, but did not explode; else many of the gun's crew would likely have been injured by the fragments and splinters. The smoke-pipe was perforated by a rifle shell, which exploded inside and tore a ragged hole nearly three feet in diameter, and carried away three of the chain guys. Three boats were shattered. The cutting away of the rigging was mostly about the main-mast. The spars were left in good order. A large quantity of pieces of burst shell was gathered from the deck and thoughtlessly thrown overboard. During the anchorage in Cherbourg harbor no assistance was received from shore, except that rendered by a boiler-maker in patching up the smoke-stack, every other repair being made by our own men.

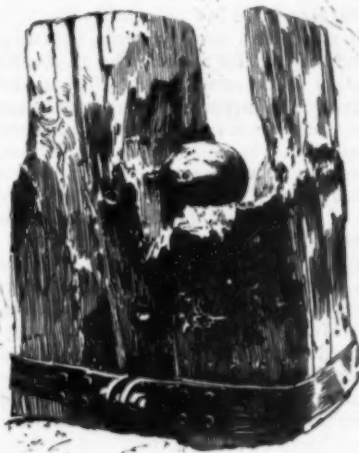
Captain Semmes in his official report says:

"At the end of the engagement it was discovered, by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with the wounded, that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-clad. The planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's side. The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also iron-clad."

The ships were well matched in size, speed, armament, and crew, showing a likeness rarely seen in naval battles.* The number of the ship's company of the *Kearsarge* was one hundred and sixty-three. That of the *Alabama*, from the best information, was estimated at one hundred and fifty; one hundred and thirty are actually reckoned. According to report additional men were taken on board at Cherbourg.

The chain plating was made of one hundred and twenty fathoms of sheet-chains, of one and seventh-tenths inch iron, covering a space amidships of forty-nine and one-half feet in length by six feet two inches in depth, stopped up and down to eyebolts with marlines, secured by iron dogs, and employed for the purpose of protecting the engines when the upper part of the coal-bunkers was empty, as happened during the action. The chains were

concealed by inch deal boards as a finish. The chain plating was struck by a thirty-two-pounder shot in the starboard gangway, which cut the chain and bruised the planking; and by a thirty-two-pounder shell, which broke a link of the chain, exploded, and tore away a portion of the deal covering. Had the shot been from the one-hundred-pounder rifle, the result would have been different, though without serious damage, because the shot struck five feet above the water-line, and if sent through the side would have cleared the machinery and boilers. It is proper therefore to assert that in the absence of the chain armor the result would have been nearly the same, notwithstanding the common opinion at the time that the *Kearsarge* was an "iron-clad" contending with a wooden ship. The chains were fastened to the ship's sides more than a year previous to the fight, while at the Azores. It was the suggestion of the executive officer, Lieut.-Commander James S. Thornton, to



THE SHELL IN THE STERN-POST OF THE "KEARSARGE."

The charge was withdrawn from the shell which was boxed in, in which condition it remained for months, until the ship reached Boston, where, when the vessel was repaired, a section of the stern-post containing the embedded shell was made and sent to the Navy Department, and was finally deposited in the Ordnance Museum, Navy Yard, Washington.—J. M. B.

hang the sheet-chain (or spare anchor-cable) over the sides, so as to protect the midship section, he having served with Admiral Faragut in passing the forts to reach New Orleans, and knowing its benefit on that occasion. The work was done in three days at a cost for material not exceeding seventy-five dollars. In our visits to European ports, the use of sheet-chains for protective purposes had

	<i>Alabama.</i>	<i>Kearsarge.</i>
* Length over all	220 ft.	232 ft.
Length of keel	210 "	198½ "
Beam	32 "	33 "
Depth	17 "	16½ "
2 Engines of 300 horse-power each ..	2 of 400 each.	
Tonnage	1040	1031

attracted notice and caused comment. It is strange that Captain Semmes did not know of the chain armor: supposed spies had been on board and had been shown through the ship as there was no attempt at concealment; the same pilot had been employed by both ships, and had visited each during the preparation for battle. The *Alabama* had bunkers full of coal, which brought her down in the water. The *Kearsarge* was deficient in seventy tons of coal of her proper supply, but the sheet-chains stowed outside, gave protection to her partly filled bunkers.

The battery of the *Kearsarge* consisted of seven guns: two eleven-inch pivots, smooth bore, one twenty-eight-pounder rifle, and four light thirty-two-pounders; that of the *Alabama* of eight guns: one sixty-eight-pounder pivot, smooth bore, one one-hundred-pounder pivot rifle, and six heavy thirty-two-pounders. Five guns were fought by the *Kearsarge* and seven by the *Alabama*, each with the starboard battery. Both ships had made thirteen knots an hour under steam; at the time of the battle the *Alabama* made ten knots. The masts of the *Kearsarge* were low and small; she never carried more than top-sail yards, depending upon her engines for speed. The greater size and height of the masts of the *Alabama* and the heaviness of her rig (barque) gave the appearance of a larger vessel than her antagonist.

Most of the line officers of the *Kearsarge* were from the merchant service, and of the crew only eleven men were of foreign birth. Most of the officers of the *Alabama* were formerly officers in the United States Navy; nearly all the crew were English, Irish, and Welsh, a few of whom were said to belong to the "Royal Naval Reserve." Captain Semmes said: "Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action with regard to her battery, magazine, and shell-rooms"; and he assuredly had confidence in the speed and strength of his ship, as shown by the eagerness and dash with which he opened the fight. The prisoners declared that the best practice during the action was by the gunners who had been trained on board the *Excellent* in Portsmouth harbor.

The Blakely rifle was the most effective gun. The *Alabama* fought bravely and obstinately until she could no longer fight or float.

The contest was decided by the superiority of the eleven-inch Dahlgrens, especially the after-pivot, together with the coolness and accuracy of aim of the gunners of the *Kearsarge*, and notably by the skill of William Smith, the captain of the after-pivot, who in style and behavior was the counterpart of Long Tom Coffin in Cooper's "Pilot."

To the disparagement of Captain Winslow, it has been said that Lieutenant-Commander Thornton commanded the ship during the action. This is not true. Captain Winslow, standing on the horse-block abreast the mizzen-mast, fought his ship gallantly and, as is shown by the result, with excellent judgment. In an official report, he wrote:

"It would seem almost invidious to particularize the conduct of any one man or officer, in which all had done their duty with a fortitude and coolness which cannot be too highly praised, but I feel it due to my executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Thornton, who superintended the working of the battery, to particularly mention him for an example of coolness and encouragement of the men while fighting, which contributed much towards the success of the action."

THIS Sunday naval duel was fought in the presence of more than fifteen thousand spectators, who upon the heights of Cherbourg, the breakwater, and rigging of men-of-war, witnessed "the last of the *Alabama*." Among them were the captains, their families, and crews of two merchant ships burnt by the daring cruiser a few days before her arrival at Cherbourg, where they were landed in a nearly destitute condition. Many spectators were provided with spy-glasses and camp-stools. The *Kearsarge* was burning Newcastle coals, and the *Alabama* Welsh coals, the difference in the amount of smoke enabling the movements of each ship to be distinctly traced. An excursion train from Paris arrived in the morning bringing hundreds of pleasure-seekers, who were unexpectedly favored with the spectacle of a sea-fight. A French gentleman at Boulogne-sur-Mer assured me that the fight was the conversation of Paris for more than a week.

John M. Browne.

NOTE: Eleven Confederate cruisers figured in the so-called "Alabama Claims" settlement with England. Named in the order of the damage inflicted by each, these cruisers were: the *Alabama*, *Shenandoah*, *Florida*, *Tallahassee*, *Georgia*, *Chickamauga*, *Nashville*, *Retribution*, *Savannah*, *Sallie*, and *Boston*. The actual losses inflicted by the *Alabama* (\$6,547,609.86, according to claims for ships and cargoes filed up to October 25, 1871) were only about \$60,000 greater than those inflicted by the *Shenandoah*. The sum total of the claims filed against the eleven cruisers for ships and cargoes, up to October 25, 1871, was \$17,900,633.46, all but about four millions of it being charged to the account of the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*.

On May 8, 1871, the Treaty of Washington was completed, in accordance with which a Tribunal of Arbitration was appointed, which assembled at Geneva. It consisted of Count Edward Schöller, named by the King of Italy; Mr. Jacob Staempfli, named

by the President of the Swiss Confederation; Viscount d'Itajuba, named by the Emperor of Brazil; Mr. Charles Francis Adams, named by the President of the United States; and Sir Alexander Cockburn, named by the Queen of England. The Counsel for Great Britain was Sir Roundell Palmer (afterward Lord Selborne). The United States was represented by William M. Evarts and Caleb Cushing.

Claims were made by the United States for indirect and national losses, as well as for the actual losses represented by the nearly eighteen millions on ships and cargoes.

The Tribunal decided that England was in no way responsible for the \$1,160,153.95 of losses inflicted by the *Tallahassee*, *Georgia*, *Chickamauga*, *Nashville*, *Retribution*, and *Savannah*; and on September 14, 1871, it awarded \$15,500,000 damages for actual losses of ships and cargoes and interest, on account of the other five cruisers. — EDITOR.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

In Vindication of General Rufus King.

IN writing for THE CENTURY his recollections of "The Second Battle of Bull Run," General Pope has, perhaps inadvertently, used the exact language which in 1863, and long after, so bitterly hurt one of his most loyal subordinates. On page 452 of the January number these words appear:

"I sent orders to McDowell (supposing him to be with his command), and also direct to General King, several times during that night and once by his own staff-officer, to hold his ground at all hazards."

Now the casual reader, ignoring the commas before and after the words "and also direct to General King," would say that orders were sent to King several times that night and once by his own staff-officer. Indeed these words have been used as authority in the army, in histories, even in Congressional debate, for the statement that General King received repeated orders to hold his ground on the evening of August 28th, 1862, and abandoned it in spite of them.

No order or message of any kind, sort, or description reached General King that night from General Pope or any other superior officer; no staff-officer of General King saw or heard of General Pope that night; and, in point of fact, no matter how many he may have sent to McDowell, Pope has since admitted he sent none to King.

Early in '63, when those words first met General King's eyes he wrote at once to his late commander to have the error rectified. General Pope claimed that the construction of the sentence proved that McDowell was meant as the one to whom the repeated orders were sent, but at that time he thought he had sent *one* message to King by a staff-officer. I quote from his letter now in my possession, the italics being mine:

"It was far from my intention to imply even that any blame attached to you in the matter. . . . The officer came into my camp about ten o'clock looking for McDowell, to report the result of your action. I told him I had no idea where McDowell was, but to return at once to you with the message to hold your ground. He got something to eat, I think with Ruggles, and went off. . . . Whether he was on your staff or not I really do not know though I thought he was your staff-officer."

"Several officers of McDowell's staff came to me during the night looking for him, and to more than one of them I gave the same message for McDowell. If McDowell had been with his command as I supposed he was, Sigel and Reynolds could have been brought to your support. I was disappointed, of course, but did not for a moment attach any sort of blame to you. *I never knew whether the aide-de-camp reached you that night or not, but I felt always perfectly satisfied that whether he did or not you had done the very best you could have done under the circumstances.*"

Now the aide-de-camp in question was Houston of the Corps of Engineers, serving on McDowell's staff. He had witnessed the severe engagement of King's division, west of Groveton, and sometime after dark had ridden off through the woods in search of his general who had not been seen by King or his officers since two o'clock in the afternoon. McDowell in

hunting for Pope got lost in the woods, and Houston, hunting for McDowell, stumbled in on Pope's camp late at night, told there of King's battle, got refreshment, he says, of Ruggles, and went off; but he remembers no message from Pope to King, and if there was one, which he doubts, he did not deliver it, for he never attempted to return to King, but went on in search of McDowell until he found him late the following day. No other officer from King got within range of Pope that night, so far as rigid investigation has ever disclosed, and that none at all came from Pope to King is beyond peradventure. Indeed, in 1878 General Pope declared it was to McDowell that all the orders were sent.

As to King's falling back to Manassas Junction, that was the result of the conference between him and his four brigade commanders, and was vehemently urged upon him as the only practicable way to save what was left of the command after the fierce conflict that raged at sunset. King's orders were to march to Centreville, which was objected to strenuously by Stonewall Jackson's corps, and they were in the majority. The brigade commanders voted for a deflection to the right towards Manassas Junction, General John Gibbon being most urgent, and the following extract from a letter from him to King, also in my possession, gives his views:

"I deem it not out of place to say that that retreat was suggested and urged by myself as a necessary military measure. . . . I do not hesitate to say, and it is susceptible of proof, that of the two courses which I considered open to you of obeying your orders to march on Centreville or retreat on Manassas on your own responsibility, the one you adopted was the proper one."

"Having first suggested the movement and urged it on military grounds, I am perfectly willing to bear my full share of the responsibility, and you are at liberty to make any use of this communication you may deem proper."

Charles King,
Captain United States Army.

Government Aid in the Marking of Battle-fields.

THREE members of the faculty of Vanderbilt University recently visited the battle-field of Nashville. They were in possession of an excellent map, upon which all the works, lines, and positions of the two-days' fighting were accurately indicated by a military engineer. They tramped fifteen miles to examine and identify all the points of interest. Windings in the pikes, of which three pierce the field, courses of streams, and bearings of hills and houses were all frequently noted and compared with the map. Inquiries were made of persons living on or near the battle-field, yet the precise fixing of even important localities was, in some instances, impossible. This experience has led me to think that the Federal Government, while participants and eye-witnesses are still living, might devise some simple and inexpensive, but still effective, system of laying off and marking the important battle-fields of the Civil War, so as permanently to aid intelligent investigation by military students and visitors. The persons of whom

mention has been made purpose visiting Donelson, Franklin, Murfreesboro', Shiloh, and Missionary Ridge, thus completing the circuit of the battle-fields of Tennessee; and it is certain, if proper facilities of identification and study were afforded by the Government, that many summer tourists would prefer such excursions to any other entertainment accessible in the South. The expenditure of public money, of which there now seems to be a surplus, would possibly not be greater than that often cheerfully appropriated to the erection of a single custom-house; and the advantages, not only to the general public, but to the future historian, would be incalculable. The changes effected in a few years are surprising. New dwellings are erected, old ones destroyed, fences are changed, woods cleared, pikes and roads opened, ditches and hedges are run, and the topography altered in many ways. Old houses receive new occupants, and these, upon inquiry, are often found in possession of erroneous and impossible traditions concerning the events which took place on the historic ground they occupy. Many of the battle-fields of Europe, I am informed, are so marked with stones that the intelligent visitor finds no difficulty in connecting the battle with the field. Unless steps are speedily taken, on the part of our General Government, to mark the places of the special movements and events of our great battles, the limits and outlines of the fields will soon be lost beyond recovery.

Jno. J. Tigert.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, Dec. 21, 1885.

A Statement from the Confederate Commissary General.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD in the November CENTURY (1884) and Generals Johnston and Imboden in the May CENTURY (1885) criticise the management of my department in the matter of supplies for the army at Manassas both before and after the first battle. In the statements of these generals, there is some conflict, but they all concur in making me appear a preposterous imbecile, and Mr. Davis guilty of retaining such an officer. General Imboden in effect charges Mr. Benjamin with suppressing, in order to shield my incapacity, an official report of a board of officers convened by Johnston.

General Beauregard wrote to his aides, Colonels Chesnut and Miles, on July 29, 1861,—the latter read the letter in Congress,—about his vision of capturing Washington, and laid the foundation of the cabal against Mr. Davis, which made the Confederate Government a "divided house." It produced a resolution of inquiry, followed soon by a standing committee, and afterwards by a unanimous resolution, in secret session of both houses, in January, 1865, to appoint a joint select committee to investigate the condition and management of all the Bureaux of the War Department. The session of this committee on commissary affairs was held on January 23, 1865. The investigations of the standing committee, during the war, into my policy and methods were frequent; several were long taking testimony, for one member, H. S. Foote,—who when I was in prison published me as cruel to Federal prisoners,—was ever zealous to attack. Every investigation ended in approval. I have a letter from Mr. John B. Baldwin, chairman of the joint select committee, stating that he had declared in Congress, as the

result of their examination, "that the commissary department of subsistence, under the control of Colonel Northrop, the Commissary General, had been managed with a foresight and sagacity, and a far-reaching comprehensive grasp of its business, such as we had found in no other bureau connected with the army supply, with perhaps a single exception."

The engineer, General Beauregard, neglected his communications, so that "troops for the battle" and "supplies" were "retarded"; but they were at the depot. "Eighteen heavy cannon, called for two weeks before," occupied unloaded cars. Numerous cars were retained as stationary storehouses "for provisions," "useless baggage" and "trunks"; one hundred and thirty-three cars were abstracted by the "military" power from the use of the railroads for two weeks and more before the battle until returned by the Quartermaster-General and Mr. Ashe, the Government agent. There was plenty of lumber available to construct a storehouse. General Beauregard was not "urgent on the Commissary General for adequate supplies before the battle," for there was no ground of complaint. It was *after the battle*, when the vision of capturing Washington had seduced him, that he tried to construct a ground of complaint anterior to the battle.

Beauregard made but *one* demand on me (July 8th, by a telegram which I have) for a commissary of the old service. Colonel Lee was added; no one was removed. On July 6th I ordered Fowle to buy all the corn-meal, and soon after all the bacon he could. July 7th, Beauregard ordered him to keep in advance a two weeks' supply for twenty-five thousand men, and Major Noland was ready to supply *any number* of beaves. The findings of the Board (on which Colonel Lee sat) are incoherent, as stated by Imboden. The interdictions alleged by him are refuted by Colonel Ruffin (my chief assistant), and by all the letters sent officially to me in August, 1861. I have Fowle's detailed report of the rations at Manassas; there was plenty of provision for a march on Washington. If I had removed his commissaries as he alleges, or "interdicted" them as General Imboden states, General Beauregard need not have been hampered, in a country which all the generals have declared abounded in the essentials of food.

General Johnston's comments in the May CENTURY, on the commissariat, are unfounded. He "requested" an increase of provisions which his commissary alone could determine, and allowed the accumulation to go on for twelve days, after he knew that he had more than he wanted. When I was informed, I did what he should have had done—telegraphed the shippers to stop. Two weeks before his move he promised my officer, Major Noland, the transportation deemed sufficient, and of which he had assumed direct control. Empty trains passed the meat which had been laid in piles, ready for shipment. Empty trains lay idle at Manassas for days, in spite of Noland's efforts to get them. General Johnston says the stores of the other departments were brought off. He burned up "hundreds of blankets and shoes, and three hundred new cavalry saddles."

L. B. Northrop.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., December 16, 1885.

CHRISTIANITY AND POPULAR EDUCATION.

THE relation of Christianity to popular education is a parental relation. Christianity has always been the originator and promoter of education. Of the church, indeed, this must be said with some qualifications; for there have been periods when nothing in the world was more frightfully unchristian than the ecclesiastical machine. Christianity consists of the teachings of Christ, and of the life, individual and social, which is based upon his teachings and nourished by communion with him. Christian truth and Christian life were in the world when the ecclesiastical powers were the most corrupt and malignant—hiding sometimes in the fastnesses of the mountains, and waiting for the downfall of their persecutors. Even in these days it is a mistake to identify Christianity with the various ecclesiastical machines; the church often happens to be the very thing that needs Christianizing. If, therefore, it is true that the church at certain periods has shown scant favor to other than theological science, it is nevertheless true that the drift of Christian teaching and discipline has been toward the diffusion of learning.

The uniform testimony of the Sacred Scriptures is of this tenor. The value of knowledge is everywhere insisted on. It is, indeed, asserted that knowledge must rank below love; but if the Scriptures seem to disparage knowledge, it is the knowledge that despises virtue. Every careful reader of the Bible knows that the value of intelligence as the foundation of character and the solid basis of national welfare is taught with iteration and emphasis in both Testaments. Neither is the knowledge thus praised exclusively religious knowledge. The man of the Biblical history most renowned for his wisdom, and most applauded for his pursuit of wisdom, was not conspicuously a theologian, but a man who seems to have mastered what was knowable in his time of the "humanities." This wisdom of Solomon's did not keep him from falling into an abyss of sensuality; but the record does not intimate that his fall was the fruit of his learning; it was rather in spite of his learning. His wisdom is always commended and never censured. The Bible, the Christian's text-book, may be claimed as the friend of learning.

Even in the ages of darkness, when the Bible was not in the hands of the people, the churches and the monasteries kept alive what learning was left in the world. Through all

this period the councils of the church steadily required the clergy to provide gratuitous instruction for the young. Theodulph, one of Charlemagne's bishops, issued the following instruction to his clergy: "Let the elders establish schools in towns and villages, and if any of the faithful wish to intrust to them their children to be taught letters, let them not decline to receive and teach them, but with the utmost care instruct them. And when they thus teach, let them take from them no recompense for their service, nor accept anything from them, except what parents, in the exercise of charity, of their own accord may offer them." This epistle of Theodulph is a fair sample of numerous admonitions addressed during these times, by councils and dignitaries, to the inferior clergy. Charlemagne himself gave orders that schools be opened everywhere "to teach children to read," and that "in every monastery some one teach psalms, writing, arithmetic, and grammar." The great King's zeal for learning is noteworthy when it is remembered that his literary acquisitions stopped short with the art of reading, and left room for a dispute among the historians as to his ability to write his name. The reasonings of his decree show how closely he connects learning and religion; he urges that, just as good conduct is prescribed by a definite rule, so also must teaching and learning be systematically carried on, "that those who seek to please God by right living may not neglect to please him also by right speaking."

The Reformation was itself at once the effect and the cause of a great revival of learning. Erasmus, the hero of the Renaissance, and Luther, the hero of the Reformation, were both apostles of the new education. The right of private judgment implied the necessity of the universal diffusion of knowledge, and both Luther and Melancthon wrought strenuously toward this end. The founders of New England, Protestants of the Protestants, by no means forgot this corollary of Protestantism; their history shows on every page how great was the estimation which they placed upon knowledge, and how close was its relation in their minds with religion. Within thirty years of the landing of the Pilgrims education had been made compulsory in every colony except Rhode Island, and this was done, as their law declared, chiefly with the purpose of circumventing "that old deluder Satan,"

who seeks "to keep men from the use of the Scriptures by persuading them from the use of tongues."

It is scarcely necessary to trace the close connection between the church and the school in the early New England commonwealths. From these came forth the impulse which has made education universal all over the Northern States of this Union; so that its schools are the earliest care and the loudest boast of every sprouting emporium and every noisy mart; so that the pioneer's axe loses its virgin edge upon the timber of which the log school-house is builded; and the ambitious piles of brick or stone, devoted to the education of the people, rival, in all the centers of commerce, the warehouses and the elevators and the factories.

That the motive of education is, in these latter days, much less frankly religious than it was in the days of the Pilgrims, must be admitted. The reasons given in the town meeting and in the city council, when appropriations are urged for public schools, are not the kind of reasons that would have been suggested in Plymouth or in Salem two hundred and fifty years ago. The reasoned basis of popular education in the popular mind is twofold: it includes philanthropy and self-defense. A considerable number of our citizens recognize the latter as the only admissible ground on which a public-school system can rest. Philanthropy they do not believe in; or, at any rate, they contend that the state has no right to go into the business of philanthropy. But the right of self-preservation does belong to the state; and if popular ignorance threatens its security, and even its very existence, then the state has the right to provide and even to require popular education. That this is a valid basis of state action on the subject, so far as rights go, will not be disputed. Whether the education which proceeds from this as the principal motive is likely to be effective in the development of the highest character in the citizens so educated would be an interesting inquiry.

But the philanthropic motive is present in the minds of many of those who advocate the education of the people. Their desire is not merely to avert a peril from the state, but to confer a benefit upon the pupils. Mr. Mill affirms, in his essay "On Liberty," that the failure to provide for a child "instruction and training for its mind is a moral crime both against the unfortunate offspring and against society" (p. 204). This is a recognition of the child's rights, and Mr. Mill goes on to say that the state ought to secure to the child his right to education. The love of equal rights, and the disposition to give every human being

a fair chance, is still, let us trust, an influential motive in the minds of those who advocate popular education. And this motive is the fruit of Christianity. Look on this picture, painted by the author of *Gesta Christi*, and ponder his comment:

"Schools are open to all. The rich are forced to give of their abundance for the education of the poor. Not only are common schools open to every class, but higher schools and colleges of learning are provided for the masses. Even laws are made compelling attendance, and provisions are made by individual charity for those who are poor and ill-clad. This is one of the most remarkable fruits of this religion in modern times. It is a forcible distribution of wealth to confer the highest possible blessings on the needy. It is a confession of society that the most ignorant, degraded, and destitute person is a brother of the most fortunate, and must have every opportunity to exert his powers. If one could imagine the proposition made to the archai of Athens to tax the rich in order that the helots might learn to read the Greek classics, or a measure before the Roman Senate to set apart a new revenue for providing teachers for the plebs and the slaves, one could rightly measure the progress of the Christian sentiment of equality in these eighteen centuries."

That popular education, as it exists in this country, is the offspring of the religious sentiment, is matter of history. But, like many another unfilial child, education has shown a strong disposition of late to disown and desert her mother. The tendency has been gaining strength to withdraw education from all association with religion, to eliminate religion wholly from education, and to claim for education all the saving virtues of which society has need. There are those who think that the diffusion of science and literature will prove a sufficient agency for the promotion of the welfare of the state; and that the learning thus diffused not only may be but must be separated from everything that bears the semblance of religion.

I have not mentioned this demand for the entire secularization of our schools for the sake of opposing it at this point in the argument, but rather for the sake of calling attention to a manifest deterioration of public morals which has kept even pace with this secular tendency in education. Twenty-five or thirty years ago most of our public schools were under Christian influences. No attempt was made to inculcate the dogmas of the Christian religion, but the teachers were free to commend the precepts of the New Testament, in a direct, practical way, to the consciences of their pupils; and some of us remember, not without gratitude, the impressions made upon our lives in the school-room by the instructors of our early days. All this has been rapidly changing; and, contemporaneously, it is discovered that something is wrong with society. Grave dangers menace its peace;

ugly evils infest its teeming populations. Pauperism is increasing. The number of those who lack either the power or the will to maintain themselves, and who are therefore thrown upon the care of the state, is growing faster than the population. The cure of this alarming evil is engaging the study of philanthropists in all our cities. Crime is increasing. The only State in the Union that carefully collects its moral statistics brings to light some startling facts respecting the increase of crime within the past thirty years. In 1850 there was one prisoner in Massachusetts to every eight hundred and four of the population; in 1880 there was one to every four hundred and eighty-seven. The ratio of the prisoners to the whole population nearly doubled in thirty years. But it may be said that this increase is due to the rapid growth of the foreign population in Massachusetts. There would be small comfort in this explanation if it were the true one; but it is not the true one. The native criminals are increasing faster than the foreign-born criminals. In 1850 there was one native prisoner to every one thousand two hundred and sixty-seven native citizens; in 1880 there was one native prisoner to every six hundred and fifteen native citizens. The ratio of native prisoners to the native population more than doubled in thirty years.

And this, be it remembered, is in Massachusetts—the State in which education of every kind, public and private, has been longer established, and is more munificently endowed and more thoroughly administered, than in any other State of the Union. Massachusetts expends, through her public schools, for the tuition of every pupil enumerated in her school population, nearly sixteen dollars a year. Added to this public provision is the great array of universities, colleges, academies, and seminaries, amply endowed, far surpassing those of every other State in number and in excellence. What education can do to promote morality has been more thoroughly done for Massachusetts than for any other American State. Nevertheless, the statistics show an alarming increase of the vicious and dependent classes in Massachusetts. There is no room for supposing that the case of Massachusetts is any worse than that of the younger commonwealths. Those who have had opportunities for observing the conditions of society East and West will not be inclined to believe that the morals of the old Bay State are any lower than those of New York, or Ohio, or Illinois. If other States would collect the facts as carefully, and publish them as fully, we should see similar conditions existing everywhere.

Neither is it necessary to draw from these

facts any pessimistic inferences as to the general decadence of society. This retrograde movement, we may well believe, is local and temporary. The causes out of which it arises may be discoverable and avoidable. What they are is a question to which the social philosophers, big and little, are devoting much study. Mr. Henry George has his theory of the increase of pauperism; and since pauperism and crime are closely linked together, the one evil cannot be explained without uncovering the causes of the other. The Socialists, not content to stop at Mr. George's half-way house, go far beyond him with their philosophy and their remedy. The Protectionists have their theory of the case, the Free-Traders theirs, the Prohibitionists theirs. Besides these there are not a few who, in looking more deeply for the sources of these increasing curses, are inclined to lay the responsibility for them at the doors of our schools. If the schools were what they ought to be, they say, these streams of baleful influence would be dried up at their sources, instead of overflowing the land. The only radical cure of these mischiefs is the reform of our educational system.

The explanation last named is partial, and the censure which it implies is too sweeping. If any man believes that popular education is the panacea for all political and social disorders, he must, of course, believe that the present disorders are due to a defective system of education; but one who does not expect the regeneration of society from methods purely educational, will not be so ready to arraign the schools as the authors, by commission or omission, of the social depravity now existing. If the methods of education had been faultless, and other causes which have been all the while operating had continued in operation, we should, very likely, have witnessed an increase both of pauperism and of crime. This accursed harvest springs from more than one kind of sowing, and will not be extirpated by any one kind of implement. The growth of the vicious and dependent classes is due to many causes.

A defective industrial system has something to do with it. The relations of capital and labor are not what they ought to be. The strife between them is unnatural, and it has been fostered by a bad political economy which erects selfishness into the supreme rule of human action. Any one who thinks that it makes no difference what men believe is commended to a careful study of the influence of certain economical theories upon the relations between employers and employed. In cases of this nature temper is a great matter; and the temper engendered by the current

economy is the reverse of Christian. The collisions and conflicts that grow out of this evil temper have produced a certain portion of the increase of pauperism and crime.

Another cause is the massing of the populations in cities and in great manufacturing centers, where multitudes are deprived of the sacred restraints of home, and depraved for the want of them.

The great fluctuations of industry produced by changing fashions and by sudden and brief rages of one sort or another, creating demands for labor that quickly blaze up and are as quickly extinguished, will account for part of it. This shifting, uncertain life that our artisan classes are largely compelled to live is not friendly to morality.

The influence of immigration upon morality is suggestively set forth by Mr. W. T. Harris:

"All parts of Europe and some parts of Asia are sending us their immigrants. Each immigrant brings some peculiar moral habits which clash with our own. The result is that each and all, immigrants and natives, have to learn tolerance. But moral punctilios cannot be trifled with safely. When people are politically compelled to be tolerant of petty customs that they believe to be immoral, there follows a relaxation of genuine morality itself. Even when a false, bigoted prejudice that has rooted itself among the moral virtues is pulled up, the cardinal virtues themselves suffer injury."—*Journal of Social Science*, xviii., 122.

Heredity, too, is a great factor in the production of pauperism and crime. The paupers and the criminals bring forth with great fecundity after their kind, and a careless pseudo-charity has encouraged them to per-severe.

Above all, deplore it as we must, it is the historical fact that the rapid increase of wealth in any country is always accompanied by the lowering of the moral standards. The most pernicious class of youth in America to-day is largely recruited from the children of the new rich, who are debauching themselves and corrupting those about them with fearful energy. And the schools are not chargeable with the existence or the mischief of these youthful malefactors. They have little to do with the schools, except to infect them with their own idleness and vice; and the better the schools are, the less likely such pupils are to remain in them for any length of time.

There are reasons enough, therefore, for the deterioration of public morals outside of the school-houses. Against all of these evil tendencies of which we have been speaking the schools, with all their imperfections, lift up a barrier. They promote industry and thrift and self-support. They check, measurably, the increase of crime. Just as they are, they exert a salutary influence upon society.

Nevertheless, it is altogether possible that this deprivation of morals is due in part to defects in our systems of education. Our schools have counteracted these evils to some extent, but much less effectively than they might have done. The best possible system of education would not have prevented them all, but it would have prevented more of them. The increase of pauperism and crime would have been less rapid and alarming if our schools had been more wisely organized and conducted.

It may be, therefore, that this unfilial daughter, having learned by experience that she is not sufficient of herself for the regeneration of society, will welcome a word or two of admonition from the mother whose counsels she has of late rather testily rejected. Suffer it she must, if she do not welcome it; for Christianity will by no means abdicate her right to deliver her testimony on this and every other subject that deeply concerns the public welfare.

The first demand that Christianity has to make respecting popular education, is that it be directed toward the formation of character rather than the communication of abstract knowledge. And inasmuch as character is largely developed by work, the intelligent Christian will insist that our public schools ought to give a great deal more attention than they ever have done to industrial training.

It may be supposed that the attempt to make Christianity responsible for such a demand as this is strained and extravagant. Doubtless there is a sentimental sort of Christianity by which "secular" interests of this sort are little regarded, but it is not the Christianity of Christ nor of the apostles. When we reflect that every Jewish boy was compelled to learn a trade; that the Founder of Christianity was himself a carpenter; that the greatest of the apostles maintained himself by the labor of his own hands, and most explicitly laid down the law to the converts in the churches that he founded, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat"; that, in the frankest contrast with the great teachers of Greece, like Plato and Aristotle, who declared all labor to be degrading to a freeman, the Christian fathers, from the very first, sung the praises of self-supporting industry, and pronounced idleness disgraceful, we readily see that the interest of a genuine Christianity in the industrial training of the young is neither affectation nor afterthought.

The feeling that something ought to be done by the public schools in the way of industrial education has been gaining force for several years. "Mercantilism" has laid its hand heavily upon the common schools; and the training provided by them has largely

ministered to the love of trade. Much of this has been unintentional and even unconscious; mercantilism is in the air, and it insensibly pervades our schools, and our school-books, and the traditions and methods of education. A boy comes out of the grammar school pretty well qualified to be a clerk, but with very little preparation for any of the handicrafts. It begins to be a serious question whether the state ought to devote so much time to the training of traders; whether it might not be wiser to afford instruction that shall turn the minds of the young in other directions also. The great majority of the pupils in our grammar schools will earn their livelihood by manual industries of one sort or another. Is it not well to recognize this fact in our systems of education, and to shape our courses of instruction in such a way that they may serve the needs of pupils of this class?

It is sometimes said that the state owes to its children only the rudiments of a general education; that it ought to equip every citizen for the discharge of his political duties, but that it is not under obligation to teach men trades or professions; that the state is going a step too far when it undertakes to make men lawyers, or doctors, or carpenters, or machinists. The objection is valid. It is not the function of the state to furnish technical or professional training. But there is an industrial training which is neither technical nor professional; which is calculated to make better men and better citizens of the pupils, no matter what calling they may afterward follow; which affects directly and in a most salutary manner the mind and character of the pupil, and which will be of constant service to him through all his life, whether he be wage-worker, or trader, or teacher, or clergyman. The training of the eye and of the hand are important and essential elements in all good education. These elements the state is bound to furnish.

The question immediately arises, how much can be done in the common schools to promote industrial education? Some experienced educators insist that nothing can be done; that no time can be found for such instruction in the already over-crowded curriculum of the common school; that the attempt would introduce confusion; that if anything is done, it must be through the establishment, by voluntary agencies, of separate industrial schools, in which pupils may receive training out of school hours, or after they have completed the common-school course.

To these objections it may be answered that a little heroic surgery upon the swollen curriculum of the common school would be extremely healthful. In the graded schools of

our cities the average pupil who completes the course spends from eight to ten years in studying arithmetic. It must be possible to reduce this time considerably, by the condensation and simplification of text-books. The same may be said of geography and of grammar. Time enough could thus be gained for such purposes, with great advantage to the schools.

It is sometimes proposed that the industrial training of the public schools should be confined to the pupils of the high schools. But this would greatly restrict the advantages of such training, inasmuch as but a small fraction of those educated by the state reach the high schools. Moreover, the majority of the boys who enter the high schools are already strongly inclined toward commercial or professional callings; and the industrial education there offered them would, for this reason, be less welcome to them, and less influential in guiding them toward skilled or productive industries. It would undoubtedly be well to connect an industrial course with the high school; but the greatest benefit of such instruction would be gained by the pupils of the two highest grades of the grammar schools. The average age at which pupils leave the grammar school is fifteen; between the ages of thirteen and fifteen instruction of this kind can be most successfully imparted. This is precisely the age at which boys are apt to be restless and insubordinate; a little manual work in connection with their studies would afford vent to their surplus energies, and prove a valuable aid in maintaining discipline.

The foundation of this industrial training is drawing, which is now taught in many of our public schools, and which ought to be made compulsory in all of them. No branch of study now included in the common-school curriculum is more "practical" than drawing. At the basis of all mechanical work lies the art of mechanical or projection drawing; at the basis of all industrial art lie the arts of design. The man who is to follow any kind of handicraft, or who is to be engaged in the production of any fabrics or articles that have form or color, whether it be spades or shoes, or chairs or wheelbarrows, or wagons or plows, or hats, or harnesses, or houses, needs to have his eye and his hand trained in learning to draw. A number of young men in a machine-shop lately came to the draughtsman in that shop and asked him to give them lessons in mechanical drawing. They were beginning to see, what neither they nor their parents could have been made to understand while they were in school, that no man can be a first-class mechanic in any of the trades who does not know something of mechanical drawing.

The application of art to industry is steadily extending into all departments of work. The commercial value of almost everything that is made is affected, more or less, by its artistic form. The commonest tool or utensil is more desirable if it is shapely and symmetrical. Therefore, the arts of design are constantly coming into play in all mechanical or manufacturing industries, and every workman needs instruction in them.

Even those who are to follow mercantile or professional callings are finding use, continually, for knowledge and skill of this sort, and are often greatly disabled for the lack of it. Who is there that does not need, every month of his life, the power to make an intelligible representation with the pencil of something that he wishes to describe, or of something that he desires to have constructed? A little elementary training in drawing when he was a child would have given him this power; the want of it is a constant source of regret and annoyance. The notion that drawing is a mere "accomplishment," an ornamental branch of education, can be entertained by none but the ignorant. Nothing is taught in our schools the utility of which is more obvious.

The foundation of industrial education is thus laid in many of our common schools through the introduction of drawing. All that is needed is that the work in this department should be more thoroughly done.

In addition to this, instruction should be given in the use of the common wood-working tools, such as the hammer, saw, plane, chisel, and gouge. One of the rooms of every grammar school should be a shop, fitted up with work-benches and the requisite tools; and a capable mechanic should be placed in charge of it, as one of the regular corps of teachers. From four to six hours a week in the shop would be sufficient for each pupil; and the boys of a large school could be divided into classes, so that a single instructor could easily manage them all. In two years of such training, under a competent teacher, the use of these common tools could be acquired, and a practical skill in construction and in the manipulation of materials, which would be of the greatest advantage to all pupils, no matter what callings they might intend to follow, and which would give to many of them suggestive hints in the choice of a calling.

It is probable that to these simpler wood-working tools lathes might sometimes be added, and that the simplest processes of iron-working might also be taught. The girls in the same schools should receive thorough instruction in plain sewing and in ornamental needlework, and might also learn modeling in clay. The details of the plan are yet to be

adjusted; but the need of introducing this kind of instruction into the common schools of our cities is already so obvious that the working plans must soon be forthcoming. In the smaller country district-schools the difficulties would be greater, but there, happily, the need is less. The boys and girls in these schools have plenty of chance for industrial training.

Already the matter has passed beyond the stage of theory, and successful experiments have been made in several places. In connection with Washington University, in St. Louis, is a school for manual instruction in which this plan of giving a broad general training in the various processes of mechanical work has been carried into operation with great success. In this school three hours of every day are devoted to books, one hour to drawing, and two hours to work with tools. The three years' course is about the same as that of the ordinary English high school, with the manual instruction added. In the first year the pupils learn the use of the wood-working tools, including the lathe; in the second year they work at the forge, learning the various manipulations of wrought iron, and also take some practical lessons in molding, casting, soldering, and brazing; in the third year they go into the machine-shop, and are drilled in bench work and fitting, turning, planing, screw-cutting, etc. More than two hundred boys are receiving instruction in this school.

In Toledo, Ohio, a manual training school has been established in connection with the public schools, to which pupils from the senior grammar grade, and from the first year of the high school, are admitted. In Gloucester, Massachusetts, in Boston, and in Montclair, New Jersey, similar schools have been connected with the grammar school, for pupils from eleven to fifteen years of age. The report from all these quarters is highly encouraging. The practicability of combining manual with intellectual training seems to be clearly indicated by these experiments.

The advantages claimed for this combination by Professor Woodward, of the St. Louis school, are briefly these:

- "1. Larger classes of boys in the grammar and high schools. 2. Better intellectual development. 3. A more wholesome moral education. 4. Sounder judgments of men and things. 5. Better choice of occupations. 6. A higher degree of material success, individual and social. 7. The elevation of many of the occupations from the realm of brute, unintelligent labor, to one requiring and rewarding cultivation and skill. 8. The solution of 'labor problems.'"

With several of these anticipated results the present discussion is not directly con-

cerned; but they must all be regarded as beneficent; and the reasons given by this distinguished educator for expecting them to follow are based not only on a sound philosophy, but on a large experience. The fact that the intellectual development of pupils thus trained is not retarded but greatly quickened by the combination of manual work with their studies, appears to be established. The boys and girls of the half-time schools in England, who spend part of the school hours in labor outside the schools, easily keep up with those who devote to their studies twice as much time. And these pupils are generally engaged in laborious and monotonous employments, far less attractive and stimulating than those of the manual training school.

One of the best effects of this method is seen in the awakening of pupils who, in their text-book studies, are dull and incapable, but who find in the manual work something in which they can excel. This puts them on better terms with themselves, with their teachers, and with the school; and the self-respect and hope thus inspired lead them to attack their mental tasks with a better resolution. Professor Francis A. Walker, in an excellent paper read before the Social Science Association, speaks strongly of this result of manual training in schools.

That the school discipline would be more easily maintained under this system, I have already suggested. This must result from "a more wholesome moral education"; and Professor Woodward can tell us how surely this is secured by the industrial method:

"To begin with, I have noted the good effect of occupation. The programme of a manual training school has something to interest and inspire every boy. The daily session is six full hours, but I have never found it too long. The school is not a bore, and holidays, except the name of the thing, are unpopular. I have been forced to make strict rules to prevent the boys from crowding into the shops and drawing rooms on Saturdays and after school hours. There is little tendency, therefore, to stroll about, looking for excitement. A boy's natural passion for handling, fixing, and making things is systematically guided into channels instructive and useful, as parents freely relate. . . . Gradually the students acquire two most valuable habits, which are certain to influence their whole lives for good—namely, precision and method. As Professor Runkle says: 'Whatever cultivates care, close observation, exactness, patience, and method, must be valuable preparation and training for all studies and all pursuits.'"

That the judgment would be educated by such practical lessons; that labor itself would be dignified and elevated; that the skill and facility thus acquired would render him who acquires them more versatile, more fertile in resources, and less liable to be stranded in dull times and when industries are constantly

shifting, are predictions that do not greatly tax our faith. That the salutary effect of the introduction of the system upon the moral as well as the material welfare of the whole country would be clearly visible before many years, appears to me indubitable. The French Imperial Commission, appointed several years ago to examine this question, visited Belgium and studied the effects of the apprentice schools then in operation. At that time fifty-four of these schools had been established in that kingdom, and the commission testifies: "The official reports published in Bruges, in 1863, show that everywhere instruction and habits of regular employment have produced the most successful results in improving the morals, not only of the children, but also of the parents, and that mendicity and vagrancy have almost entirely disappeared from those districts" in which these schools have been founded.

This, then, is the first admonition that an intelligent Christianity must leave with those who direct the policy of our schools. You have been building on a foundation too narrow; you must enlarge your basis; you must learn that character is the principal thing, and that character is the result of a harmonious development of all the powers—the eye and the hand and the practical judgment and the will, as well as of the memory and the logical faculty; and you must not forget that industrial training affords a discipline almost indispensable to the right development of character.

BUT if the Christianity whose chief concern is righteousness has a right to reprove our state educators for having omitted to furnish this indirect but most effective method of moral discipline, much more has it the right to rebuke them for their gross neglect to provide direct and systematic methods of moral education. The failure to awaken and develop the moral nature of the pupils in our schools is notorious and disastrous. Moral training has become altogether secondary; the attempt to secure it is but feebly and uncertainly made.

I have before me a consolidated list of examination questions presented to teachers by county boards of examiners in the State of Ohio. This list is said to include "the whole range of the questions sent in [to the State Board] by the examining boards of the several counties," and it undoubtedly presents them in fair proportion also. Running the eye over them, it becomes evident at once that while the ability of these intending teachers to impart instruction on all other subjects is fully tested, there is very little effort made to find out what their purposes and ideas are respect-

ing the moral training of their pupils. Upon theory and practice of teaching there are one hundred and fourteen questions; upon orthography, forty-eight; upon reading, thirty; upon penmanship, twenty-four; upon grammar, one hundred and six; upon arithmetic, one hundred and four; upon geography, one hundred and sixty-two; upon history, nineteen; upon physiology, seventeen; upon civil government, ten; upon book-keeping, ten; upon algebra, eighteen; upon physics, twenty-eight—six hundred and ninety questions in all. Of these, two questions, under the head of "theory and practice," refer to the development of moral character—these two, namely: "Do you teach morals and politeness?"—as if it were optional with the teacher whether he would do so or not,—and, "How would you undertake to cultivate the morals of your pupils?" Now, when the State in its inquiry into the qualifications of teachers makes the ratio of morals to other subjects as two to six hundred and ninety, we could hardly expect the teachers whom it employs to be very thorough or enthusiastic in imparting moral instruction to their pupils.

As a matter of fact, we get a great deal more moral teaching in our schools than this astonishing exhibit would indicate. Many of the teachers recognize their responsibility in this matter, even if the state does not enforce it upon them; and they find ways of impressing the truths of morality upon the minds of their pupils. In their conventions and institutes, the question of moral instruction is often earnestly debated. On the whole, it is rather surprising that teachers should manifest so much interest in this matter, when those who employ them appear to care so little about it. It is not at all to be wondered at that many of the teachers are utterly remiss in this part of their duty, and that the moral education of the young in our public schools is, in general, sadly neglected.

Mr. Harris, in the essay to which reference has been made, points out that certain of what he calls the mechanical virtues, such as punctuality, regularity, and obedience, are taught quite effectively in the discipline of the school. Cleanliness, also, which comes near being a theological virtue, is pretty faithfully inculcated in the lower grades, while the whole regimen of the school ought to be a steady exercise in truth-telling. These are important results, and they are a necessary outcome of the law of the school. For all of this let us be duly thankful. But beyond these are wide ranges of conduct in which children need careful and systematic instruction. The great duties of self-control—the duty of temperance in the indulgence of

all the appetites, of restraining the passions, of ruling the spirit; the social duties of honesty, and justice, and fidelity to trusts, and courage, and honor, and magnanimity, and neighborly kindness, and toleration, and sympathy, and charity; the sacred obligations of citizenship—all these, and many others, ought to be diligently impressed upon the consciences of children in school. The statute of Massachusetts sets this matter forth in large and noble characters:

"It shall be the duty of the president, professors, and tutors of the university at Cambridge, and of the several colleges, of all preceptors and teachers of academies, and of all other instructors of youth, to exert their best endeavors to impress on the minds of children and youth committed to their care and instruction the principles of piety and justice, and a sacred regard to truth; love of their country, humanity, and universal benevolence; chastity, moderation, and temperance, and those other virtues which are the ornament of human society and the basis upon which a republican constitution is founded; and it shall be the duty of such instructors to endeavor to lead their pupils, as their ages and capacities will admit, into a clear understanding of the tendency of the above-mentioned virtues to preserve and perfect a republican constitution, and secure the blessings of liberty, as well as to promote their future happiness, and also to point out to them the evil tendency of the opposite vices."

What this lofty statute demands is not only possible, it is the very first and highest matter to be cared for in every system of education, public or private. With all their other gettings, the children of our schools ought to get, and may get, a clear understanding of these great matters. Doubtless, as I have said, many conscientious teachers endeavor to impress moral truths on the minds of their pupils; but what is done is done in a desultory and uncertain fashion; no systematic attempt is made to develop this part of the child's nature.

It is sometimes denied that morals can be taught from books, and asserted that such teaching is best when it is incidentally rather than formally conveyed. I am not yet convinced that this is true. The objection proceeds upon the theory that morality is something altogether transcendental and mystical, and cannot, therefore, be didactically treated. It is true that what Professor Shaipr calls "the moral motive power" is a personal force rather than a formula; nevertheless, there are great truths of morals which are scientifically verifiable; laws which are as well established as the law of gravitation, or the law of the trade winds; laws which can be stated so clearly and simply that the average boy or girl of twelve or fourteen can perfectly understand them. The pupils of our schools need to have these truths put into their minds, in clear statements, that they may be remembered as guides of conduct in coming years.

The law of veracity, for example, with the natural and inevitable rewards and penalties annexed to it, is capable of a perfectly clear statement. This law can be scientifically verified. All the experience of life will tend to its verification. Get it once lodged in a boy's mind, and he can no more get away from it than he can get away from the laws of motion. Now I think it is a great deal more important to get that law fixed in a boy's mind than it is to teach him the process of extracting the cube root, or to instruct him in the law of storms, or the law of ocean currents. I doubt whether many of the pupils of our public schools ever do get that law fixed in their minds. They know, in a general way, that it is wrong to lie; but the eternal reasons for veracity, and the sure penalties of mendacity, they do not understand. To give them these truths in simple propositions; to show them the facts on which these propositions are based; to point out to them the operation of the moral laws, as you point out to them the operation of the physical laws or the physiological processes of digestion — this would be to many of them an inestimable service. They would remember the law; their observation would constantly confirm it; and it would influence their conduct all their lives long.

Precisely the same thing may be said of all the other great laws of conduct. They may be clearly stated, and their natural rewards and penalties indicated; and the state is bound to give this kind of instruction, whatever else it may withhold. To leave so great a matter as this to the teacher's option, and allow him to give moral instruction incidentally, as if it were not a matter of prime importance, is to disparage and degrade the whole subject in a fatal manner. We are bound to dignify it by making it a part of the regular course of study.

Suppose the teacher tells the pupil, casually, these truths of morality of which we have spoken. The pupil is likely to take them as the teacher's individual opinion. If the pupil has great confidence in the wisdom of the teacher, these truths may make a deep impression on his mind; if he has not, they will make very little impression. In any case, they will not come to him as the ascertained and established facts of science, as truth that has been verified by observation and experiment. That is the way in which they ought to come to him. The moral laws ought to be put upon an equal footing, in the pupil's intelligence, with the laws of physics or physiology.

It is sometimes supposed that no effective moral teaching is possible, save that which refers to the Bible as authority. This is a great mistake. Doubtless many of us would rather have the Bible taught in the schools as the text-book of morals — if it could be intelligently taught — than any other book. But this is not possible. And, although no other knowledge of morality can be so good as that which would be gained by a reverent and intelligent study of the Bible, yet a knowledge of the great moral laws and their penalties, sufficient for the practical guidance of men in earthly affairs, can be gained from the experience of men and the study of human nature. The moral laws revealed in the Bible are also impressed upon the nature of man. They were in full force and effect before the Bible was written. As soon as moral beings began to exist in their present relations these laws began to operate. The facts of morality are stated in the Bible because they are true; they are not true because they are stated in the Bible; they were true before a word of the Bible had been uttered. Every law of the decalogue, as my old teacher of morals, President Hopkins, always insists, is a natural law. Surely there can be no objections to teaching natural law in the public schools; and of all natural laws, those which relate to conduct should first be taught by the state. The neglect to provide this kind of teaching is sheer fatuity; every citizen who is a Christian, and who believes that righteousness is the principal thing, is bound to cry out against it, and to demand, unceasingly, that this great defect in our systems of popular education be remedied without delay.

The systematic and intelligent teaching of morals in the public schools would, undoubtedly, accomplish much good. Nevertheless the fact must not be overlooked that truth of this kind, to be most effective, must be vitalized by a genuine religious faith. Religion is the inspiration of all highest morality. And while religion cannot be taught in the public schools, those teachers who possess this faith may, without any dogmatic instruction, impart it to their pupils. "It is for the teachers," says Mr. W. T. Harris, "not to claim to introduce formal religious ceremonies, but to make all their teaching glow with a genuine faith, hope, and charity, so that pupils will catch from them their view of the world as the only view that satisfies the heart and the intellect and the will."

Washington Gladden.

STRIKES, LOCKOUTS, AND ARBITRATION.

HISTORY records numerous instances where different divisions of the same army have by mistake fired into each other in the darkness. Not less sad blunders are sometimes made by labor and capital in those battles which find expression in strikes and lockouts. Labor and capital are each as necessary to the other as the two wings of a bird. Cripple either wing, and the other is useless. Neither labor nor capital can rise alone. In this paper we shall not attempt a dissertation on the politico-economic relations between these interests. We prefer to treat of some of the causes and cures of their troubles, and to deal directly with preventives which may help clashing interests to conserve themselves.

But first consider some of the moral questions involved in a labor trouble where a thousand hands are out of work. Their aggregate daily pay of perhaps one thousand four hundred dollars is a small share of the loss where hunger and cold, sickness and death result. Money values are pitifully powerless to measure that. All this is small, compared to a side of the question usually not even considered—the moral value of being employed. Very often to give one young man or woman honest employment is to save that one, body and soul, and to save the community care and cost. This is vividly illustrated by the well-known story of a friendless girl who, about three generations ago, was thrown upon the world and not cared for. Her children and children's children came to number over a hundred, desperate and dangerous men and women of crime. No record of earth can tell how many a bright young man or woman thrown out of employ by the labor trouble has thus become a center of equally dark and ever-widening circles. For these reasons and such as these, inconceivably great responsibility rests on all concerned in the labor question. It will not do to attempt to hide behind corporate action. Stockholders cannot be too careful of the power vested in the votes their stock represents. A labor cyclone may bring bitter regrets because officers and managers were not made to feel the personal influence of stockholders, exercised by word and letter, and presence at board-meetings. It is not improbable that the storm at Pittsburgh a few years ago, or the more recent telegraph strike, would have been averted if stockholders had been more vigilant.

Capital is probably as often right as labor. Through a blindness hard to understand, labor frequently stands in its own light. Here, again,

individual responsibility in many of the fearful relations above suggested must be assumed by any who in anger, stubbornness, or thoughtlessness start these labor troubles, or fan their flames after they are kindled. That man's heart is not in the right place who is willing on light occasion to "let loose the dogs of war" in a strike; who is not more than willing to favor a peaceful solution. It were better to do our duty in these lines of action in time than, too late, to be rudely wakened from dreams of fancied security by violences perpetrated by mobs made up of the dangerous classes, who prowl like hyenas, waiting to make labor troubles the occasion of looting, violence, and lust. The police know that often those who lead in these times are not so famous for mechanical skill or industry as for recklessness and criminal practices. Not infrequently communistic gatherings are where they originate. Yet these very gatherings, we may note in passing, are not always so intractable as they are supposed to be. Not many months ago, a lady who is president of one of our State Peace Societies quietly went into one of these socialist meetings, and, after listening awhile to their turgid expressions, asked leave to say a few words. She then laid before them a more excellent way. They heard her respectfully, and accepted her advice. This may be a straw showing the direction which can be given to a wind supposed to blow nobody any good. Judicious conference with socialists was thus shown to have a mission. All possible safety-valves should be in action in these dangerous days.

Over-concentration of population in cities and towns is one of the most fruitful sources of evils which find expression in strikes and lockouts. The latter are like the steam-gauge, indicating pressure—not the explosive steam itself. Securing continuance in rural life by those whose home is in the country, and as far as practicable turning others from town life to the country, is the best relief to that pressure. This abnormal concentration is subversive of the best interests of both labor and capital.

Young men enjoying independent life on mountain and prairie farms cannot be told too often, or with too much emphasis, that commercial records show that only three men in a hundred succeed as merchants, while ninety-seven go to the wall. A small proportion of those who go from the country to the city succeed in getting clerkships. Few of these have the grip or opportunity to become merchants, and we have just seen how unen-

viable is the lot of even those who reach that point. A small percentage of the thousands flocking to cities, like moths to a candle, succeed in getting the average net pay realized by men and women on farms. Deduct excess of cost of food, fuel, and more expensive clothing, rents, and the drain of long periods of being unemployed, from the seemingly higher city wages, and there is a heavy balance *per capita* in favor of country life. A much larger proportion become proprietors of homes in the country than in the city, and such proprietorship is a powerful bulwark to both labor and capital.

In proportion as farming is made attractive in scientific and æsthetic points of view, will it retain intelligent youth now engaged in it, and draw others from the city to it. Infusing into it the finish and thoroughness of French and especially Belgian methods will make the small farm sufficient for the support of a family. Practical development of the small farm idea makes it more possible for city life to be exchanged for that of the country. There are a thousand city people who could raise money to buy and work ten acres, where there is one who could buy a hundred acres. Of over three million farms in France, only about ten per cent. exceed five acres apiece in extent. Yet the French farmers were chiefly the people who paid the German indemnity, after the fall of Napoleon III., so quickly as to astound the financiers of Christendom. Sure we are, after traversing France from Calais to the Alps, that we have never seen rural life in Europe in more captivating light than among these people. Forestry is a strong point in making farming attractive. It creates the need of forest engineers, such as are employed abroad. Thousands of young men would soon find work in such capacity, at good salaries, if they would fit themselves for it. They are needed now by counties, states, and railway and land companies. If we consider the proportion who succeed in law and medicine, on a scale commensurate with the idea of those who leave farms to go into these professions, we shall see the ratio is similar to that in merchandising. There are a hundred lawyers and doctors with scanty practice, to ten who can be considered as independent as the average farmer. In proportion as these points are practically comprehended, will there be measurable relief from overcrowded markets, low wages, and poor pay for investment of capital in mining and manufacturing.

It is an axiomatic proposition that there is "more money in peace than in contention." A recent Western lawsuit over a few fifty-dollar calves cost twenty thousand dollars. A

case in Philadelphia, known as "the kitten case," arose over possession of a half-grown cat. It grew into expensive suits and counter-suits, and more costly hate. The president of the Universal Peace Union consented in the latter case to act as a conciliative board of one. He was successful, and so helped to develop a factor in the peace problem of no mean significance. The settlement of "the kitten case" shows how petty strifes may be prevented from growing into larger ones, which in the aggregate constitute much of the sea of turmoil vexing the great labor interests. When people practice peace in small circles, they will do so in large ones. Usually one or both parties are self-deceived by specious ideas of "fighting for the right." They forget, or do not know, that disinterested lookers-on see that the reverse is true. This naturally suggests conciliation and arbitration among the potent preventives of strikes and lockouts, and their *causes*.

During a once threatened labor trouble, Daniel Webster made a speech in the interest of capital. In that speech he said in substance, and said impressively between clenched teeth, "When any man says the poor against the rich, mark him! mark him!" We say, "When any man, rich or poor, is unwilling to settle a labor trouble by fair, conciliatory arbitration, mark him! mark him!" Like the woman in Solomon's time who was willing to have the baby cut in twain, he is presumably in the wrong who is not willing to refer. Conciliation and arbitration — not arbitrary arbitration — have been fruitful of much good in the Old World. Trade guilds used it in mediæval times. In the early part of the present century, Napoleon devised and established the "Court of Peace" under the most perfect system of laws, framed by him to this beneficent end, which were ever enacted. Such courts are still widely and successfully used. Mr. Joseph D. Weeks says of this system of Napoleon: "These laws, with some slight modifications, have continued until the present under the title of '*Conseils des Prud'hommes*.' These councils," says Mr. Weeks, "are judicial tribunals constituted with the authority of the Minister of Commerce, through the chambers of commerce which are established at important trade centers of that country. They are composed of an equal number of employer and working-men members, each class electing its own representative, with a president and vice-president named by the Government. The authority of these councils extends to every conceivable question that can arise in the workshop; not only between the workman and his employer, but between the workman and his apprentice,

or his foreman. There is but one question they cannot settle—future rates of wages; but even this can be done by mutual agreement. Arbitration is compulsory upon the application of either, and the decisions of that court can be enforced the same as those of any other court of law. The workings have been beneficial to French industry, especially by conciliation, by which more than ninety per cent. of all cases brought before these tribunals are settled." In 1847 the sixty-nine councils then in existence had before them 19,271 cases, of which 17,951 were settled by conciliation in the private bureau, 519 more by open conciliation, and in only 529 cases was it necessary to have formal judgment. In 1850, of 28,000 cases, 26,800 were settled by open conciliation. There were at the close of 1874 one hundred and twelve councils in France. In 1878 there were brought before them 35,046 cases, of which 25,834 were heard in private, without a formal trial, and seventy-one per cent. were settled without a public hearing. Of the entire number of cases 21,368 were relative to wages, 4733 to dismissals, and 1795 related to apprentices. In 1883 over 263,000 cases were considered by these commercial tribunals. Of these a less proportion were carried on to the civil courts than were appealed there from lower civil courts. This satisfactory showing falls far short of expressing the great benefits of these councils to French industry, especially in removing causes of differences, or in preventing them from growing into disputes. Tribunals similar to those of France exist in Belgium. Their success has been less marked than in France, owing in part to the fact that they sometimes have criminal jurisdiction. The French councils are presided over by lay judges. They are tradesmen, merchants, or manufacturers, and are aided by clerks trained in this law. The claimants appear in person, seldom by attorney.

For over a quarter century, similar but voluntary boards have existed in England. Before the Nottingham system came into use in the hosiery industry, there had been desperate boycotting, also machinery smashing, with brutal beatings and even murders. Mr. Mundella was the prime promoter of the system, and the leading arbitrator under it. The Wolverhampton system was contemporaneous in its inception with the Nottingham, and was used among the builders. Here Mr. Rupert Kettle did good service as the leader. It succeeded better than the other, because its chairman had a casting vote. Pending arbitration under these and the French system work and wages go on.

The frequent and regular meetings of these boards of capitalists and laborers, as *equals*,

have good effects on both classes, or rather tend to obliterate class lines. The meetings are informal, and rich and poor sit around the same table like friends at a social debating club. Meetings being regular prevent delay in settlements. "Delay is dangerous." It causes irritation and makes the parties less and less in a spirit to listen to reason and be influenced by kindness.

The clear-cut, intimate knowledge all parties secure of facts and philosophies connected with their trades is a great advantage gained by these boards. Not only the members of the boards, but, through them, their constituents get information which gives them poise. Thus they all learn salient conditions of their special industry in various parts of the world, prices of labor and material, improved machinery and processes, etc. Delegates of workmen from these British boards are sent to investigate in France, Germany, and elsewhere, and they return and report. Similar methods of settlement have extended to the coal and iron trades, lace, leather, pottery, and other industries.

Selling prices have come to be accepted as the gauge of rates. On these, sliding scales are arranged, which are found to insure reasonably fair rates of advance or of reduction. It has been well said that "the love of justice and fair play that leads to being willing to arbitrate naturally insures abiding honorably by results." Ninety per cent. of the cases brought before the voluntary boards have been satisfactorily settled, and this mainly under the conciliation phases of their operation, before the arbitration stage was reached. All the work in this line in Britain might be said to be done in this voluntary way. There have been provisions for arbitration by law since the fifth year of George the Fourth's reign; but these and some other enactments of that nature have remained as dead letter, with few if any exceptions.

Somewhat extensive and not unsatisfactory arbitration has been tried in the settlement of difficulties in the vast shoe trades of Lynn, Massachusetts. Probably one of the most harmonious efforts in this line was by Stratton & Storm in New York city. They lost largely by a strike in 1876. In 1879 they arranged a permanent basis of conciliation and arbitration, which has since worked admirably. That basis was amended in 1880, and has been the model of similar work in various trades. Other arbitrations and their results, in several States of the Union and in a wide range of industries, have become well known through the public press. Some of the States have legal provisions for settlements by reference; and all of them would do well

to take higher, broader ground and more advanced legislation to this good end.

One of the most satisfactory cases of conciliation and arbitration in America was the settlement of a serious strike in the Philadelphia shoe trade, in 1884. This was arranged by Hon. J. M. Washburne, with some coöperation of the Peace Union. About \$7000 daily wages was involved, and what proved to be a cold winter was before the working people. The settlement saved this, with all the peace and comfort, health and morals involved. Not the least of the advantages gained was the formulation of eleven rules, with notes on the same. The value of these rules and notes is shown by their having since settled several strikes in other trades and other States. They were posted up in factories, and the workmen by way of pleasantry came to call them "The Eleven Commandments." They were furthermore made the basis of adjustment of a serious trouble in one of the largest institutions of learning in the country. These rules, with notes on them by Mr. Washburne, are as follows:

**RULES ADOPTED BY JOINT BOARD OF ARBITRATION
IN PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 3, 1885.**

Rule 1, Sec. 1. The right of the manufacturer to employ and discharge employees must be acknowledged.

Note: This rule means that the right to employ and to discharge laborers belongs to those who own the business. There could be no other rule. No prudent man would invest capital in business if he could not control it by employing the laborers he thought necessary and proper for conducting it. This is the inseparable incident of capital.

Sec. 2. But if a person discharged claims that he is discharged because he is an active member of the Knights of Labor, by specifying his cause or causes of complaint, in writing, he may bring the matter directly before the Board of Arbitration for a hearing.

Note: In this rule the word "he" includes both sexes. Its object is to prevent persons from being discharged "because they are active members of the Knights of Labor." But if an active member is discharged for any cause other than "because he is an active member," his case stands as that of any other person. When the person discharged claims that the act was done because he is an active member of the Knights of Labor, by complying with the direction of the rule, he may bring the matter before the Board for a hearing; and the Board has the sole right to hear it. The matter must be in writing, in order that the Board may see the exact cause of complaint, and know just what is to be heard and decided.

Rule 2. Each factory is to regulate its own working hours, but in no case shall a day's work exceed ten hours, except in two or three departments, in order to fill orders on time.

Note: Each factory shall say at what time hands shall begin to work in the morning, and when they shall stop, not exceeding the time named in the rule. When extra work is to be done, the manufacturer shall direct it in order to meet the engagement calling for it. But for the extra labor done there shall be extra pay. Business will decide the departments.

Rule 3. Shop meetings to be held only after working hours.

Note: The purpose of this rule is that there may be no interference with business.

Rule 4. Grievance Committee of shops not to meet oftener than once a week, except in case of new employees.

Note: The committee need not meet once a week unless it has business. But for the purpose of ascertaining the condition and standing of persons not hitherto employed in the shop, it may meet as often as necessary.

Rule 5. Pending the discussion and decision of any difference or dispute, there shall be no lockout, strike, stoppage, or cessation of work by either employer or employee.

Note: It is the object of this rule to substitute reason and right instead of violence in whatever form, by either employer or employee. And during no dispute or difference shall the work of any shop or department of it be stopped or interfered with. If the interests of parties cannot be so adjusted and harmonized that the parties can continue the relations of employer and employee, then, according to the real or supposed interests of the parties, they must separate, not in violence, but according to reason. This rule implies that in no case is it necessary to resort to lockouts, strikes, or violent means in any form; it being the office of reason, acting according to the golden rule, to adjust all human interests.

Rule 6. The Grievance Committee of each factory is recognized as the only mode of communication between the employer and local assemblies; but in the event an agreement cannot be reached, the matter in dispute shall be submitted to the Board of Arbitration.

Note: This rule is sufficiently plain without explanation.

Rule 7. There shall be no interference with the employment or wages of hands hired by the week, when the wages are satisfactory to the employer and employee; so that competent workmen may be protected.

Note: Business requires that some "hands be hired by the week," and the wages are paid to the skill of the hand. It is the object of the rule to protect both the laborer and the manufacturer. It is to give to the manufacturer the advantage of skilled labor, and to give to skilled labor a just remuneration. Of course the manufacturer may employ inferior skill, and give it inferior remuneration. This may be important at some times and for some purposes. It is the right of the manufacturer to determine how his business shall be conducted. Capital and labor should each receive its equitable reward. This rule was very thoroughly discussed, and unanimously and heartily adopted. If the wages are not satisfactory, the hand may quit work; and if not satisfactory to the employer, he may dismiss him. With any other rule business could not safely be carried on.

Rule 8. The Joint Board of Arbitration shall consist of seven members from each side, who shall serve for one year, or until their successors are appointed or elected. Five members from each side shall constitute a quorum. A majority vote shall be final in all cases.

Note: Seven manufacturers and seven employees compose the Board. These are appointed by the respective associations. Five members from each side can do business. When, by the sides, there is a difference of opinion, the same number of persons only on each side shall cast a vote. But when the vote is not by sides, all at the meeting may vote, and the majority decides the question.

Rule 9. In case of a tie vote each side shall select a disinterested person, and these two shall select a third person, and their decision shall be final.

Note: In a warm contest both parties might not agree on a third person, and hence the provision of the rule. When the three persons are chosen, the majority vote cast by them shall be final.

Rule 10. The Joint Board of Arbitration shall meet semi-monthly, at such time and place as may hereafter be agreed upon. No complaints shall be considered unless stated in writing, and the causes of complaint are specified and signed by the complainant.

Note: All parties seek to avoid trivial complaints. The rule requires the complaint to be in writing, in order that the person may see it in that form, and that the Board may have something definite before it.

Rule 11. Complaints may be presented to the Board at the first meeting after the cause thereof shall arise, or it will be deemed that there are no grounds for complaint.

Note: This rule is rigorous, and might work hardship if the cause of complaint should arise just before a meeting. But all parties thought there should be no delay. If "an active member" is discharged, he wants a speedy hearing, and he must use diligent means to obtain it. It is improper to introduce stale complaints.

Addendum. If any difference shall arise hereafter, touching any matter not provided for in the foregoing rules, such difference shall go before the Board of Arbitration for adjustment and decision.

A good way to make this method general is for people to use it individually. It can be utilized in family and in personal troubles, so as to quench sparks that kindle fires resulting in separation of families and in deeds of violence and fraud. The idea of reference should be taught in the schools. Children could make profitable as well as interesting entertainment out of exercises in it. Kindergarten Peace Courts could so ingrain conciliation and arbitration into the people, that neither war between individuals nor nations would be thought of, much less tolerated.

No contract of importance should be drawn without a clause providing for reference. Such a clause should be the closing one in printed forms for contracts,—a few lines, either written or printed, stating in substance that if any misunderstanding arises under the contract, the parties to the same, for themselves and their legal representatives, agree to settle it by peaceable reference to disinterested third parties; one (or more) to be chosen by the party of the first part, and the same by the party of the second part, and if they cannot agree, they are to call in an umpire; that settlement to be final in the premises, and binding on all the persons and interests involved. This then becomes a part of the contract, and can be enforced as such. Further, being a contract, it is available under the common law of contracts even in a State where there is no special legal provision for arbitration. Many, if not all, of the chambers of commerce and boards of trade in the great cities have long had standing committees of arbitration, which save their members, and the community at large, untold expense and friction.

The humiliating results often occurring in legal contests, through the awful abuses pos-

sible under the jury system and an elective judiciary, call loudly for some way of relief. The United States Supreme Court, and also several of the State courts, are almost hopelessly encumbered with accumulated work. Arbitration would clear the dockets of much of this surplus, and tangibly check the supply at the fountain-heads of contention.

Not least among the advantages of arbitration would be the prevention of *publicity* to matters which should be kept strictly private. In hosts of cases, too, injustice is suffered through sensitive shrinking from having affairs hauled before the public, with which the public has no concern beyond contemptible curiosity. Many a wreck of family and of fair name might be prevented by this more common-sense way of "courting." Vexatious delays and the expense of lawsuits can to a great degree be done away with by peaceable reference. Many an unprincipled oppressor knows the money is not within reach of his victim to secure redress in the courts; or he knows "the law's delay" will secure his ends. Consequently the saving of *time, money, and publicity* by conciliation and arbitration are results the value of which is not easily estimated. The saving of friendships from wreck in the tempests of legal strife is another point well worthy of consideration.

Helping to self-help is a measure potent to prevent labor troubles, and fruitful of large results for good. Capital should help labor to stand alone. Under this head the definition of the capitalist by Smiles, as "merely one who does not spend all he earns," is important. By parity of reasoning, "capital" and "savings" are synonymous; and the mutual interests of capital and labor are promoted by helping laborers to become capitalists. Hosts of mechanics never rise above journeymen's ranks, because they never have enough ready money to start business for themselves. The moment a man has a reasonable prospect ahead of such a change, he becomes conservative. He is not now so likely to be a factor of labor troubles. Twenty-five cents a day, beginning at twenty-one years of age, put either into a savings-bank or an endowment life insurance policy, would give a mechanic at forty years more money in hand than most successful men have had for a start in the world. The drink and tobacco bills of any one of hundreds of thousands of mechanics would easily carry through such a scheme to secure working capital. The endowment is better, perhaps, than the savings-bank, in that it is impossible to withdraw it, and probably lose accumulating capital on some transient scheme before the "independence fund" has reached a sum sufficient to

be effective, or before the man has experience needed to handle his capital wisely. During the last half century this policy among British mill operatives has come much in vogue. One who is laying his course thus finds "birds of a feather flock together." Habits of sobriety and of saving lead the carpenter or the mason to study the higher branches of his trade, and to attention and application, which secure higher wages and less loss of time on spees. So he gains ability to double the ratio of his fund, and probably has, besides, an extra dollar a day with which to buy a home and better food, furniture, and clothing.

Every million men making such use of a dollar a day throw over three times as much into the scale of home consumption of manufactures as the value of the total annual yield of all our gold and silver mines. Under-consumption, far more than over-production, is to-day the lion in the path of our industries. A quarter of the money working-people worse than waste in liquor and tobacco would give more and better and much-needed home comforts for themselves; would set looms and spindles, forges and lathes rolling out a labor anthem pitched to the key of plenty of work and good pay. It would at once create and consume a volume of productions, making a tangible difference in the output of manufactures. It would help both capital and labor to help themselves. Viewed exclusively from commercial and from politico-economic standpoints, the waste of national wealth by the working-people in drink and tobacco causes more of the trouble between labor and capital than all other causes combined. It has richly repaid some English manufacturers to both suggest these points to their workpeople and then help them to plan and execute to the end of carrying them into practice. It would not less richly reward American manufacturers to follow the good example. "Nature abhors a vacuum." This is true in other than material realms. The mill-owner may be sure that his employees, like his children, will be filling up with bad habits unless he helps them to fill up with good ones. If he enters into their plans with *sympathy*, he can lead them in wisdom's ways. It is not enough to provide night-schools. Mere mental education has well been characterized as "making clever devils." Teaching his people morals and habits of thrift will help the employer quite as much as the employee. Thus will more and better work be got by a given wage expenditure.

It is hard to get people to begin, and carry out, system in schemes for saving. Naturally a person not accustomed to saving regularly thinks the weekly earning so small that laying by anything from it is next to impossible.

It does them good to know some facts in this connection; to know that savings-bank records show the largest deposits have not been in times of high wages. The pressure of low wages is found to lead to provident plans and habits. On the other hand, the abandon born of a period of high prices for work has the opposite effect. Further, the largest averages of deposits are not among those paid the highest wages; the principal depositors in Manchester saving-banks, for example, being domestic servants. Consequently, the people want reminding that they need not wait for some time of high wages in the dim future to begin systematic savings.

Trying to ape the rich has kept millions of poor people from where they would ever be able even to begin to live in the style aimed at. This trouble is great in the Old World, but far greater in republican America. The effort of the masses to live beyond their means has created the pressure resulting in many a labor upheaval.

There is no independence, in a secular sense, without liberty and competence. Keeping out of debt and adding something, little though it be, to savings, are the keys to liberty. The man with one hundred dollars ahead, and gaining fifty dollars a year, though earning only ten dollars a week, is better off than one earning fifty dollars a week, but living up to his means. The latter can never earn a home; the former may do so.

There is no better investment for a capitalist than to teach these things to those in his employ. If this suggestion is considered utopian, go with me one hundred and fifty miles north-westerly from London, to a town on the dreamily beautiful banks of the Aire. There you may see what is so much more than has ever been hinted at here, that you will say, like the Queen of Sheba, "The half had not been told." Here is a model town built by Sir Titus Salt, not more for his vast alpaca factories than for his beloved people. As you go about the town, it will seem, as compared with the most highly favored of even New England manufacturing towns, like fairy land. Nearly a thousand cottages have been built for the operatives. These homes are bowered in vines and roses. The streets are broad and adorned with trees. Not common schools alone, but those for teaching art and science, together with public libraries, are there; a spacious and beautiful Protestant church and a charming park also. Here, too, are hospitals for the sick, and baths and gymnasiums for those who are well; a savings-bank likewise, but no place to buy intoxicating drink. These and other pleasant and useful adjuncts the proprietors have provided for dwellers in their

"happy valley," and so help them to rise to a high social as well as mental and moral level. They so identify themselves with their interests that the better soul within is roused. So these people come to know their employers as their true, sympathizing friends, and they heartily reciprocate the friendship. Any one engaged in getting up strikes would not do well to select that town as a theater of operations. It would be hard to find any one among those villagers who would not help drive him out of the town, and do it in a style suggesting that he would better "not stand on the order of his going." If some pessimist was in search of a business enterprise to hold up as an example of small financial profit, this manufacturing Acadia would not be his model. If therefore in this age of Golden Calf worship some keen-eyed capitalist wants to find a first-class business investment, let him establish any kind of manufacturing that has fair margins, and then take his people to his heart in a spirit of Christian philanthropy like that of Sir Titus Salt and his sons.

Saltaire is not the only case of the kind in England. The Crossleys have made almost a rival to it where their carpet-works are located. Several others have done likewise. Mr. Edward Akroyd, M. P. for Halifax, is proprietor of an establishment where the value of a similar policy has been demonstrated. Let us visit it. They are enjoying a gala day, and a spacious hall is occupied by a floral and fruit display. The fruits and a bewildering cloud of flowers are so rich and varied and profuse, that we might suppose the Queen's gardens and the conservatories of patricians had been depleted to realize it all. But no; as you walk around among the workpeople's cottages, you will be surprised at the number and the beauty of the gardens where they nestle. Mr. Akroyd has furnished these happy people with ground for the gardens, and charges them a small rental, the entire sum of which is applied to premiums and repaid them at the exposition we have been visiting. He has also provided these Haley Hill people with high and with common grade schools, library, park, etc., on a scale similar to the ap-

pointments of Saltaire. He has advised and aided them to organize and operate coöperative clubs for procuring food and clothing at wholesale prices. Compare this club work with the stores which American mining and manufacturing companies establish and then compel their employers to patronize, often at ruinous rates. Mr. Akroyd has been especially successful in organizing savings, assurance, and other thrifty enterprises among his people. This habit of systematic saving they find to be to the laborer what the balance-wheel is to the engine. It is a factor of stability of character in matters other than those that are monetary. In fact, it is just the pivotal point on which the wage-laborer becomes a capitalist. It proves what is saved, not what is earned, to be fixed capital. It is a key out of the dark and perplexing labyrinths of trouble between labor and capital which finds expression in strikes and lockouts. Either Saltaire, or Haley Hill, or the Crossley settlement demonstrates that moral and mental culture, coupled with sympathy, industry, and system in economy, are the pillars on which to build a superstructure of kindly and prosperous relations between capital and labor, most beneficial to both.

There are hosts of cases, however, in all ages and countries, to prove that blind greed of gain makes capitalists, and especially corporations, a force with which the laborer cannot harmonize. In many cases coöperation is the scape-valve to give relief here. In a recent strike two workmen found the rapacity of capital, together with the stupidity and stubbornness of their comrades, too much to contend with. They started a small shop, and hired two helpers. Within a year they were making more than four times the fifteen dollars a week apiece which they received as factory wages. In other cases coöperation between capital and labor, in the form of giving workmen a small percentage of the business profits in addition to wages, or stock in the company owned by workpeople, has secured peaceful and therefore prosperous relations. Where there is an honest will for peace, there is a way to it.

Geo. May Powell.

THE writer acknowledges his obligations for valuable material on French and English arbitration, used in this paper, to Mr. J. D. Weeks and Mr. C. D. Wright.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Grant Memorial.

SELDOM indeed does any work of art bring with it responsibilities so grave as those which are involved in our contemplated memorial to General Grant. Not only for the sake of the monument itself, but for the sake of American art and the American people, is it peculiarly necessary that we should move warily in deciding who shall create it for us, and what he shall create, and how.

Art in America is just now in a transitional phase — which means in a very critical phase. New ideas, new creative impulses, new forces of unmistakable but unformulated vitality are stirring our painters, sculptors, architects, and are striving for the mastery over older tendencies, and also over that intellectual inertia which until lately characterized our public in its relation with things artistic. And this public, — we, the people, — in beginning to shake off our inertia, in beginning to feel that our interests and our children's children's are no less at stake than are the artist's, are becoming anxious to play a more intelligent part in patronage than we have ever played before. Exactly at the right moment we are now given a chance to prove our own growth in appreciation and to stimulate the growth of American art itself. Exactly at the right moment — neither too early nor too late — comes an unrivaled opportunity for us to act with energy, and for our act to have the most potent influence.

Unrivaled indeed our opportunity must be called, and great indeed must be the influence of its outcome. It involves, or should involve, a very lavish outlay and a very ambitious effort; the monument, by reason of its subject, will be incomparably conspicuous; and the subject itself is so rich in the noblest possibilities that success will mean a peculiar triumph, and failure will be trebly sorrowful and disastrous.

Let us think for a moment what is in truth this subject — what it is we must express if the Grant Memorial is to be all it should and to mean all it ought.

THE SUBJECT OF THE MEMORIAL.

FIRST, of course, we must adequately *represent* General Grant in his most characteristic aspect — in his aspect as a military commander. That is to say, we must represent him at full length and on horseback. Aesthetic reasons, it may be added, speak as loudly for an equestrian statue as do expressional reasons; for the modern world, with its disheartening dress, can never afford to disregard the chance of bringing a horse into the sculptor's scheme.

But our monument must *commemorate* General Grant as well as merely represent him — must record, or at least suggest, all that lies latent in his name and flashes upon the mind as we think or speak it. And this is much more than the fact of his successful generalship — much more than can be expressed by the sole aid of that equestrian statue which might suffice were some other military chief in question. When we think seriously of it, and try to analyze what our artist

should do for us beyond and above the mere portrayal of the figure of a general, we cannot but feel how great was Grant's good fortune, how great is our good fortune, in that he died when and as he did.

Had he died in battle ere his work was entirely done, he would have been for us the leader of the armies of the North, and nothing more. Had he died while chief magistrate, the strife of party would have torn his image in two and clouded his memory for at least a portion of the people. His foreign tour was a fortunate sequel to his activity at home, showing us how he stood in foreign eyes as typical of the greatness and the influence of his country. And still more fortunate was the tragic, the pathetic way in which the stroke of death at last was given. Is it heartless to rejoice that ere he died he met for a moment with reproach of the cruelest kind, and struggled for months with a physical agony as cruel? Not unless it is wrong to be glad that after that reproach followed a burst of popular affection and respect, bringing the country back to an attitude even more sympathetic than it had held when first it chose him President, and to be glad that over his dying bed the South clasped hands with the North, and signed our articles of brotherhood anew. Euthanasia — a *happy death*. From a purely physical point of view the term indeed seems inappropriate. But from a higher, deeper point of view few deaths have been as happy as General Grant's — as happy alike for the dying and for the living. He himself, in the midst of his mortal anguish, felt this truth, and we are dull indeed if we do not feel it strongly. Not often does the good which we are fain to believe lies in and behind all human evil show itself so immediately and so clearly.

It is this, then, — it is the time and the manner and the results of General Grant's death, — which gives us the chance to make his memorial something nobler than a mere portrait of his person; which absolutely lays upon us the great and happy obligation to make it a *national memorial* in a different sense from that implied in a national subscription to defray its cost.

Seldom, be it said again, does such a chance occur, and hardly by any possibility more than once in the life of any one nation. The only similar opportunities which modern times have seen have as their outcome the monument built by the Germans in the Niederwald beside the Rhine, and the monument now building to Victor Emmanuel on the Capitol at Rome. We misconceive the former, for example, if we think of it as a record of German conquest abroad, or of Prussian conquest in Germany. It is a record, rather, that the various peoples of Germany, so long disunited, bitterly antagonistic, actually at war among themselves, and so recently forced together by the strongest sword, had now accepted the brotherhood into which it had compelled them, and so cordially accepted it as to desire a permanent — that is, a great artistic — expression of the fact. That which is the motive of the Niederwald monument, that which still more purely and entirely will be the motive of the Italian monument, is

not the fact of internecine war, but the fact that internecine wars are past and done with, leaving a united fatherland contented in its union.

This too should be the motive of our memorial to Grant. And as the impulse and the opportunity to build it have been given by his death, so also do his character and history afford a text, a concrete theme, that could not well be more felicitous. Not merely, be it remembered, as they were shown in the closing moments of his life. From the beginning he was patriot first, and soldier only because patriotism compelled; ready for war, but enamored of peace; looking upon conflict as a means and not an end, as a sad and bitter necessity, not "a glorious chance for glory"; rejoicing, not in the conquest of his foes, but in the fact that their conquest would make the land again a single land of friends and brothers. Even before the day of the final surrender, even before the moment when, with a homely simplicity and a touch of emotion that take us back to the pages of Plutarch, he went beyond the written letter of the "terms" and bade Lee tell his soldiers they might keep their horses,— "and take them home to work their little farms,"—Grant will show in the light of history as the friend of the South, and not merely as the champion of the North. Or, to put it more accurately still, history will see that he was first and always a true son of the commonwealth, and then from day to day whatever else the circumstances of each day impelled such a son to be.

These facts were patent long ago to all whose eyes were clear. The words that came to the dying man last summer from East and West and South, the answering words he spoke and wrote, the groups that gathered in imagination beside his bed and stood in person around his bier, did but emphasize and illuminate them; did but give them dramatic voice, palpable, visible, popular expression; did but bring them more entirely within the recording powers of art.

Can we doubt that very much of what they mean must be expressed in this contemplated work of art of ours if it is to be in any adequate sense a *memorial* of General Grant? Or can we doubt that a simple equestrian figure would be insufficient for the purpose? Or even an equestrian figure which, while less simply set before us, would still be the dominant feature to which all else would be subordinated? A mere pedestal, a mere architectural framework and setting, no matter how much enlarged and glorified, would still, if kept within its proper bounds as such, supply no adequate place or space for the suggestion of all we ought to say. Nor would the conception itself be adequately suggestive in general expression—tell as distinctly as it ought that what we had meant to build was a *national monument* enshrining the tomb of the nation's hero.

WHO SHALL MAKE THE MONUMENT?

It is time now to ask: Where and how shall we select our executives, our artists? One part of the answer at least seems clear. We must look for them at home; they must be Americans, and not foreigners. Apart from the fact that the choice of a foreigner would mean a disastrous blow to that native art we are so peculiarly bound just now to cherish, apart from the negation of all proper sentiment which would be implied in such a choice,—apart, that is, from points which are

among the most vitally important,—how could we expect to get from any foreign hand an adequate expression of our theme? It is a theme which needs that the mind should work upon it as well as the hand, and the heart as potentially as either. Who but an American could put his heart into the matter? Who but an American could see into the heart of the matter itself? It was well enough (as regards both sentiment and the probability of a good result) to bid a foreigner mold us, for example, his countryman Lafayette, and to accept from a foreigner's hand a personification of that American liberty which is a thing any intelligent human eye can see and understand. But a memorial of General Grant—a great national monument! This must be given into American hands, or we shall fail in our part of the task, and shall have no right to look for aught but failure in the artist's.

But among Americans, how shall we select? Certainly not, again, in accordance with the pressure of local feeling. Although the monument is to stand in New York, it is not to be built by New Yorkers only or for the benefit of New York alone. No feeling of local prejudice or pride, no feeling that because New York is the metropolis of the Union therefore its artists are the best, or ought to be proclaimed the best, should have a jot of influence in determining our selection of an architect. An American by birth or by such length of residence and sympathy of understanding as transform the foreign-born into Americans in heart and mind—this we must look for, but we should not localize our search more narrowly.*

An architect has just been written; for it can hardly be questioned that we should find our architect first of all, or, at least, should give him the first share in the labor. When architecture must work with other arts and must supply more than a mere background or foundation for their efforts, there can be no doubt that it should take the initiative. The main idea, the plan, the *conception* must be the architect's; and then the putting into final shape, the elaborating in idea as well as in actual execution, should be his and his brother artists', working together and in harmony or intent.

WHAT KIND OF A STRUCTURE?

HERE now we choose our architect, we should have some distinct idea with regard to what kind of a structure he should give us—distinct, but not necessarily very detailed, and certainly not so dogmatic that he will be bound and hampered.

In certain cases we may best honor an honorable memory by a charitable or beneficent foundation of one sort or another. But in this case we may surely give the honor simply and solely as such; our pot of costly ointment may be poured out as a tribute to sentiment only, a homage to ideas alone. For once we may be intellectual, aesthetic in our aims, and not utilitarian in any other sense than as our work of art shall be useful for the cherishing of noble ideas and sentiments in the generations which will follow in the land. What we should ask our architect for is a dignified and beautiful building, as truly monumental in intention as in effect; some fair and stately structure which shall have as its heart the tomb of General Grant, and as

* We say this, be it noted, notwithstanding our personal belief that New York alone could afford us artists in every branch competent to do the work we shall require.

its most conspicuous ornament his figure, and which shall give ample room and fitting place for the depicting (or the suggesting in typical, ideal ways) of those memories and meanings which have been hinted at above.

It is needless to say that they have only been hinted at, not fully catalogued. It is needless to point out, for example, that we can hardly think of Grant without thinking of Lincoln too, or express the meaning of his life without remembering the share he played in the great act of Lincoln's life—in the abolition of slavery. And what other men before and beyond Lincoln himself are not hereby suggested in their turn! Does the theme seem too extended and the scheme an over-ambitious fancy? Not if what we want to do is the whole of what we ought to do with this marvelous opportunity, or the very best we might. And, it may be added, we need not of necessity aim at immediate completeness. We want our structure now and the tomb and the statue; but the rest may be left to come when it can. Come it undoubtedly will if the first steps be rightly taken. There is nothing which so encourages the giving and the creating of works of art as the knowledge that a splendid receptacle is waiting for their advent. Our receptacles for monumental art are not very numerous or very attractive, and, as a rule, they are identified with local and not with national pride. Such a national home and haven of art as this monument might be made would do incalculable service in the encouragement of American art—to-day and to-morrow and through many future years as well.

This aim, together with the presence of the tomb, may seem, in a climate such as ours, to prescribe extended covered spaces; especially as there is no reason why other forms of art should not be brought into play as well as the architect's and the sculptor's. There is every reason, indeed, why the contributions of all others should be desired; not only that the influence upon American art may be as wide as possible, but also because certain things can better be expressed by the painter or by the worker in glass, for instance, than by the carver of marble or the molder of bronze. The theme gives ample intellectual verge and opportunity for every art to play its interpretative part therein; and the structure should perhaps supply the due material space and opportunity for all.

Certain precedents, hallowed by age and by artistic value, unavoidably suggest themselves if we try to define our wants a little more narrowly still. Mediaeval example points to church or chapel as the form such a memorial should wear. But to build a civic monument ecclesiastically would hardly be appropriate to the mental attitude of to-day. (There is no need to discuss whether this attitude be right or wrong; it is simply facts as they are that we must deal with.) Or would it, again, be appropriate to erect an example of that triumphal arch which from Roman days to these has so often been resorted to for the commemoration of military service? Would a triumphal arch give us space to say all we ought to say, or give us a fitting station for the tomb? And would its accepted symbolism as a type of military conquest be in keeping with just this hero militant of ours and with just those ideas which his monument should convey? It is a very beautiful form undoubtedly, and perhaps its symbolism might be so transmuted as to express that national

unity which is the prime fact we wish to place on record. Moreover, it is a very *safe* form—one with which it would be difficult to produce a failure of the most distressing sort. To say this is undoubtedly to say much in its favor; and yet, as undoubtedly, we want to do something more than not go distressingly far astray. We want to tread in the best possible path and to reach the best possible goal. And perhaps something different from either of these traditional devices would serve our purpose best—something more purely *civic* in expression than, on the one hand, a triumphal arch, or, on the other hand, a mortuary chapel. But in any case (as has been said) it must be something neither prosaic in effect nor utilitarian in intention.

THE QUESTION OF STYLE.

AND now we are brought to the very interesting and important question of *style*. To choose our architect wisely will mean, of course, to choose one who can build intrinsically well; but, also, one who will be likely to build in harmony with the prepossessions of his countrymen at large. For to make the monument as helpful in its influence upon our art as possible, to make it as worthy an example of that art as possible, we must undoubtedly make it truthfully expressive, not only of its particular theme, but also of national artistic preferences and impulses *if such can be discovered to exist*.

It is plain, therefore, that the question of "style" cannot be decided theoretically or on pure æsthetic grounds alone. We must approach it, so to say, experimentally. We must study all the works of every kind and fashion we have built, pick out those which are most excellent, and then compare them very carefully—with an eye not for their details of difference, but for any broader signs of agreement (in execution or intention, in effect or aim) which may possibly lie beneath those details. We cannot hope to find proof of anything which is as yet to be called a national *style*; but perhaps we shall find indications of a nascent national *taste*, and if so they will be enough to guide us. But, be it added, we must seek them by the light of careful chronological data, for we have moved very fast of recent years, and it is important to distinguish between tendencies that are dying out and tendencies that are growing.

The general belief perhaps is that, no matter how carefully conducted, such a search will be made in vain. But this general belief is founded largely upon our ignorance of what has recently been done in architecture throughout the length and breadth of the land, and somewhat upon our ignorance of architecture itself—our inability so to read its language as to see what has been aimed at no less than what has been achieved, and to mark main lines of agreement beneath surface variations. A more widely extended and careful survey seems to show that there are certain manners of architectural speech which we are beginning to prefer above all others, and which appear in more of our recent good results than do any others. These are the manners which emphasize the *round arch* in preference to the lintel or the pointed arch.

This assertion may seem too confident, but indeed it is not. More and more as each year goes by (and a year may mean a good deal in rapid times like ours)

we show a preference for round-arched methods of construction; sometimes for those of ancient Roman parentage, much more often for those which developed in the earlier days of the Italian Renaissance, and still more often, perhaps, for those which grew up in the intermediate centuries—for those which are called the Romanesque.

Had we examined the matter in a superficially theoretic way, a round-arched architecture might have seemed the last that was likely to appeal to us. Neither the most conspicuous examples of current work abroad nor our own descent in blood and speech might have seemed to lead us to it. But even a theoretic inquiry seems to point in its direction if made in a less superficial way—if made upon the data given, not by our origin, but by the degree to which we have grown to differ from our nearest European cousins and more nearly to resemble certain southern peoples; not by our speech, but by our present social and political condition; and especially by that climate which has done so much toward molding us, and must do so much toward molding our architecture too. It was said above, indeed, that we should not depend for guidance upon *any* theorizings. Yet if they are not too superficially made, and if they seem to tend toward the same outcome as do experimental inquiries, we may at least respect their confirmatory voice.

For example, while we need not and cannot agree with a recent writer (whose text was also the Grant Monument)* in his opinions upon the status and the character of our art to-day, we may gladly cite the fact that he gives his vote for the round arch. He decides, theoretically, that it is what we *ought* to want, and the fact is valuable if those signs are trustworthy which seem to show that it is what we *do* want.

Still more valuable is the testimony of so serious and well-qualified a theorizer as the English historian Freeman, when he tells us that he thought in advance of his visit to our country that a round-arched style might possibly best suit our climate and best suit ourselves. And highly valuable is the fact that this speculation of Mr. Freeman's was changed to a belief by what he found already existing on our soil.† Had he written to-day, moreover, instead of some years ago, or could he even look to-day through the pages of our professional journals (where the very best work of the very best hands is not always illustrated, but where the general tendencies of our art in all quarters of the land may be deciphered),—could he see as clearly and know as thoroughly as those who are to control the erection of our monument ought to know and see,—then it is very certain that his words would read with still greater emphasis.

Nor should we forget to note, and as a very important point, that in using the round arch, whether in its Romanesque or in its Renaissance variety, we do not in our best examples use it either stupidly or foolishly. We do not use it conventionally, in an imitative, slavish, cold, and lifeless antiquarian fashion; or recklessly, fantastically, to the destruction of all artistic harmony and expressional truth. Study these best examples (they are neither few nor hard to find nor

by any means identical), and we shall see that it is used freely, flexibly, and sensibly, in accordance with modern ideas and in deference to the needs of individual cases; that it is used in combination with other elements drawn from other sources, and yet in such a way that it governs the general expression and there is no disharmony, no effect as of patchwork and piecework in the result. Of course all the examples in which it is used are not similarly excellent. But a good intention is often plain even when the outcome has patent faults; and to confess failures and discrepancies is only to confess again that we have not yet a national style. It is by no means to deny that we have already a budding, promising national *taste* which points in the direction of the round arch. This is surely enough to guide us in our present quest, unless similar evidence of a similar degree of strength can be cited to show as wide-spread a taste pointing in some other architectural direction; and, it may confidently be said, there is no chance of this. Nor need we be deterred from falling in with the taste which prefers the round arch by any slightest fear that a design based thereupon could not most adequately and beautifully give us just the sort of structure we want or just the opportunities we need for the employment of all the arts that can be allied with the builder's.

If all these things be true, then we should undoubtedly select some architect whose natural affinities tend in the direction of the round arch, and whose practice has given him a key to its resources; and, moreover, one who has been used to employing it in monumental work—that is to say, of course, not necessarily in such commemorative monuments as the one we now desire, but in work where dignity, beauty, and expression have been of prime concern.

And so with those other artists who must help and supplement the architect: we should try to choose such as are able not only to work intrinsically well, but to work well for monumental purposes and in the expression of other than strictly "realistic" intentions; for grandeur of conception and ideality of treatment will be prescribed by many portions of our theme at least. It is not only that simple representation—a simple record of facts as they actually occurred—would very often, with our modern dress, be monotonous and unlovely to the eye; such treatment could not fully express the potency of those facts, their inspiration, their results, their inner meaning. The spiritual side, the heart of the matter should be laid bare, and not its shell alone portrayed; and to reveal the heart of such a matter needs the help of that higher, deeper, subtler kind of art which for the want of a better term we are content to call *idealistic*. The artist, if we can find the right one, will know how to employ it rightly—will not fall into conventional allegory, dreary, meaningless metaphor, but will preserve human, historic life and truth while illuminating them with the light of imaginative sentiment.

This is not the place to explain how certain it is that we can find the right artists if only we search wisely. To explain the present condition of our art, to point out its recent successes and gauge their prophecies in relation to our present subject, would involve the citing of many examples and the discussing of many names; all of which might savor, perhaps, of special pleading. No more, therefore, can here be said than that if we

* "Style and the Monument," *North American Review*, November, 1885.

† *Longman's Magazine*, quoted in the *American Architect*, February 24, 1883.

want such service as has been indicated in the preceding pages, or any analogous service, or service of any noble kind whatever, our hope of getting it may rest on good foundations. We have artists in every branch who might do all that has been suggested here, and do it well; whose existing work we might be eager to match against the best work of any European country, excepting only France. Nor need we blush to think of a comparison with the best work of France itself in such an example as our monument may be, if we give them for once a chance to do their very noblest. We may prophesy of the Memorial with hope and confidence, and base our prophecy not upon vague dreams of what we might produce if our art were something other than it is, but upon a knowledge of what it already is and of what those who produce it can undoubtedly achieve—if we select the best among them, and then help with intelligent sympathy and a generous hand.

THE FAME OF GRANT AND OF LINCOLN.

If it needs anything more than the thought of our own possible profit to make us resolve to be careful, wise, and liberal in this matter, we may remember how conspicuously we shall be acting in the eyes of the outer world. The inception of our monument will be followed abroad with keen and critical attention. Its eventual shape will be pictured in every illustrated sheet for the benefit of stay-at-homes, and, before all our other works of art, will attract the feet of those who cross the water. Whatever we build, it will be everywhere known and will be everywhere accepted as the great typical example of American art.

Perhaps we do not realize how emphatically this will be the case — do not realize how high above all contemporary Americans General Grant has stood in the interest of other lands. Lincoln's is the only figure that could possibly have come into rivalry with his. But Lincoln died long ere foreign interest was to as distinct a degree as it is to-day a sympathetic (or at least a respectful) interest, while Grant lived long enough to share in the reaction that has followed upon the old antagonism, and to concentrate much of the new-born sympathy upon his own person. If a monument to Lincoln were in question, foreign interest would be far less pronounced, and, moreover, far less intelligent. No European, be he even an Englishman, can quite understand Lincoln or the whole of the reasons why his memory is dear to us.

The chief of a great nation in the throes of a great civil war, who ruled, not like a Prussian king, according to his own or his immediate counselors' ideas of right and of expediency, and not like an English minister, according to the dictates of a parliament merely, but as the executive of the nation at large in a truer sense than man ever did before; who ruled with his finger on the people's pulse and his ear at the people's heart, feeling thrills and throbs quite imperceptible to others; who waited patiently till they were perceptible to him beyond the possibility of mistake, and then acted with decision and persisted with tenacity; who seemed to lead, and in overt acts did lead in truth, but who executed, none the less, just what the people, half unconsciously, wished to do and were incapable of doing save through a hand as sensitive and strong as his; a chief who ruled thus amid difficulties and dangers of the

most tremendous and of the most subtle sorts, yet who sat day after day, year after year, with his door open to all comers and his sympathy awaiting all; as eager to help individuals as to help the nation; as responsive to the trouble of the humblest citizen as to the trouble of the state; the father of his people at once in the widest political and in the most intimate personal sense,—this and very much more than this was Lincoln. How indeed should he be understood in lands where *to rule* means something so different?

But with Grant the case stands otherwise. A great organizer of armies, planner of campaigns, winner of victories — this is easily enough understood in any country; perhaps not exactly in all of its significance as applied to General Grant, but yet nearly enough for at least a great part of our debt to him to be felt with sympathy. And thus, as he himself during his foreign tour stood in the eyes of Europe as the symbol of his country in her hour of reunion and reinstatement in the great family of nations, so his monument, whatever we may make it, will assuredly stand as the type of the highest his countrymen can wish to do in art and the very best they can accomplish.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR FAILURE.

If it is anything less than a noble type, the fault will not lie with our art. It will lie with the public, with us; because those who directly control the matter will be assumed to represent the public, and *will* represent it — either as expending lavish popular gifts and putting into execution clear and sensible popular wishes, or else as showing, by poverty of material resource and wrongfulness of artistic act, that the public has been without enthusiasm and without vital or intelligent desires. If it is anything less than a noble type, our art will suffer shame and injury; but the responsibility, the sin, will rest with the committees in charge and with us whose representatives they are.

Good Signs on the Lecture Platform.

DR. HOLLAND used to deplore the change that had come over the lecture system, a change which he attributed to the lecture-bureau, which of late years has come into vogue. In the number of this magazine for March, 1871, he deprecated the appearance in lecture courses of men of inferior talent, mere amusers of the public. "Some of them," he said, "have been either pushed or invited into nearly every lecture course, until sensible men have become disgusted, and have given up the lecture as a thing that does not pay. The good lecturers have been cheapened by association with their inferiors in gifts and aims, and the 'lecture system' has degenerated into a string of entertainments that have no earnest purpose and minister to no manly and womanly want."

Dr. Holland's picture of the contemporary lecture platform was by one who knew well what he described. It is encouraging to note, however, that during the last few years there have been signs, not perhaps of a revival of the lecture system of twenty or thirty years ago, when men as earnest as Emerson, Phillips, Beecher, Chapin, and Holland, and men of the literary position and oratorical force of Curtis, Mitchell, and Bayard Taylor were among the principal lecturers,—

not, we say, a revival of just the same system as was at that time in vogue, but of a new system showing an increasing willingness on the part of the public to listen to instruction from scholarly and distinguished men, and showing, also, a widening of opportunities for the exercise of a high grade of ability in this direction. In the East and in the West courses of lectures are constantly being arranged, where one man will take up a theme and himself continue it to its completion. The historical lectures of Fiske and Freeman, the astronomical lectures of Langley, the literary-historical lectures of Gosse, the course on etching by Seymour Haden, are cases in illustration of the tendency we speak of.

The detached addresses in different parts of the

country by such men as Matthew Arnold and Canon Farrar may be said, indeed, to be rather in the line of the "star-lecture system," but the substance of these "star" lectures, nevertheless, was in each case the farthest from trifling or temporary.

We are not objecting in these remarks to the merely amusing "platformist," if his performance is thoroughly good of its kind. Men should have the opportunity of laughing,—but it is important that they should laugh not only well but wisely. The danger was, at one time, that nothing but syllabus would be wanted or offered—though it was in the nature of things that so debilitating a diet, even if entered upon, could not last forever.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Tinkering of Hymns.

IT is interesting to notice how public opinion, in cases of literary epidemic, splits in two directions at the same moment, and then the same old sentiments stand confronting each other, and the same old issues are bandied to and fro in the familiar disputes. And Christian people, amiable and excellent as they are, are no exception to this observation. At the present moment, praise services having become popular in the various congregations, and so the criticism of hymns having grown to be in some degree necessary, the question is discussed rather sharply whether any one has the liberty to alter the compositions of a poet whose name has already been received into honor among the churches. Some writers and many speakers are declaiming against, and some others for, the practice, which at any rate is old and established.

The trouble is, that so many of the disputants are familiar with only the collections which they may have happened to use in their early life. What they learned as the true versions of hymns and psalms it is very natural they should suppose are the original work of the author, and what they find elsewhere they believe to be changes as unauthorized as they are unwelcome to themselves—unwelcome because they break up the old associations, if indeed they do not confuse the memory, while they are trying to sing with the heart and the understanding.

It might be well at some time to restate with wide illustration the general principle upon which the church at large has, through many years, proceeded in the shaping of hymns for use in worship. It is in some cases better to return to the author's own language; in other cases it is preferable to retain the changes which popular sentiment has accepted. Some one who has been patient enough to count has told us a startling tale; namely, that in one collection there are 697 changes in 345 versions of psalms; in another, there are 1336 in 774 most noted hymns. No wonder there is objection made to such wholesale work.

But is any one ready to insist that the compilers must reproduce Cowper's and Newton's, Watts's and Wesley's and Doddridge's hymns, with all the crudities and mistakes those composers made? Are the declaimers in earnest? Do they want to sing "On Jor-

dan's stormy banks I stand," now that some years of use has made them familiar with the alteration needed by the fact that Jordan's banks never were stormy? "On Jordan's rugged banks I stand"; do they really want this restored? Do they wish to have everybody taught to say "Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed," instead of "Thus blind Bartimeus prayed"? Do they decidedly prefer "fav'rites of the heavenly King" to singing "children of the heavenly King"? All these are alterations, however, and most tasteful Christians have thought them felicitous; shall they be repudiated?

Then there are some changes of a more extensive kind. How would a modern singer relish a return to the figure of Toplady, precisely as he used it, in one verse of our familiar "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—

"Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death"?

After singing the grand alterations made by John Wesley years ago—

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy"—

does anybody actually desire to return to the weak lines of Isaac Watts—

"Nations, attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy"?

The real fact is, almost all criticism of the critics is insincere. Public writers and speakers in conventions seem to be resisting vandalism in variations; what they are doing is witty and often wanton.

Now and then it happens that a criticism is urged which shows a misunderstanding of the whole point at issue. The critics complain of changes, where there is only adherence to the author; and grow violent over the "tinkering," when what they really want is to make it. Let a little story serve for illustration. Some years ago, when the artless compiler of one of the modern hymnals was sitting in his study, a good brother in the ministry entered, and seeing his occupation, namely, an orderly selection for the choir on the succeeding Sunday, immediately started a complimentary conversation on the merits of the book.

"I like your collection," he said, "because you have courage and taste enough to resist this tinkering practice; you give the hymns accurate and honest as their authors wrote them." The humble singer was per-

fectly aware how the dialogue would end, and mischievously inquired for some particular lyric as an illustration. With a becoming measure of confusion at the sudden demand, the critic specified the one beginning, "There is a fountain filled with blood." And he continued: "Everybody claims that as in the original; you got it right at the start; some of them spoil it—absolutely run it out at the end." On further inquiry, it appeared that what was wanted was that the final stanza in particular should remain untouched. "Now Cowper—he was a poet; would you ever find him closing with such an insignificant couplet as this—

'When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave?'

Turning to the hymn, the compiler caught glimpse of a fact which might be embarrassing. The last verse did end in just that criticised way; hence his collection was open to the grave objection. "Now," continued the triumphant critic, pressing his point without suspecting anything of the author's anguish, "some of them have changed the places of the first two and last two lines—actually changed them! It seems as if William Cowper would turn in his grave to read it. You know how he ended the hymn with a burst of confident hope and exhilaration." So, with a befitting shout and gesture, the enthusiast rendered the lines:

"Then in a nobler!—sweeter!—song,
I'll sing thy power to save!"

There was nothing to do now but to hand the orator the book; and when he discovered that he had praised the taste and skill which stood uncorrupted and brave to do a righteous thing—which was not done, he looked unutterable things at the culprit. But all the apology the humiliated compiler had to offer was, that Cowper wrote it as he printed it, and "Cowper—he was a poet," as had been remarked. But now came the swift reversal of judgment, and the adroit relief. After one hesitating moment, the man exclaimed: "Well, I declare! so you have it in the other way after all! But my way is better, a great deal better in every respect; it is more poetic, as I am a living man!"

That is to say: first, he praised a book for having steadily resisted all temptation to tinker; then he gave an illustration of tinkering as a fine art, which proved not to be tinkering but fidelity; in the next place, he sturdily stood up for a decided instance of impertinent tinkering in a popular hymn; and at the end he made it perfectly clear that, if he should become a compiler, he would tinker to his heart's content; for what his own taste preferred was better, far better, "as he was a living man!"

Since which period of discipline, this compiler has been unable to divest his mind of the thought, that many critics who assume to be amiably exasperated by the tinkering of hymns would be unamiably exasperated if the hymns were not tinkered when they had a chance at them.

It is difficult to conduct such discussions with seriousness, so picturesque are the poses in logic, and so comical is the confusion of results. The whole question is outside of logic; for men are never argued out of what they were not argued into. These changes are matters of taste and sentiment; hymns are creations of art, and so are hymnals designed for real use by the people of God in their worship. It is to be under-

stood that such heavy objections as these quoted are not intended to do harm; they appear to be passionate because they are imagined to be impassioned. The only way to deal with them is to meet the facts with plainness of exhibition, and then all of us go on singing.

These stories will be incomplete without the mention of an interesting scene in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, as it was reported in the journals. In the course of debate, one of the members took occasion to comment on a verse of the hymn beginning, "Nearer, my God, to thee." He became so droll that loud shouts rang out in the serene air which that calm and dignified body generally breathes; "Take the platform! take the platform!" So the bright brother stood, a master-critic confessed, before the gathered sobriety of the land. And now he tore things to pieces. "Look at this perversion! instead of an exquisite image, 'Though, like a wanderer, daylight all gone,' we have this absurdity, 'Though, like a wanderer, the sun gone down'! Who was the wanderer? Was it the sun, or the author, or was it perhaps Jacob? [Laughter—notes the reporter.] Where had this wanderer gone down to? Did the sun particularly like that wanderer? [Roars of laughter—says the reporter.] And this in the place of an original line, as one of nature's poets gave it to the church and the ages,—'Daylight all gone'!"

Ten feet away from the smart speaker sat one of the oldest hymnologists in the land, looking over at him with an expression of amusement and perhaps wonder, as he saw him, like a beetle, sticking himself on a pin without the help of a naturalist. For he knew that what such people criticise is almost inevitably the true reading, and what is offered in its place is the "tinker." So he understood from habitual observation, that when men talk spitefully against alterations, it means that they would have altered the lines if they had had the chance. It was not at all the author's reading they wanted, but their own. As the gifted authoress wrote the hymn, the line stood, "The sun gone down"; and that was what the platform orator was making such fun of.

Charles S. Robinson.

Shall the Federal Government give Aid to Popular Education?

I NOTICE with great satisfaction that the Senator from New Hampshire has again introduced into the Senate his bill to "extirpate illiteracy"; and that a similar bill, differing somewhat in the details, has been presented to the House of Representatives by the Honorable Mr. Willis of Kentucky.

So the grave question is again presented to the people and their representatives, whether traditional doctrinaire interpretation of the Federal Constitution shall be allowed to prevent the wisest appropriation of money ever asked from the Federal Treasury. I use the words carefully when I say the "wisest appropriation," for in my humble judgment *nothing* can do so much to bind the sections in loving fellowship, to cement a more perfect union, and to establish firmly our republican institutions to all generations, as the appropriation of money by the Federal Government to enlighten the people of those States which cannot do this necessary work for themselves. The

question is one of such vital importance, and one concerning which so much ignorance and misinformation are prevalent, that I beg your leave to give in very few words the facts and arguments, *pro* and *con*, which were presented in the great debate in the Senate, and which must determine its settlement.

Has the Government of the United States the constitutional power to make such grant of money from the Treasury to aid in the education of the people?

The majority of the statesmen composing the last Senate of the United States answered this question in the affirmative. Some of them, as notably Mr. Jones of Florida, found the power newly conferred by the amendments to the Constitution as interpreted by the decisions of the Supreme Court. But the larger number, following the lead of the present Attorney-General, felt no need for the amendments to the Constitution to enable Congress to make this appropriation. They are satisfied that Congress had this power "before the recent amendments were ever adopted or even dreamed of." They adduce decisions of the Supreme Court,—by which it is plainly laid down from the very beginning that Congress has had and has exercised the power to contribute toward the education of citizens of the new States, and they declare that in no instance has its constitutional right to do so been questioned. And precedents in number are quoted to show that this contribution has not been exclusively of public land, over which particular kind of property it seems that Congress has a peculiar power, other and different from that "other property of the United States" included with the "public land" in the clause of the Constitution conferring this control. "Since the war six millions of dollars, not in land but in money, have been appropriated by Congress to colored schools in the South; and within the last fiscal year Congress appropriated four hundred thousand dollars with which to educate the Indian children at Hampton and Carlisle." This last is the testimony of Mr. Voorhees of Indiana.

Now, then, under what warrant were these appropriations made? Clearly under that to "provide for the general welfare," under which money has been lavishly expended to set up a great Agricultural Bureau, to ornament Washington city with flower-gardens, to cure sick calves in Kansas, and even, it may be supposed, to send visiting statesmen to one and another State of the Union to help the electors to do their duty. Clearly is it now settled, by continuous precedent, as Mr. George of Mississippi pointed out, that "Congress may appropriate money not intended to carry out any specific grant of power, but solely to provide for the general welfare of the United States."

And does not the great illiteracy of the Southern States affect the general welfare of the United States? Let us look for a moment at some of the statistics. *One voter in seven in the whole United States cannot write*; and of those who can a very large number can only with great difficulty sign their names.

Further, of these illiterate voters nearly three-fourths are in the sixteen Southern States, which same States contain only about one-third of the entire population; and these same States are least able to bear the great burden of educating their people. The valuation of property *per capita* in those States is only \$155, while in New England it is \$661, in the Middle States \$473,

in the Western States \$334, and in the territories \$211. But, on the other hand, statistics show that in their poverty and desolation they are striving mightily to lighten their own darkness, for the ratio of the school tax to the total tax is in these Southern States 20.1 per cent., while in New England it is 30.2 per cent., in the Middle States 19.5 per cent., in the Western States 26.6 per cent.

Senator Blair says that the South pays annually about \$14,000,000 for education; but he adds that \$33,000,000 would be needed to put the children of the South upon an equality of privilege.

Is there not, then, a cause why the general Government shall help to remove this dark blot of illiteracy, as a means of providing for the general welfare?

And now a word in reply to the further question, would such Federal donation be wise and expedient? would it help or hinder the desired result? Some gentlemen, both North and South, have thought so. The Senator from Kansas expressed the opinion that to give such aid would destroy all voluntary local effort to maintain a public school system. He was obliged to admit upon question that the millions of acres of public lands given to Kansas schools had been a small benefit in the days of infancy, albeit that now the proceeds of these lands furnish only about one-eleventh part of the school appropriation. Why shall like assistance to the infant struggles of the young South paralyze her efforts? Why shall it not rather help to enable her some day to tax herself for this purpose as Kansas does?

I confess that I cannot but feel angry when it is suggested that the people of the South are seeking to cast upon the Federal Government a burden which they can and should bear. Their history denies such suspicion, and the superhuman efforts since emancipation, efforts to the honesty and the success of which all bear witness, deny the charge. But they are persuaded that unaided they cannot do effectively this work which is necessary for their own well-being and the well-being of the whole country; this work which was put upon them by the Federal Government. They know better than others can the direful threatening of disaster which this work left undone portends. Therefore, they come not as supplicants asking alms, but as the children of one family asking that from the common treasury, to which they contribute a large part, shall come the means to help them accomplish their own welfare and the welfare of the Republic.

Grant that there are difficulties and dangers encompassing the bestowal of this aid. These are guarded as carefully as may be in the wise plan proposed. The rights of the States are sacred, and may not be invaded. True; and only in the view of the eye that is sentinel against a foe is there invasion in the coming of brothers with their gifts. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." I believe that the dear old battered quotation was paraded in the Senate, and I was not surprised, for the senatorial supply of classical quotations is, to say the least, limited. But fearing "the Greeks," the enemies of my country, and most of all when they come as gift-bringing courtiers, I do not fear my own brothers, the children of my own mother, the inheritors with me of the treasures of freedom. They are as interested as I am that this treasure shall be guarded safe; and

therefore they come only that their power may be added to mine for its protection. Why shall I be afraid?

Yes, the bill comes from New Hampshire as a measure of peace. Well says Mr. Voorhees of Indiana, it "should be received with grateful approbation by every lover of his country." I believe that the people of the country need only to be informed as to the need, the due regard of all rights in the remedy proposed, the constitutional power in this regard exercised by Congress from the very beginning, and with one voice the citizens of America will demand that the whole power of the Republic shall be exerted to educate every American, because so, and only so, can "truth and justice, peace and happiness, religion and piety be established among us for all generations." Educate the people, educate the people; for only so can you provide for the general welfare and guarantee a republican form of government to every State, and to the glorious Union of the States.

T. U. Dudley.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 26, 1886.

The Tool-House.

MANUAL training, instead of a mere accessory, is now most happily becoming recognized as an indispensable department of education. Says Prof. John Fiske, in his remarkable little book, "The Destiny of Man": "In a very deep sense all human science is but the increment of the power of the eye, and all human art is the increment of the power of the hand. Vision and manipulation—these, in their countless and indirect and transfigured forms, are the two *cooperating* factors in all intellectual progress." The difficulty with education in the past has been the divorce of these two factors. Words instead of things, the abstract instead of the concrete, the complex instead of the simple, generals instead of particulars, have been crammed as intellectual aliment into the unfortunate little ones, whose mental stomachs have been totally unequal to the reception of such inappropriate materials. The result has almost invariably been repletion or marasmus.

It is hard enough for adult brains to grasp the subjective unless aided by the objective. For the child it is impossible. Hence the absolute need of the training of head and hand together, or, what is the same thing, object-teaching. Hence the growing advocacy of the kindergarten and its logical complement, the tool-house or manual-training school. The theory underlying them is very simple, viz.: that ideas depend on facts, and that to acquire facts the development of the senses is essential. We all know how eager is the observation of all healthy children, how they love to experiment and contrive. The new education takes advantage of these keen proclivities, and grounds the young in knowledge through the continual application of knowledge.

"When his hand's upon it, you may know
There's go in it, and he'll make it go."

By this method education becomes a matter of self-instruction and self-development, rather than of tutoring unwilling minds with the force-pump of pedagogic authority; and the result is simply a revolution—and a most peaceful and beneficent revolution—in youthful education. In place of the old picture of "the whining school-boy, creeping like snail unwillingly to school," the pupil greets his classes almost as he does

his games. On the principle of "milk for babes, meat for grown-up men," the teacher's rôle is to recognize the evolution of the child's intelligence, and supply mental diet according to the natural sequence of the successive stages of growth. The pupil's faculties will absorb such provisions as readily as the digestive organs assimilate appropriate food.

The general result is a well-rounded being in head, hand, and heart. The scholar, instead of having wasted his leisure in skylarking and mischief-making, has found his recreation in constructive work; his senses and his muscles have been developed together; he is the possessor of various handicrafts which may forever stand between him and the poor-house; his school life, instead of a weary drag, has been a pleasure, and cheeriness becomes a second nature; he has learned the great lesson of the dignity of labor, and a consequent sympathy with the workmen throughout the world, while love for the little republic of the school teaches him love for the larger republic of his country. In one word, the self-made scholar comes forth the self-made man, ready to meet life in all its exigencies, and enjoy it in all its graces.

I am glad to see that such schools are springing up everywhere both for the children of the poor and of the rich, and I sincerely hope they may multiply and become soon a requisite part of our common-school education.

Courtlandt Palmer.

Lobbying and its Remedy.

In her novel, "Through One Administration," Mrs. Burnett incidentally shows the evil side of "lobbying" in Congress. Lobbying means "the addressing or soliciting members of a legislature with a view to influence their votes." If this is done for an evil purpose or aim, the practice and its effects are evil, but what if the purpose be good? How about the lobbyings of Professor Morse to get Congress to establish his telegraph from Baltimore to Washington? Or the submarine telegraph, the Pacific railroad, the life-saving service, and the civil-service reform? Yet none of these was, nor ever would have been, established but for the "addressing and soliciting members with a view to influence their votes." If the practice is employed only to favor good projects, its effects will be good. To have made the book effective against lobbying, the wickedness of the scheme to be lobbied was a necessary ingredient. There are some subjects on which senators and members may with propriety be enlightened. They cannot know everything. This can be done only by "addressing and soliciting members." This is lobbying. But there was no other way to bring the project of the Westoria lands to the attention of Congress; and supposing it to have been a good project (and the contrary is not shown), there is nothing wrong in the conduct of Richard Amory, except the envelope and its contents, to be given to Senator Blundell. That evil results from the practice is evident, and I do not wonder at Mrs. Burnett directing in a measure the moral of her story against it. There are more ambitious and selfish schemes proposed than good ones.

The remedy is with Congress itself. Let it relieve itself from all pressure and importunity on the score

of private claims against the Government by sending them to the Court of Claims for trial and judgment. Almost every European nation does this, and has for many years. In England all claims against the crown which would be the subject of an action between man and man are sent to the courts for trial and judgment. Let Congress prohibit, for their own protection, its members from attending to the *private* business of their constituents, whether political or otherwise, thus leaving every senator and member free to devote his entire time and ability to general legislation. The mass of private bills (there were ten thousand and seventy-six bills and joint resolutions introduced at the first session of the past Congress), and the amount of private business thrust upon each member, are such that if he attends to them his energy and strength are, day by day, exhausted before he can approach general legislation.

Then, as senators and members may properly ask instruction and advice on many subjects, let them provide a legitimate mode of obtaining it. Establish the committees into a sort of congressional court, divided into as many branches as necessary, with daily sessions to be held in the committee rooms, with jurisdiction over certain bills or projects, and give to every person showing the necessary interest therein an opportunity to be heard either by himself or by a system of congressional attorneys; the details could be easily arranged. Let him *then* lobby—*i. e.*, "address and solicit members with a view to influence their votes"—as much as he may be able, but prohibit his doing so on any other occasion. Make the senators and members as free from private or secret solicitation as are the judges of the Supreme Court. This cannot be done now, for no other means has been provided by which a suitor can reach the ear of a senator or member.

T. W.

Lobbying in England.

THERE is nothing in England that exactly corresponds to the American lobby.

Pecuniary claims against the Government, if contested by it, are adjudicated upon by the law courts in a proceeding called a petition of right. Occasionally they are raised by way of resolution in Parliament, and in that case a select committee may be granted to investigate them; but this happens very rarely, and does not seem liable to abuse. If a committee, after hearing evidence, should report in their favor, it would be almost a matter of course to satisfy them.

The bills which are called in England private bills are those introduced by railway or other companies or by public bodies to enable works of public utility to be constructed,—such as the bills empowering a railroad company to acquire lands compulsorily for the purpose of making its road or enlarging its stations, or perhaps to run its trains over the road of another company. Similarly, municipal corporations often apply for bills enabling them to open new streets, or construct docks or water-works or gas-works—objects sometimes sought also by private corporations. Every such bill is, in both Houses of Parliament, referred to a committee, usually consisting of three or four members only, and is there argued by counsel for the promoters and opponents, who call witnesses in support of their respective cases. If it is unopposed, an official called the Chairman of Committees (Chairman of the

Committee of Ways and Means) has the duty of examining it to see that it conforms to the general principles laid down regarding such bills. The conduct of these bills is undertaken by a class of persons called parliamentary agents, who are regularly admitted to this professional work much as attorneys are, and who employ the counsel, and get up the evidence to be submitted to the committee.

As a private bill committee is deemed to be a sort of judicial tribunal, any solicitation of, or attempt to use private influence with the members who sit on it is forbidden, and regarded as a serious breach of propriety. Doubtless it is occasionally done, but only to a small extent, because a member known to have been affected in this way would lose caste, even if the inducement brought to bear on him was only the desire to gratify a friend, and had nothing corrupt about it. Most members would hesitate to speak, to a fellow-member about a bill on which he was sitting to adjudicate, lest it should be supposed they wished to warp his decision; or if they did speak, would merely ask him to consider it carefully from some particular point of view which they might wish to put before him. Some few men are less scrupulous, but on the whole there is no serious objection to the committees of Parliament as tribunals, except the fact that, being often ignorant of engineering and other such questions, they are sometimes bamboozled by a clever counsel into an unfortunate decision, and that the expense of a contest before them is far too heavy. Their fairness is scarcely ever impeached.

Occasionally, but not more than ten or twelve times in a session, a private bill is opposed in the whole House of Commons upon second reading or third reading. This happens if it raises some question of public interest, as, for instance, if it proposes to give unusual powers to a municipality, or to allow a railroad company to acquire common lands, or to inflict some hardship on a neighborhood. The question is then debated in the whole House and settled by a division, which is generally in favor of sending the bill to a committee, or if it has been already passed by a committee, of giving the third reading. Some lobbying goes on upon these occasions, because members generally know little about the matter. Members who are friends or opponents of the bill ask other members to vote with them, and the parliamentary agents in the lobby sometimes accost a member they happen to know, and beg him to support their bill. Such influences, however, though cases might be cited where they have acted badly (on members of a low stamp), seldom determine the division, which depends rather on the speeches made and on the view which the majority is inclined to take of the question of general policy involved. If a member of the Cabinet, for instance, the Home Secretary or President of the Board of Trade, intervenes to present the view of the Administration, his intervention is usually decisive; and a speech from the Chairman of Committees has also a good deal of weight, because the mass of members, knowing nothing of the matter, welcome any official direction.

The above remarks apply generally to the House of Lords. Bills are opposed in the whole House of Lords less than in the Commons, and the opinion of the Chairman of Committees (Lord Redesdale) counts for more than that of his compeer in the Commons.

We are not quite satisfied with our system in England, because these committees take up a good deal of the time of members, because their decisions are apt to be uncertain, and because the legal proceedings before them, fees of counsel, cost of witnesses, etc., involve heavy expenses to the parties; but there is a remarkable absence of corruption—remarkable when one considers the magnitude of the pecuniary interests involved. The judicial character of the proceedings, and the fact that any member voting corruptly would be suspected by his colleagues who had listened to the evidence along with him, have kept up a high standard of purity. There is therefore no class of professional lobbyists, the parliamentary agents being really attorneys doing legal work in a legitimate way; and there is no other difficulty in getting any scheme passed than that of convincing four or five men, whose duty it is to sit and listen with fair though often ignorant minds, that it is a scheme for, or at any rate not against, the public interest, and therefore entitled to legislative aid.

LONDON, 1885.

M. P.

Senator Boutwell's Plan.

In January, 1875, Senator Boutwell introduced in the U. S. Senate "A Bill to provide for the Organization of a Bar of the two Houses of Congress," the special features of which were that there should be organized a body of competent persons who might appear as attorneys before committees of Congress, or

at the bar of either House, if so authorized. At the beginning of each session of Congress a committee of six, three members from each House, should be appointed, with authority to admit persons to the bar, hear complaints, and suspend or expel members for incapacity or misconduct. Any member of the bar attempting to influence the action of Congress would be held guilty of misconduct. No one unless a member of the bar of the court of final jurisdiction in the State or territory in which he resided, or of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia or of the United States, should be admitted to practice, or appear before committees of either House, except in his own behalf or in behalf of a friend, and only authorized attorneys might ask compensation. Any person giving or receiving compensation for the purpose of influencing the action of Congress or any committee would be held guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished, if proved guilty.

EDITOR CENTURY.

"Hybridization."

INQUIRIES having been made in regard to the place where the experiments in crossing wheat and rye were performed, which were described in THE CENTURY for January, it may be well to state that all the plants were grown near River Edge, Bergen County, New Jersey. The work was all performed by Mr. E. S. Carman, of the "Rural New Yorker."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Discarded.

LAST night I lay on her breast,
To-day I lie at her feet;
Then to her heart I was pressed—
Must you now put your foot on me, sweet!

Ah, lightly as possible, pray—
Grace for your red rose of last night!
No doubt I look faded to-day;
But are you quite so fresh in this light?

And—need there is none of that tear,
For I lie quite exposed to the dew—
Did it never occur to you, dear,
That the flower may have wearied of you!

Charles Henry Webb.

Uncle Esak's Wisdom.

THERE is just about humility enough in the whole world to supply one man with what he needs; and pray, what are the rest of us going to do?

I CAN find plenty of people who can improve every line I have ever written, who can't write one good one of their own.

THE world don't ask to be instructed; they simply ask to be amused and cheated.

GRATITUDE pays all our debts.

PRIDE is located half-way between vice and virtue, and a little of it won't hurt a saint, and a good deal of it often helps a sinner.

DON'T forget this, my boy: there are ten thousand ways to miss the bull's-eye, and only one way to hit it.

WHAT a man can't prove never ruined any one yet; it is what he can prove that makes it hot for him.

THERE are lots of things in this world we can't explain, and that is just what makes the things we can explain the more certain.

REPENTANCE is a commodity always in market. The purchaser names the price for it; lucky for him if he doesn't name the price too high.

I DISCOVER this difference between indolence and laziness. Indolence is a disease of the soul, laziness of the body.

IF we knew the exact value of things, we should be comparatively free from envy.

THE great struggle of life is first for bread, then butter on the bread, and at last sugar on the butter. This is the best any of us can do.

ALL cunning men are dishonest, or will be the first good chance they get.

THERE are two things that everybody thinks they can do better than any one else—punch the fire, and edit a daily paper.

WE make our own destinies. Providence furnishes the raw material only.

REVENGE is a barren victory at best; its spoils are remorse.

I DON'T believe in special providences. When a mule kicks a man, and knocks him anywhere from eight to twenty feet off, I don't lay it to the Lord; I say to myself, That man got a little too near the mule.

THERE is pedantry in all things. Any man who loads up a double-barrel gun to kill a cockroach with, is a cockroach pedant.

WHEN a man begins to travel around the world on his religion, I am as afraid of him as of a three-card-monte sharp.

My dear boy, don't begin a fight, but once begun stay to the finish, and pick up the fragments.

Uncle Esch.

The Truth About It.

"SPRING," sang the poet, "budding Spring."
Alas! the boughs were bare;
He was himself the one green thing,
For ice lay everywhere.

"Hail, Spring, with breezes soft and sweet."
The Spring returned his hail;
There came a shower of snow and sleet
Upon a wintry gale.

"Sing, merry birds, in bush and tree."
He read the almanac;
The birds were wiser far than he,
And did not hurry back.

"Spring, gentle"—here he ceased to sing.
Let the sad truth be told:
The while he sang of balmy Spring,
He caught an awful cold.

Mrs. M. P. Handy.

A Cure for Heroics.

THEY drift along a summer lake,
And talk about whatever chances,
And little confidences make
About their soulful fears and fancies.
They half suspect that life is vain,
Despite its comforts incidental,
For he is in his Harvard strain,
And she is slightly sentimental.

He.

Would I had been a bold Baron
In the old dim days of yore (said he),
In my castle grim on Weser's rim,
Where my father lived before (said he),
With armor old and portraits young
Of grand-dames fair around me hung,
And coffers of gold, galore (said he).

The Baron held a skillful rein,
And smote with a mighty arm;
No mocking question vexed his brain,
And saved the foe from harm.
His sword the ward of his feudal lord,
His conscience, of the Pope,
The Baron gayly ranged abroad,
To end his days in hope.

O sturdy men of eld! (said he),
Ye strove, and gained the mastery.
With will remorseless, conscience free,
At heart a child's simplicity.

I would I were that Baron gay,
To part with weary self (said he),
To shock these pondering schemes away,
This sordid toil for pelf (said he).
The boar to chase, the foe to trace,
Death-dealing open blows to give,
Life's sophist sphinx no more to face.
Ah, this, methinks, would be to live!

She.

Would I had been a bowered ladye
As my true love rode by (said she);
In days of old were hearts of gold,
For selfish ends too high (said she).
And as abroad to death he rode
I had spent nor tear nor sigh (said she),
As page my steed I had bestrode,
Perchance for him to die (said she).

A wretched age of gain and greed
We live in, void of higher creed;
A narrow life, a failing strife
To rise above our level earth:
Our tender faiths are put to knife
Within the hour that gave them birth.
We women eat our hearts (said she),
For lack of loyal love and faith.
Ah, could my knightly dream but be,
Then he and I might welcome death.

So sorrowed they in youthful prime
(It must have been a pleasant woe,
So sure to meet its cure in time)—
They wedded five good years ago.

He faces gaunt "Cui bono?" doubt
With manful buffet, if it come;
For faith in man and faith in God
Shall come of faith in wife and home.

Her pathway lies in pleasant light,
Her baby on her breast is lying;
And she has found her knightly dream—
But now she never dreams of dying!

Martha Wolcott Hitchcock.

To Frederick Locker.

I MEET thee not by yonder lea,
Where fruited fields are waving;
But Mincing Lane and Battersea
Have meanings fresh and sweet to thee,
Thou poet of the paving!

A grass blade from the gardener's plot,
A crannied wall-flower peeping,
Are more to thee than meadows shot
With daisies white and clover spot,
And wild brooks in their leaping.

'Tis London with its eager pace
That never rests nor tires,
The deep heart of its commonplace
Touched into tenderness and grace,
That most thy muse inspires.

And that great world, too oft a bore,
Despite the joys that wreath it,
In thy melodious, dainty lore
Bespeaks the ancient charm it wore,
The good that's underneath it.

Edward F. Hayward.

Burning the Love-letters.

ASHES to ashes, dust to dust,
When life has quit the mortal frame.
When Love is at his last, we must
Bury him thus, with flame to flame.

Walter Learned.

